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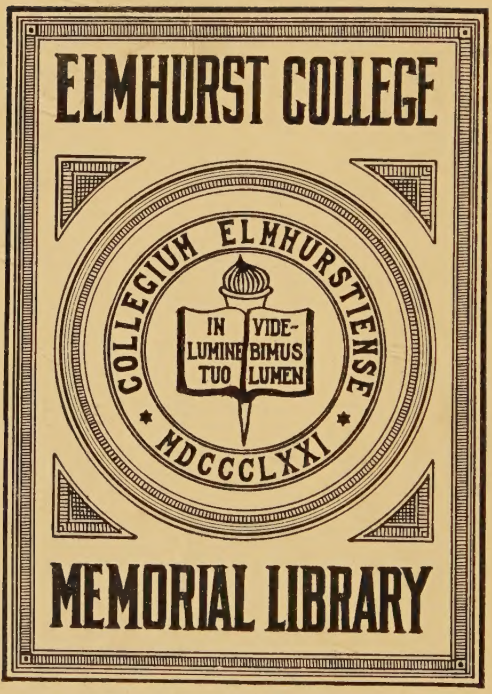
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RALPH WALDO EMERSON
1820–1872

VOL. VII

1846

R. W. Emerson.

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OF
RALPH WALDO EMERSON

WITH ANNOTATIONS

EDITED BY

EDWARD WALDO EMERSON

AND

WALDO EMERSON FORBES

1845–1848

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JOURNAL

SLAVERY

NAPOLEON

WEBSTER IN CONCORD

FATHER TAYLOR

ADDRESS AT MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

EAST INDIAN STUDIES

COURSE ON REPRESENTATIVE MEN

JOURNAL XXXVI

1845

(From Journals V, W, and Y)

[All page references to passages from the Journals used by Mr. Emerson in his published works are to the Centenary Edition, 1903–05.]

[Mr. Emerson gave no course in Boston in the last month of 1844 and first of 1845. He was working on the theme which attracted him, namely, the men whom he had chosen as representative of a few great types. "Napoleon, the Man of the World," seems to have been the lecture first finished, and this was in demand by the Lyceum Committees. During the winter and spring he spoke at Fall River (Dover, New Hampshire), Providence, New Bedford, Gloucester, and other towns. Carlyle had bidden him write on an American hero, but he did not.

The letters between these friends show the services each was gladly rendering the other in their respective countries, for Emerson's second volume of *Essays* was coming out in London, and Carlyle's *Miscellanies* in America.

Emerson had now three children, for a second son had been born to him. His farm was now increased in the home fields, and he had bought the Walden pine grove. Concord was now a railroad town, and steam made the lecturer's travelling easier by land and by water.]

(From V)

January 30, 1845.

In Boston, to hear the debates of the Texan Convention with the hope that I might catch some sparks of the Typhonic rage. But I was unlucky in my visits to the house, and heard only smooth Whig speeches on moderation, etc., to fill time. The poor mad people did not come.[1]

[It must have been after attending another Anti-Slavery meeting in February that Mr. Emerson wrote to his friend Mr. S. G. Ward,

1 This entry occurs in the Journal for 1844 among those made in the middle of the summer, and is manifestly out of place there. Mr. Emerson often used a part of a blank page for a later entry. A joint resolution providing for the annexation of Texas passed the United States House of Representatives, January 25, 1845, and the Senate on February 7. On March 1, these resolutions were approved by President Tyler. On December 29, 1845, a joint resolution of Congress declared Texas admitted to the Union.

"Have you ever heard Wendell Phillips? I have not learned a better lesson in many weeks than last night in a couple of hours. The core of the comet did not seem to be much, but the whole air was full of splendors. One orator makes many, but I think this the best generator of eloquence that I have met for many a day, and of something better and grander than his own." [1]]

In January arose the question again in our village Lyceum whether we should accept the offer of the ladies who proposed to contribute to the course a lecture on Slavery by Wendell Phillips. I pressed the acceptance on the part of the curators of this proffer on two grounds; First, because the Lyceum was poor, and should add to the length and variety of their entertainment by all innocent means, especially when a discourse from one of the best speakers in the Commonwealth was volunteered; Second, because I thought, in the present state of this country, the particular subject of Slavery had a commanding right to be heard in all places in New England, in season, and sometimes out of season; that, as in Europe the partition of Poland

1 *Letters to a Friend*, p. 60.

was an outrage so flagrant that all European men must be willing, once in every month or two, to be plagued with hearing over again the horrid story, so this iniquity of slavery in this country was a ghost that would not down at the bidding of Boston merchants, or the best democratic drill-officers, but the people must consent to be plagued with it from time to time until something was done, and we had appeased the negro blood so.

The proposition was later made to have a Lyceum supplied by enthusiasts only.

We want a Lyceum just as much as a shoe-shop. It must be boundless in its hospitality.

Aristo compared lectures to battles.

February 26.

A thaw for more than a week and three days of heavenly weather, bringing all mythology on their breezy dawns. Down falls the water from the steeps; up shoots the northern light after sunset from the horizon. But Nature seems a dissipated hussy. She seduces us from all work; listen to her rustling leaves, — to the invitations which each blue peak and rolling river and fork of woodland road offers, — and we should never wield the shovel or the trowel.

March 15.

How gladly, after three months sliding on snow, our feet find the ground again![1]

Venus or Beauty, author of sport and jest, cheerer and rejoicer of men by the illuminations of beauty, was worshipped as the mother of all things. What right have you scholars and thinkers to pretend to plans of philanthropy, who freeze and dispirit me by that selfish, murderous, hang-dog face?

Proclus. I not only do not think he has his equal among contemporary writers, but I do not know men sufficiently athletic to read him. There is the same difference between the writings of these Platonists and Scotch metaphysics as between the sculptures of Phidias and the statues of Tam o' Shanter and my Uncle Toby. They abound in personification. Every abstract idea, every element, every agent in nature or in thought, is strongly presented as a god, in this

1 Drug the cup, thou butler sweet,
And send the nectar round.
The feet that slid so long on sleet
Are glad to feel the ground.
"May-Day," *Poems.*

most poetic philosophy, so that the universe is filled with august and exciting images. It is imaginative and not anatomical. It is stimulating.

"The soul is intellect in capacity, but life in energy." (Proclus, *In Timæo*, vol. ii, p. 448.)

"The parts in us are more the property of wholes, and of things above us, than they are our property." (Vol. ii, p. 435.)

"Why fear to die? At death the world receives its own."

"For the universe uses them as irrational animals." (Vol. ii, p. 400.)

The Demiurgus, as Orpheus says, was nurtured indeed by Adrastia, but associates with Necessity, and generates Fate.

In the ideal republic, of course, no man should ever do one thing but once.

It is curious how incidental the best things are. A nation is dedicated to trade for some centuries; that occupies the vast majority of men every day for all that long duration. Yet the last day it is not more elevated than the first day, and cannot command our respect. But as they grow rich, some men of leisure and study are formed, some men of taste appear; by the very indignation at the general meanness and

hurry, some souls are driven into a secluded and sublime way of thinking; these invent arts and sciences, these pray and sing and carve and build. Incidentally, too, on all this vast grocery business floating all over the world books and letters go; a passenger is carried from one country who inoculates hundreds and thousands with the opinions and hopes cherished by a handful of men in the old. This new influence, quite incidental to trade, lets loose new thoughts on trade and politics and religion among the traders, which go to revise and revolutionize all their modes of living and conduct.

In 1814, Talleyrand said to Alexander: "Sire, only one of two things is possible. We must either have Bonaparte or Louis XVIII. Bonaparte, if you can support him; but you cannot, for you are not alone. We will not have another soldier in his stead. If we want a soldier, we will keep the one we have; he is the first in the world. After him, any other who may be proposed would not have ten men to support him. I say again, Sire, either Bonaparte or Louis XVIII. Anything else is an intrigue." (Bourrienne, vol. iv.)

Louis XVIII is a principle.

Shall we say that the best physical fact is the porosity of all bodies? An iron bar is not so much a barrier as it is a road and a conductor when we have skill. And when we have sat before a mountain of obstruction for a time, gleams and flashes of light begin to play, and by and by it grows transparent. There shall be no Alps. We can turn them. We surrender the field to these Vandal mobs of selfishness and brutality, and under their very breasts and animalism suddenly a conscience glows.

The Gentleman regards only beauty; so that it is almost ungenerous to report of him anything else than his most outside action. But it is a pleasure to know the leaders of our time. Horace Walpole knows the first men and women of his time. Every man should know the great among his contemporaries.

I believe our political parties have nothing fantastic or accidental in their origin, but express very rudely some lasting relation.[1] . . .

Bonaparte delighted in testing his good for-

1 The rest of the paragraph is found in "Politics" (*Essays*, Second Series, pp. 208, 209).

tune. Reguideau, who had dissuaded Madame Beauharnais from "marrying a soldier with nothing but his cloak and his sword," was sent for on the day of the coronation of the Emperor, and asked, "Well, have I nothing but my cloak and my sword?"

I neither think our democratic institutions dangerous to the citizen, nor, on the other hand, do I think them better than those which preceded them. They are not better but only fitter for us.[1] . . .

Napoleon was entitled to his crowns; he won his victories in his head before he won them on the field. He was not lucky only.

But this ciphering is specially French; Fourier is another arithmetician. Laplace, Lagrange, Berthollet, — walking metres and destitute of worth. These cannot say to men of talents, I am that which these express, as Character always seems to say.

Yet man always feels that Napoleon fights for him; these are honest victories: this strong steam-engine does our work.

1 The rest of the passage is in "Politics" (*Essays*, Second Series, p. 207).

A despair has crept over the Whig party in this country. They, the active, enterprising, intelligent, well-meaning, and wealthy part of the people, the real love and strength of the American people, find themselves paralyzed and defeated everywhere by the hordes of ignorant and deceivable natives and the armies of foreign voters who fill Pennsylvania, New York, and New Orleans, and by those unscrupulous editors and orators who have assumed to lead these masses. The creators of wealth, and conscientious rational and responsible persons, those whose names are given in as fit for jurors, for referees, for offices of trust, those whose opinion is public opinion, find themselves degraded into observers, and violently turned out of all share in the action and counsels of the nation.

What is the difference between the Abolitionist and the Locofoco? this only, that the one knows the facts in this iniquity, and the other does not. One has informed himself of the slave laws of the Southern States, and the other has not.

How many degrees of power! That which we exert political, social, intellectual, moral is most superficial. We talk and work half asleep. Between us and our last energy lie terrific social,

and then sublime solitary exertions. Let our community rise *en masse*, the undrilled original militia; or let the private man put off the citizen, and make the hero; then is one a match for a nation.

We do not live an equal life, but one of contrasts and patchwork; now a little joy, then a sorrow, now a sin, then a generous or brave action. We must always be little whilst we have these alternations. Character is regular and homogeneous. Our world, it is true, is like us: it has many weathers, here a shade and there a rainbow; here gravel and there a diamond; polar ice, then temperate zone, then torrid; now a genius, then a good many mediocre people.

Alas! our Penetration increases as we grow older, and we are no longer deceived by great words when unrealized and unembodied. Say rather, we detect littleness in expressions and thoughts that once we should have taken and cited as proofs of strength.

The position of Massachusetts seems to me to be better from Samuel Hoar's visit to South Carolina, in this point, — that one illusion is

dispelled.[1] Massachusetts was dishonoured before; but she was credulous in the protection of the Constitution, and either did not believe, or affected not to believe, that she was dishonoured. Now, all doubt on that subject is removed, and every Carolina boy will not fail to tell every Massachusetts boy, whenever they meet, how the fact stands. The Boston merchants would willingly salve the matter over, but they cannot hereafter receive Southern gentlemen at their tables without a consciousness of shame. I do not like very well to hear a man say he has been in Carolina. I know too well what men she suffers in her towns. He is no freeman.

In every government there are wild, lawless provinces where the constituted authorities are forced to content themselves with such obedience as they can get. Turkey has its Algiers and Morocco, Naples its Calabria, Rome its Fondi, London its Alsatia, and Bristol County

1 What follows seems to have been written for delivery at an indignation meeting held in Boston or Concord, when the Honorable Samuel Hoar, sent by the State of Massachusetts as her accredited agent to South Carolina to take measures for the protection of Massachusetts colored citizens, who, as seamen, entered the port of Charleston, from imprisonment and sale, had been forcibly expelled from that state. (See the Sketch of Samuel Hoar in *Lectures and Biographical Sketches.*)

its Slab Bridge, where the life of a man is not worth insuring. South Carolina must be set down in that infamous category, and we must go there in disguise and with pistols in our pockets, leaving our pocketbooks at home, making our wills before we go.

Literature is resorted to as consolation, not as decalogue; then is literature defamed and disguised.

I talked yesterday with the Shaker Elders, Joseph Myrick and Grove Blanchard, and stated my chief objection to their community as a place of education, that there was too much interference. In heaven, a squadron of angels would be a squadron of gods, with profoundest mutual deference; so should men live.

It is true that a community cannot be truly seen from the outside. If deep sympathy exists, what seems interference is not, being justified by the heart of the suffering party. And in Lane's[1] representation of their society, they appear well. He thinks them open to the greatest improve-

1 Charles Lane, Mr. Alcott's English friend, who, after the failure of the Fruitlands Community, remained for some time in this country.

ment and enlargement on every side, even of science, learning, and elegance: only not suddenly. In that case, one can well enjoy their future, and leave them as an order of American monks and nuns, and willingly release from nuptial vows a class of Virgins and Children of Light, who would dedicate themselves to austerity and religion, labor and love.

Lane thought that they looked on their speech, their dress, and even their worship as not sacred, nor even the best, but as open to revival, and though not rashly alterable, yet modifications were likely to be received. Elder Grove had said that their mode of worship was once spontaneous; now it was only preserved as a condition for exciting the spirit. I told him they seemed peasants, with a squalid contentment.

The aim of writers is to tame the Holy Ghost, and produce it as a show to the city. But the sole terms on which the Infinite will come to cities is the surrender of cities to its will. And yet Nature seems sometimes to coquet with great poets, and in the willingness to be expressed, suffers them to be knowing men of the world, yet does not withdraw its inspirations.

The Dæmons lurk and are dumb:

> And, willing to be God, the worm
> Flees through all the spire of form.

Let us, says Prudence, attempt somewhat practicable. Why should we call meetings to vote against the law of gravitation, or organize a society to resist a revolution round the sun?

In the Anti-Slavery conventions, and in most other meetings, I am forced to remember the clock, and regret how much time is passing, and if I spend any hour upon any history of facts, I think on this loss; but if you bring me a thought; if you bring me a law; if I contemplate an idea, I no longer count the hours. This is of the Eternity which is the generator of Time.

Henry Thoreau said that the Fourierists had a sense of duty which led them to devote themselves to their second best.

Good manners require a great deal of time, as does a wise treatment of children. Orientals have time, the desart, and stars; the Occidentals have not.

The State is our neighbors; our neighbors are the State. It is a folly to treat the State as if it were some individual, arbitrarily willing thus and so. It is the same company of poor devils we know so well, of William and Edward and John and Henry, doing as they are obliged to do, and trying hard to do conveniently what must and will be done. They do not impose a tax. God and the nature of things imposes the tax, requires that the land shall bear its burden, of road and of social order, and defence; and I confess I lose all respect for this tedious denouncing of the State by idlers who rot in indolence, selfishness, and envy in the chimney corner.

Common sense is the wick of the candle.

> Friends to me are frozen wine;
> I wait the sun shall on them shine.

Men do blunder into victories. The compromise which prevails every day is the accepting of other people's aims for our own, through these treacherous sympathies, and so this expedient civilization subsists and gets on, which pleases nobody and torments the sincere. Yet it seems of little consequence at last whether we move on other people's tactics or on our own.

Experience is the only teacher, and we get his lesson indifferently in any school. I speak to A's state of mind; I write on a hint of B's learning; I enjoy myself in C's genius and tendency; E comes and says all this is wrong. Be it so, but I have always been thus facile, and here I am with prodigious enjoyments and hopes.

Poverty. The worst thing I know of poverty is that if a man is dead, they call him *poor fellow.*

Fourier is a virile mind. His system is a military one.

You no longer see Phœnixes;[1] men are not divine individuals; but you learn to revere their social and representative character. They are not gods, but the spirit of God sparkles on and about them.

After this generation one would say mysticism should go out of fashion for a long time. It makes now the stereotype turn and return of all poems and poetic prose, "In thyself," etc.

1 For the introduction to this paragraph, see "Uses of Great Men" (*Representative Men*, p. 34).

Men are weathercocks and like nothing long. We are disgusted with history because it is precise, external, and indigent. But take up Behmen, or Swedenborg, or Carlyle even, or any other who will write history mystically, and we wish straightway for French science and facts recorded agreeably to the common sense of mankind.

God's ways are parabolic projections that do not return into themselves.

The good Fourier does not go for virtue beyond his nose. The highest word I find in his vocabulary is the Aromal, under which spiritual distinctions, such as he can recognize, should fall.

We cannot spare the coarsest guard of virtue.[1] . . .

South Carolina has placed itself in a foolish position and we are willing she should.[2] It is a jail, an Alsatia. Leave it to itself. It has ex-

1 See "Worship" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 222).

2 Referring to the expulsion of Mr. Hoar, mentioned earlier.

cluded every gentleman, every man of honour, every man of humanity, every freeman from its territory. Is that a country in which I wish to walk where I am assured beforehand that I shall not meet a great man? that all the men are cotton gins? where a great man cannot live, where the people are degraded, for they go with padlocked lips, and with seared conscience?

I am far from wishing that Massachusetts should retaliate. If we could bring down the New England culture to the Carolina level, if we were cart-whip gentlemen, it might be possible to retaliate very effectively, and to the apprehension of Southerners; — shut up Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Rhett, when they come to Boston, as hostages for the mulattoes and negroes they have kidnapped from the caboose and the cabin of our ships. But the New England culture is not so low. Ours is not a brutal people, but intellectual and mild. Our land is not a jail; "we keep open house"; we have taken out the bolt and taken off the latch and taken the doors off the hinges. Does South Carolina warn us out and turn us out, and then come hither to visit us? She shall find no bar. We are not afraid of visitors. We do not ring curfews, nor give passes, nor keep armed pa-

trols from Berkshire to the sea; our roads are open from New Hampshire to Connecticut; the land is without a guard; we have no secrets, no fears. For her flying slave and for his degraded master here is rest and plenty and wisdom and virtue which he cannot find at home.

We don't expect a sovereign state to treat us like a footpad. But South Carolina does so treat us.

The doctrine of South Carolina proves too much.

But new times have come, and new policy, subtler and nobler and more strong than any before. It is the inevitable effect of culture — it cannot be otherwise — to dissolve the animal ties of brute strength, to insulate, to make a country of men; not one strong officer, but a thousand strong men, ten thousand. In all South Carolina there is but one opinion, but one man, — Mr. Calhoun. Its citizens are but little Calhouns. In Massachusetts there are many opinions, many men. It is coming, I hope, to a pass when there shall not be the *Atlas* and the *Post*, the *Daily Advertiser* and the *Courier*, but these voices shall lose their importance in a crowd of equal and happier men.

And such shall their influence be. Every one

a new and finished man whom the rogue shall have no increased skill to meet by his dealing with his predecessor, but here is a new accuser, with new character and all the majesty of wisdom and virtue. . . .

'T is always time to do right,[1] and perhaps at a time of disaster which certainly grows out of our social wrongdoing (a wrongdoing to which we have made ourselves parties) is the very hour when we should throw in a noble expiation.

We in Massachusetts see the Indians only as a picturesque antiquity; — Massachusetts, Shawmut, Samoset, Squantum, Nantasket, Narragansett, Assabet, Musketaquid. But where are the men?

"Alas for them! their day is o'er."

Well, this feeling still honours the race. Hiawatha, Wyoming, — we thank them for names. Indian relics, arrowheads. He is the oldest man. What real merits — knowledge as naturalist, skill to make bow, tent, sledge, canoe, to find his north, wise as a hound. . . .

1 This paragraph is written on an enclosed sheet, and was probably written later, after the first heat of indignation on the outrage on our first citizen had cooled. The passage about the Indians evidently was of later date.

Napoleon is immersed in things, in the land, fruits, forests, arts, money, and so forth, of the world; he does not say anything of himself, but he says what they say, or rather, they always give some tincture to his speech. That is a very different sort of speech from any thinker's. There are men enough immersed in things, farmers, smiths, truckmen, etc., who have the strength of this sphere, but who cannot speak, who cannot organize and arrange. Napoleon stands at the confluence of the two streams of thought and of matter, and derives thence his power.

To Louis XVIII, on his return to France, Talleyrand said, "Sir, there is something in me which bodes no good to those governments which reject me."

"That lame rascal," said Chenier, "without any respect for episcopacy, resembles a sponge which imbibes every liquid into which it is dipped, with this difference, that when the sponge is pressed, it returns the liquid it has taken, whilst our limping friend makes it his own."

Was it fit, after such sacrifices as France had made in the Revolution, to adopt again the

musty garments of the old civilization? Was it pathetic to see Napoleon in St. Helena turn his green coat? it was sadder to see Europe turn its old coat.

Of course, I do not wish the formation of "mutual admiration societies," but I do not think the sterility of periods is to be rashly inferred from the absence of eminent talent in a town. A divine soul, I can easily believe, would content itself with the society of illustrious minds which this very hour would afford it (for such exist, pure, true, faithful amongst the faithless, seeing amidst the blind), although no person exists among these with a talent sufficient to realize and establish his ideas. Not to be bruised by the business is now a mark of merit; not to despond in cities; to look at the lower powers, viz., of demonstration, realization, edification, as at salt, and lime, and granite, — materials and agents as indispensable as light and fire, though lower in the scale of energy. Besides, remember Sir Humphry Davy's "best discovery was the discovery of Michael Faraday."

So many men whom I know are degraded only by their sympathies. Their native aims or

genius being high enough, but their relation all too tender to the gross people about them. A poet is so rare because he must be exquisitely fine and vital in his tissue, and at the same time immovably centred.

A true melody, like Ben Jonson's good songs and all Milton's, is of eternity already. Verses of true poets are hickory nuts, so fresh and sound.

Criticism misleads; like Bonaparte's quartermaster, if we listen to him, we shall never stir a step. The part you have to take, none but you must know. The critic can never tell you.

The annexation of Texas looks like one of those events which retard or retrograde the civilization of ages. But the World Spirit is a good swimmer, and storms and waves cannot easily drown him. He snaps his finger at laws.

"As we grow old," said Alcott, "the beauty steals inward."

New Hampshire is treacherous to the honour, honesty, and intelligence of New England: is and has been. I do not look at the Massachu-

setts Democrats in the same light. Theirs is a sort of fancy politics. I have a better opinion than to believe they would vote as they do if the question depended on them. But as the proverb goes, "You may well walk if you hold the bridle of your horse in your hand," so I interpret the caprice of and tactics of our compatriots in this Commonwealth on the subject of Texas. They know that the great and governing sentiment of the State is anti-slavery and anti-Texas, and whilst it is so, they can safely indulge a little flirting with the great Mother Democracy at Tammany Hall or at Washington which has made Texas the passport to its grace.

The constitutional argument is ever trivial, for the *animus* of the framers is not a fixed fact, but a Proteus. The Constitution was an arrangement, not an organic somewhat, and in South Carolina means one thing, in Massachusetts another. In such a case, avails but morals and might: "You hurt me, and I will blow your brains out, but I will put an end to this." I do not see why the two States cannot immediately settle the dispute by a treaty. Let them appoint commissioners to meet at Philadelphia, and fix a rule of conduct to which both States will agree.

Position of Massachusetts is better, (1) that it is explained; (2) that South Carolina is self-punished by the exclusion of every virtuous man from Alsatia.

(From W)

Χαλεποὶ δὲ θεοὶ φαίνεσθαι ἐναργεῖς.[1]
Iliad, xx, 131.

March.

Plato. A terrific motive power; he touches things and they spin: the solar system is fast becoming a fine transparency.

Yet to women his book is Mahometan.

In the *Republic*, Book III, Plato declares that his "Guardians" shall not handle gold or silver, but shall be instructed that there is gold and silver in their souls, which will make men willing at all times to give them without money that which they want. A coinage not corruptible, for with this organic gold we can buy bread and garments and tools, but cannot make an ill use of it, to buy comfits and brandy.

Pherecydes Syrus wrote, "Jove is a circle, triangle and square, centre and line, and all things before all," which indicates profoundness

1 For gods revealed are terrible to look upon.

of perception. We say then of a Jove-like soul, like Plato's, that he at once shows the evanescence and the centrality of things. Things are in a flood and fixed as adamant: The *Bhagavat Geeta* adduces the illustration of the sphered, mutable, yet centred air or ether.

The English nation is full of manly, clever men, well-bred, who write these pungent off-hand paragraphs in the literary and poetical journals.[1] . . . It is a *coup de force.* All this is convenient and civilized: but I had rather take very uncultured, inornate, irregular, very bad poetry with the chance of now and then an urgent, fiery line like threads of gold in a mass of ore.

We have in America the comfort of the wretched, that out of this zone of clever mediocrity, England is as indigent as America in great writers.

Ah, we busybodies! Cannot we be a little abstemious? We talk too much, and act too much, and think too much. Cannot we cease doing, and gravitate only to our ends? Cannot we let the morning be?

1 What follows is printed in *English Traits* (p. 262).

The only use which the country people can imagine of a scholar, the only compliment they can think of to pay him, is, to ask him to deliver a Temperance Lecture, or to be a member of the School Committee.

A few foolish and cunning managers ride the conscience of this great country with their Texas, or Tariff, or Democracy, or other mumbo-jumbo, and all give in and are verily persuaded that that is great, — all else is trifling. And why? Because there is really no great life, and one demonstration in all the broad land of that which is the heart and the soul of every rational American man; — the mountains walking, the light incarnated, reason and virtue clothed in flesh, — he does not see.

Friends have nothing to give each other; nothing to withhold; nothing to ask for, or that can be refused: such liberty would infer imperfect affinity. All that behooves them is clearness, or, not to miscall relations, Truth forevermore, and love after that.

Men of talent create a certain artificial position, a camp in the wilderness somewhere, about which they contrive to keep much noise, firing of guns, and running to and fro of boys and

idlers with what uproar they can. They have talents for contention, and they nourish a small difference into a loud quarrel, and persuade the surrounding population that it is the cause of the country and of man. But the world is wide; nobody will go there after to-morrow; the gun can defend nothing but itself; nor itself any longer than the man is by. But Genius flings itself on real elemental things, which are powers, self-defensive, which first subsist, and therefore resist unweariably forevermore all that opposes. Genius loves truth and clings to it, so that what it says and does is not a wilderness or a byroad, visited for curiosity or forgotten, but on the great highways of Nature, which were before the Appian was built, which all men and angels travel, and he holds fast these, a cement and comfort of the social being of men.

The scholar does not fall into the existing forms and professions; they may fall into him; but is guided in his selection by religion and necessity.

Seashore, — an imaginative man with a good hand. The imaginative-practical. Imagination is suspected, the mechanical is despised; write the solid *and* the ethereal, for the divine. . . .

Yet can he [the scholar] explain Life? Can he unfold the theory of this particular Monday? Can he uncover the living ligaments, concealed from all but poets, which attach the dull men and things we converse with, to the splendor of the First Cause?[1]

I have found a subject, "*On the use of great men*,"[2] which might serve a Schleiermacher for monologues to his friends. But, in the first place, there should be a chapter *on the distribution of the hand into fingers*, or on the great value of these individuals as counterweights, checks on each other. What a satisfaction, a fortress, a citadel I find in a new individual who is undoubtedly of this class. How much now Schelling avails, and how much, every day, Plato! What storms of nonsense they silently avert.

No, it is not the part of merit of a man to make his stove with his own hands, or cook and bake his own dinner: another can do it better

1 The rest of the passage may be found in "Works and Days" (*Society and Solitude*, pp. 179, 180).

2 The first lecture in the course *Representative Men*, and first chapter in that volume.

and cheaper; but it is his essential virtue to carry out into action his own dearest ends, to dare to do what he believes and loves. If he thinks a sonnet the flower and result of the world, let him sacrifice all to the sonnet; if he loves the society of one or of several friends more than life, let him arrange his living and make everything yield to the procuring him that chief good. Now, we spend our money for that which is not bread, for paint and floor-cloths, for newspapers, and male and female servants that yield us the very smallest fraction of direct advantage. The friction of this social machine is grown enormous, and absorbs almost all the power applied.

We are bound hand and foot with our decorums and superstitions. England has achieved respectability at what a cost! America with a valet's eyes admires and copies in vain.

Art requires a living soul. The dunces believe that, as it must, at any one moment, work in one direction, an automaton will do as well, or nearly; and they beseech the Artist to say in what direction. "In every direction," he replies, "in any direction, or in no direction, but it must be alive."

Love has that temperance which asks for nothing which is not already on the moment granted.

"You have, O Socrates," said he, "like a statuary, made our governors all beautiful." "And our governesses likewise, Glauco," said Socrates. "For do not suppose that I have spoken what I have said any more concerning the men than concerning the women, — such of them as are of sufficient genius." (*Republic*, Book VII.)

Does the same skepticism exist at all times which prevails at present in regard to the powers of performance of the actual population? Edmund Hosmer thinks the women have degenerated in strength. He can find no matron for the else possible community. The men think the men are less, a puny race. And George Minott [1] thinks the cows are smaller.

Conservatism has in the present society every advantage. All are on its side. Of those who pretend to ideas, all are really and in practice on the side of the State. They know that, if they should persist in actualizing their theories, it

1 A valued neighbour of Mr. Emerson's in a little weather-beaten house on the hill-side opposite. He was a small farmer and pot-hunter, mild and kindly, living with his sister, the village tailoress.

would be all convulsion and plunging. Their talk is the mere brag of liberalism. Yet, yet, they like to feel their wings. The soul, with Plato in *Phædrus*, likes to feel its wings; and they indulge themselves with this religious luxury, assured that, though the lion is as yet only half disengaged from the soil, the dream of to-day is prophetic of the experience of to-morrow.

Bonaparte represents the Business Men's Party against the Morgue. But the Morgue is only the Business Men's Party gone to seed. The lesson he teaches is that which vigor always teaches, that there is always room for it. He would not take "No" for an answer. He found impediments that would have stopped anybody else, but he saw what gibbering, quaking ghosts they were, and he put his hand through them: genius always sees room for one man more: he makes room for many.

Bonaparte replied to Bourrienne when he showed the difficulty of getting acknowledged by the old neighboring families of Europe, "If it comes to that, I will dethrone them all, and then I shall be the oldest sovereign among them." For really society is at any time only

a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best seats. It is with the prizes of power and place as it is with estates. A feeble man can only see the farms that are fenced and tilled; the houses that are built. At the end of the town, he is at the end of the world. The strong man sees not only the actual but the possible houses and farms. His eye makes estates and villages, as fast as the sun breeds clouds.

Poetry must be as new as foam, and as old as the rock.

Thomas Taylor calls Bacon's *Novum Organon* "the baseless fabric of a vision." (*General Introduction to Plato.*)

The puny race of Scholars in this country have no counsel to give, and are not felt. Every wretched partisan, every village brawler, every man with talents for contention, every clamorous place-hunter makes known what he calls his opinion, all over the country, that is, as loud as he can scream. Really, no opinions are given; only the wishes of each side are expressed, of the spoils party, that is, and of the malcontents. But the voice of the intelligent and the honest, of the unconnected and inde-

pendent, the voice of truth and equity, is suppressed. In England, it is not so. You can always find in their journals and newspapers a better and a best sense, as well as the low, coarse party cries.

I have now arrived at a perfect selfishness on the most enforced consideration, for I am constrained by many lapses and failures to proportion any attempts to my means. Now I receive daily just so much vital energy as suffices to put on my clothes, to take a few turns in my garden and in my study with a book or a pen in my hand. If I attempt anything beyond this, if I so much as stretch out my hand to help my neighbour in his field, the stingy Genius leaves me faint and sprawling; I must pay for this vivacity by a prostration for two or three days following. These are costly experiments to try; I cannot afford two or three days when I count how many days it requires to finish one of my tasks; so I grow circumspect and disobliging beyond the example of all the misers. My kings and exemplars are St. Hunks and St. Elwes.[1]

Degrees. Do you think nobody would be the

1 John Elwes was a notorious miser in England in the eighteenth century.

poet if he could be the hero? And do you think the painter cares to be the subject which he paints? I cannot even find that a woman wishes to be her lover, though she wishes to be united to him. There are steps and limitations in the universe, and not a huddle of identity only.

What argument, what eloquence can avail against the power of that one word *niggers?* The man of the world annihilates the whole combined force of all the anti-slavery societies of the world by pronouncing it.

I have charged the Abolitionist sometimes with stopping short of the essential act of abstaining from all products of slave-labor. The apology for their use is not comfort and self-indulgence, but, I doubt not, the same feeling which I and others insist on, that we will not be headlong and abandoned to this one mania.

A journal might find its resources in Calvert,[1] Ward, Margaret Fuller, Channing, Thoreau, Cabot, Hunt,[2] Tappan, Wendell Holmes, Whip-

1 Probably George H. Calvert of Newport, a scholarly friend of Mr. Emerson's brother William, author of a book called *The Gentleman* and many other volumes.

2 Peter Hunt, one of Mr. Emerson's pupils in the Chelms-

ple. Dr. Frothingham should contribute his treatise on the Augustan Astronomy. Alcott should be made effective by being tapped by a good suction-pump. Hawthorne, Tuckerman the botanist, Parker, Hedge, Lane, George Curtis, Ellen Hooper, J. F. Clarke.

In reading books, as in seeing men, one may well keep, if he can, his first thoughts; for they will soon be written over by the details of argument and sentiment in the book; and yet they are a juster judgment of the book than a digest of the particular merits can yield. As W. T. said of the first impression of a face, that, after your friend has come and gone many times and now is long absent, that first seen face comes back to the memory, and not the more intimate knowledge of recent days.

Is it not good that the Muse should not govern; that men of thought and of virtue should be at leisure, and ridiculously vacant, and to seek, — rambling ingloriously in woods and by seashores; — that things should be left to themselves, as now in America all goes to a merry prosperous tune, — good and bad is done, gov-

ford School; later, a man of affairs in Philadelphia. He wrote in the *Dial* "A Voyage to Jamaica."

ernment is not felt, and the governors have an idle time of it?

The eager Shaker charged Adam with the capital sin of generation, and all his posterity with the same, compromising the existence of Mother Ann,[1] and of the accuser himself with sincere absurdity. And most of our criticism is of the same web.

All the arguments are against literature, yet one verse of a poem will blow them and me away.

Ballads show the indifferency of subjects, times, styles, and manners.

[In one of Mr. Emerson's verse-books is a half-erased pencilling of an improvisation on the spot — the dark ledges above the spruce forest — of the poem "Monadnoc" (see its second and third stanzas in the *Poems*).]

1 Among the original Shakers in England, who were an offshoot of the Society of Friends, were the Lee family, whose daughter Ann, in 1770, thought that she received a divine revelation, which was accepted as such by the Shakers. She, with several of the leading members, came to this country in 1777, and from Watervliet, New York, their communities spread to other states.

3 *May*, 4 *hours*, 10 *minutes* A.M.

I stand
Upon this uplifted land
Hugely massed to draw the clouds,
Like a banner unrolled
To all the dwellers in the plains
Round about a hundred miles.
In his own loom's garment dressed,
By his own bounty blessed,
Thus constant giver
Yielding many a cheerful river
Appearing an aerial isle,
A cheerful and majestic pile
Which morn and crimson eve shall paint
For bard, for lover, and for saint;
The country's core,
Inspirer, prophet evermore;
And which God aloft had set
So that men should not forget;
It should be their lives' ornament
And mix itself with each event;
Their almanac and dial,
Painter's palette, sorcerer's phial
. . . . . .
Mysteries of colour duly laid
By the great painters, light and shade,
And sweet varieties of time
And chance,

And the mystic seasons' dance;
The soft succession of the hours
Thawed the snowdrift into flowers.
. . . . . .
By million changes skilled to tell
What in the eternal standeth well.

We have received the opinion, let us hope unjustly, that the men who surround us value a long life, and do not esteem life simply as a means of expressing the sentiment. But Beauty belongs to the sentiment and is always departing from those who depart out of that. The hero rises out of all comparison with contemporaries and with ages of men, because he scorns old age and lands and money and power, and will brave all mankind just as readily as a single enemy at the call of that private and perfect Right of Beauty in which he lives.

"Man is a torch borne in the wind."

Is there only one courage and one warfare?[1] . . . The shepherd boy very sensibly fought with a sling and a pebble. I decline henceforward (ah, would God it were so!) foreign methods and foreign courages. I will do that which I can do:

1 Here follow sentences printed in "The Scholar" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 274).

I will fight by my strength, not by my weakness. "Not dead but living are ye to account those who are slain in the way of God." (Mahomet.) Only the religious can expect the succor of religion.

When we come into the world a wonderful whisper gives us a direction for the whole road (much as if one should hear from a skilful guide, at setting out on a journey, that to come at the point he sought he should keep always to the northeast). This whisper is wonderfully impressed on us, and is temperament, taste, bearing, talent. But having made and moulded the constitution, the Counsellor contents himself, and is ever dumb. He that made the world lets that speak, and does not also employ a town crier. Beauty forbids. But the man, having received this plastic counsel to which he alone is privy, never can hear it from any other person. On the contrary, all persons whom he meets have a different and contrary counsel to offer. Society is unanimous against his project. And he never hears it as he knows it. It happens to most men that they listen to these opinions of men, and forsake their own, and attempt to work in other men's work, which is as if cripples should

attempt to dance, and hare-lipped men should be orators. But he who listens to this counsel is called religious, for he alone worships, and he may rightly expect virtues and beauties and powers consonant with the whole frame of things; to which also he is consonant.

It is like the card of the compass which arranges itself with the poles of the world.

"May you likewise find the means better to employ time, which is only truly precious to more highly organized natures!" (Goethe.)

Understand me, O Charles, when I speak of miracles, I am never thinking of dead men.

Degrees. There are not one or two, but many things in the world, and unlike as mutton, and vowel sounds, and heathen gods, and the nine solids, and uncles, and many other things.

Bishop Berkeley, in the *Minute Philosopher*, compared Southern wits to "cucumbers, which are commonly all good in their kind, but at best are an insipid fruit; while the Northern geniuses are like melons, of which not one in fifty is good."

The new "Second Church" in Hanover Street cost $65,000.

Give me bareness and poverty, so that I know them as the sure signs of the coming muse.[1] . . . The solitude of the body is the populousness of the soul.

It is easy to hide for something, — to hide now, that we may draw the more admiration anon. Easy to sit in the shade, if we have a Plato's *Republic* teeming in the brain, which will presently be born for the joy and illumination of men; easy to withdraw and break somewhat morosely the *bien-séances* of society, visit not, and refuse visits, if we can make good to others and to ourselves a rare promise. But how if you have no security of such a result? — how if the fruit of your brain is abortive? — if cramp and mildew, if dreams and the sons of dreams, if prose and crotchets and cold trifles, matter unreadable by other men and odious to your own eyes be the issue? How, if you must

1 In July, by invitation of the literary societies of the college at Middlebury, Vermont, Mr. Emerson gave an address there. This paragraph (which is partly printed in "The Scholar," an address given at the University of Virginia in 1876), and that which follows it, were probably written for the Middlebury occasion.

sit out the day in thoughtful attitude and experiment, and return to the necessities and conversation of the household without the support of any product, and they must believe and you may doubt that this waste cannot be justified. I call you to a confidence which surmounts this painful experience. You are to have a self-support which maintains you not only against all others, but against your own skepticism. Pain, indolence, sterility, endless ennui have also their lesson for you, if you are great.

The Saharas must be crossed as well as the Nile. It is easy to live for others; everybody does. I call on you to live for yourselves, so shall you find in this penury and absence of thought a purer splendor than ever clothed the exhibitions of wit.

You shall not know too much. There is a difference between a judge's and a deputy sheriff's knowledge of the world, and again between that of the last and a burglar's.

When I read poetry in an English journal, as in the *Athenæum*, I am relieved, if, on coming to the end of the article, I find it is not American.

The poet and the citizen perfectly agree in

conversation on the wise life. The poet counsels his own son as if he were a merchant.[1] . . . Every poet knows the unspeakable hope and represents its audacity by throwing it out of all probability in his conversation.

Mrs. Ripley "hated to hear of the opposition of clergymen and others to the Fast Day, for she thought our people had so few festivals and this was now well established"; and the penitential form of the proclamation gives it a certain zest which the other holidays want.

[Here follows the little poem, "The Mountain and the Squirrel," written as prose, but for the most part rhyming.]

Is not a small house best? Put a woman into a small house, and after five years she comes out large and healthy, and her children are so. Put her into a large house, and after the same time she shall be haggard, sickly, with a sharp voice, and a wrinkled, care-full countenance, and her children suffer with her.

1 Here follows the long passage thus beginning, printed in "The Scholar," as delivered in Virginia, but doubtless written for Middlebury College in 1845. (See *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 264–266.)

"Only poetry inspires poetry," said Schiller; "therefore we ought to avoid affairs," — or something like this he said. True, if he use "poetry" in a literal sense; but if he mean books of poems, no. For the test of the poet is that he be able to read the poetry of affairs. A whole volume of sermons might be made out of the chips of one sonnet.

Frivolous reasons have allowance with all men and with poets also, but no man says, I was reading Plato and therefore could not come; I had new rhymes jingling in my brain, and would not wish losing them.

To-day is carnival in Heaven, the angels almost assume flesh.[1] . . .

One would think from the talk of men that riches and poverty were a great matter.[2] . . .

A man shall not be a pond. As the water came in, so it shall go out. I think the charm

1 For the rest, see "Works and Days" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 170).

2 The rest of the paragraph is in "Illusions" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 323).

of rhetoric is still that, — the hint or advertisement it gives us of our constitution; the pilgrim, the palmer, shell on shoulder, marching fraternity, — we are bound on a long tramp. Before God, why sit ye here?

Life is a game between God and man. The one disparts himself and feigns to divide into individuals. He puts part in a pomegranate, part in a king's crown, part in a person. Instantly man sees the beautiful things and goes to procure them. As he takes down each one the Lord smiles and says, It is yourself; and when he has them all, it will be *yourself*. We live and die for a beauty which we wronged ourselves in thinking alien.

Writing should be the settlement of dew on the leaf, of stalactites on the wall of the grotto, the deposit of flesh from the blood, of woody fibre in the tree from the sap.

Our virtue runs in a narrow rill: we have never a freshet. We ought to be subject to enthusiasms. One would like to see Boston and Massachusetts agitated like a wave with some generosity, mad for learning, for music, for phi-

losophy, for association, for freedom, for art; but now it goes like a pedlar with its hand ever on its pocket, cautious, calculating.

How hard to find a man! It would take, as Taylor said, the lamp of Diogenes added to the splendor of the noonday sun. Otis talked too much. Webster has no *morale*. Choate wants weight. Alcott is unlimited, and unballasted. Bound, bound, let there be bound! But let there be not too strict bound. . . . Alcott is a pail of which the bottom is taken out, and the Whig a pail from which you cannot get off the cover.

These farmers, so keen in trade, so cool and solid in their manners, are no fools, and their considerate heads might wag to advantage with those in Congress or the Cabinet. But living as they now do, to so humble aims, it seems as if they must, on some day and year not far back, have compounded with more generous hopes and have renounced their homage and duty, and resolved to get what dirty compensation they could for their right of subscription to wild goodness and beauty, by an unmixed, undistracted attention to squalid economics.

A great deal of God in the universe, but not

valuable to us until we can make it up into man.[1]

What is the use of trying to get that out which is not in? You may ask me as often as you will, and in what ingenious forms, for an opinion concerning the mode of building the wall, or sinking the well, or laying out the acre, but always the ball will rebound. These are questions which you, and not I, will answer.[2]

The Scholar passes, like the Russian bathers from hot water to ice-cold, so he from the height of honour to that of insult, as he falls into studious or into "practical" company. See the sentence from *Vishnoo Sarma.*

Vestiges of Creation. What is so ungodly as these polite bows to God in English books? He is always mentioned in the most respectful

1 The remainder of this passage will be found in "The Scholar" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 276).

2 Mr. Hosmer, or other neighbours who ploughed, manured, or built wall on the increasing acres, of course asked Mr. Emerson how he wished the work done, and thus made a call on his philosophy to salve the natural mortification at not knowing the answers.

and deprecatory manner, "that august," "that almighty," "that adorable providence," etc., etc. But courage only will the Spirit prompt or accept. Everything in this *Vestiges of Creation* is good, except the theology, which is civil, timid, and dull. These things which the author so well collates ought to be known only to few, and those, masters and poets.

Cithara crinitus Iopas
Personat aurata, docuit quae maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem lunam, solisque labores
Unde hominis genus, et pecudes; unde imber et ignes,
Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones,
Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles
Hiberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet.

Æneid, I, 740.

It is curious that all we want in this department is collation. As soon as the facts are stated we recognize them all as somewhere expressed in our experience or in history, fable, sculpture, or poetry. We have seen men with tails in the Fauns and Satyrs. We have seen Centaurs, Titans, Lapithæ.

All science is transcendental, or else passes away. Botany is now acquiring a right theory. And how excellent is this MacLeay and Swain-

son theory of animated circles! Symbolic also, as in Kirby and Spence. The cyclic or encyclopædiacal character that Science acquires pleases also and satisfies. The Avatars of Brahma will presently be textbooks of natural history.

Well, and it seems there is room for a better species of the genus Homo. The Caucasian is an arrested undertype.

Persons. Does any one suppose himself to be without bounds or limits? Perhaps he will defy mesmerism.[1] . . .

Fame. Among our social advantages what a signal convenience is fame! Do we read all authors, to grope our way to the best? No; but the world selects for us the best, and we select from the best, our best.

A crop of poets is as inevitable as a crop of violets or anemones, and the asperity, or the narrowness, or the conceit of any one is of no account in the cycle, being readily compensated, not in him, but in the choir. They are all less than the genus, and why not he?

1 The rest of the passage is in "Eloquence" (*Society and Solitude*, pp. 80, 81).

Identity. Liars also are true. Truth is the moral gravitation, and let a man begin where he will, and work in whatever false direction, he is sure to be found instantly afterwards arriving at a true result.

The Whig Party is anxious to disembarrass itself of the abolitionists. Does it know that no injustice can be done except by the help of justice? — that its true policy is to take away from the Locofoco Party every right principle and adopt the same itself? Then will the ruin be inevitable of the bad. But this boyish policy of becoming bad and rowdy gives strength to the other side.

"We know all things as in a dream, and are again ignorant of them according to vigilant perception." (Plato, in *Sophista.*) Plato, the whetstone of wits, the yardstick, standard metre of wits.

The hint of the dialectic is more valuable than the dialectic. One who has seen one proof, ever so slight, of the terrific powers of this organ will remember it all the days of his life. The most venerable proser will be surprised with silence. It is like the first hint that the earth

moves, or that iron is a conductor of fluids, or that granite is a gas. The solids, the centres, rest itself, fly and skip. Rest is a relation, and not rest any longer. Ah, these solid houses, real estates, have wings like so many nimble mosquitoes, and do exceedingly hop and avoid me.

Books are worth reading that settle a principle, as lectures are. All others are tickings of the clock and we have so much less to live.

Objections made to Plato's *Republic* are shallow. He keeps a cobbler a cobbler, but that is only illustration to show that each passion and action should keep its orbit. There is no cobbler to the *Civitas Dei*, which alone he would build.

[Notes for chapter on Plato in *Representative Men*, and various quotations occur here in the Journal.]

It destroys how many originalities, pretended originals, to read Plato. . . . Yet how easy to say "My thunder"; "That's New Church truth." Poor little fellows, all our propositions are related. . . .

It is easy to read Plato, difficult to read his commentators.

There was an ugly rumor went about from London to Boston and in other places a twelvemonth since, that Cousin was dished, and now I owe to him this magnificent *Republic;* and how many scholars will thank him for a century to come for this translation!

There is not the slightest probability that the college will foster an eminent talent in any youth. If he refuse prayers and recitations, they will torment and traduce and expel him, though he were Newton or Dante.

Of what use to put one whole thread into a rotten web? The neighbors tax the philosopher with not using his opportunity, if he refuse to serve in the school committee. But to what end should he serve? Any reform that he might propose is beforehand either wholly inadequate or else sure of rejection, because he differs from them in the aim of his teaching; he wishing to make of the pupil a worshipper of truth and goodness, and they to make a lover of gain. The clergymen on the committee do not say this, but they also mean it, and aim at it, for

the children generally, and for their own children also. Is it different in regard to political employments?

But we have — have we not? — a real relation to markets and brokers, to currency and coin.[1] . . .

You say that we talk of slavery and patriotism but will not do anything. Why, but because we have not sufficient insight? In this new matter of association are men to blame that they will not leave their homesteads and try the hazardous experiment of a new colony in the woods of the West or in Brook Farm or Skaneateles, perilling the means of living of their families?

They wish well to your enterprise, but it looks to them by no means wise and secure. They want sight, certainty, thorough knowledge. They are perfectly right in refusing their contribution and their personal aid to your project. Better certainly that you should lack their aid than that they should do a foolish thing. Then let us have insight before all things.

With our Saxon education and habit of

1 See the passage in "The Scholar" on the "unmentionable dollar" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 272).

thought we all require to be first. Each man must somehow think himself the first in his own career: if he find that he is not, he thinks himself cheated; he accuses Nature and Providence. We are born with lotus in our mouths, and are very deceivable as to our merits, easily believing we are the best. But in our present system that is the basis, that I am to be the first of my kind. Meantime we have somewhere heard or dreamed of another order, to wit, purely social, where a social or loving perfection subsisted, blending the properties of all, and each found his beatitude in the atmosphere of his club. If an American should wake up some morning and discover that his existence was unnecessary, he would think himself excessively ill-used, and would declare himself instantly against the government of the Universe. We construct all our theories and philosophies so as to show how with many members each member may be best.

> As creeps from leaf to leaf the worm,
> So creeps its life from form to form,
> And the poor emmet on the ground
> On the march of centuries is bound.

Truth, or the connexion of cause and effect,

alone interests us.[1] . . . Talent makes counterfeit ties. Genius finds the real ones. Wonder is begotten by showing us legitimate series, but suppressing one or more of the terms.

Skepticism profits by suggesting the grander generalization which yet remains to us (as proved by this or that anomaly) after our present religion and philosophy shall be outlived.

We say sometimes of a personage, that he spreads his ability over his whole discourse, and does not utter epigrams; so eminently does the good Genius of the world, and cares little to distil sweetness or sense into moments or persons, but by here a little and there a little, with infinite tediousness of apparatus and detail, arrives surely at his ends.

I will tell you how you can enrich me, — if you can recommend to-day to me.

Is there a book that will not leave us where it found us?

The Republic, perhaps?

Yes, if there were one to read it with.

What we want, then, is a class.

A class of two.

1 Here follow sentences printed in "Montaigne" (*Representative Men*, p. 170).

Society is a great boarding-house in which people of all characters and habits meet for their dinner and eat harmoniously together; but, the meal once over, they separate to the most unlike and opposite employments.

I avoid the Stygian anniversaries at Cambridge, those hurrahs among the ghosts, those yellow, bald, toothless meetings in memory of red cheeks, black hair, and departed health. Most forcible Feeble made the oration that fits the occasion, that contains all the obituary eloquences. Bluebirds celebrate theirs.

Animal Spirits. On common ground, as at a feast, common people entirely meet or even blend. Each newcomer is only the animal spirit of the other extended. Instead of carrying the water in a hundred buckets we have a hose, and every hose fits every hydrant.

Saturday, June 7.

I went with C. S. to see Charles Newcomb. We found him wrapt as ever in his great Gothic cathedral of fancies; pained now, it seems, by the doubt whether he should retire to more absolute inward priesthood, or accept the frequent

and to him dear solicitations of domestic and varied life. His idea of love, which he names so often, is, I think, only the wish to be cherished. He is too full of his prophecy, once to think of friendship. Saints in a convent who all recognize each other, and still retire, — that is his image. A purer service to the intellect was never offered than his, — warm, fragrant, religious, — and I feel when with him the pertinency of that Platonistic word, "all-various." Beautiful and dear, God and all his hosts shall keep him.

Adaptiveness. The philosophy we want is one of fluxions and mobility; not a house but a ship in these billows we inhabit.[1] . . . The universe and the individual perpetually act and react on each other. Thus all philosophy begins from Nox and Chaos, the Ground or Abyss which Schelling so celebrates. And in every man we require a bit of night, of chaos, of *Abgrund*, as the spring of a watch turns best on a diamond. In every individual we require a *pièce de resistance*, a certain abyss of reliance and fortitude on which to fall back, when worst comes to worst. That continent, that backbone being secure, he

1 See "Montaigne" (*Representative Men*, p. 160).

may have what variety, what surface, what ornament, what flourish, he will.

For Plato, it would be pedantry to catalogue his philosophy; the secret of constructing pyramids and cathedrals is lost, and not less of Platonic philosophies.

You may know all the people on earth. Do you know your own genius? No. Every thought, every deed, you drag before it that you may have a verdict and know something of itself; and it answers from its cloudy seat. What alone in the history of this world interests us? What but the mystic import of two or three words men use? Genius, Love, Right.

He [the Scholar] will have to answer certain questions which I must plainly tell you cannot be staved off.[1] . . .

I invite you not to cheap joys.[2] . . .

Believe in magnetism, not in needles; in the unwearied and unweariable power of Destiny, which, without an effort, brings together like to

1 The rest of this passage is printed in "The Scholar," an address given at the University of Virginia in 1876 (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 284).

2 *Idem* (p. 287).

like, the arrow to its mark, the cause to its effect, the friend to the friend, and the soul to its fortune, for, though the bases are divided, the summits are united. Silver to silver.

The Farm once more! The unanimous voice of thoughtful men is for the life of labor and the farm. All experience is against it, it being found, (1) that a small portion of the people suffice for the raising of bread for the whole; (2) that men are born with the most positive peculiarities of power, as for music, for geometry, for chemistry, for care of animals, etc., etc.; (3) that hard labor on the farm untunes the mind, unfits for the intellectual exercises which are the delight of the best men. I suppose that all that is done in ploughing and sowing and reaping and storing is repeated in finer sort in the life of men who never touch the plough-handles. The essence of those manipulations is subtle and reappears in counting-houses and council boards, in games of card and chess, in conversations, correspondences, and in poets' rhymes.

The obvious objection to the indulgence of particular talent and refusing to be man of all work is the rapid tendency to farther subdivi-

sion and attenuation, until there shall be no manly man.

The good of doing with one's own hands is the honoring of the symbol. My own cooking, my own cobbling, fence-building, digging of a well, building of a house, twisting of a rope, forging of a hoe and shovel, — is poetic.

Poltroonery is in acknowledging an inferiority as incurable. . . .

The only suppression of truth we can forgive is in restraining the confession of inferiority when really felt because of some trivial advantage. Let the penitent wait and not prematurely poltroonize.

Poetry aids itself both with music and with eloquence, neither of which is essential to it. Say rather that music is proper to it, but that within the high organic music proper to it are inferior harmonies and melodies, which it avails itself of at pleasure. Thus in Channing's piece called "Death," the line —

"I come, I come, think not I turn away" —

is a turn of eloquence. And Byron, when he writes, —

"For who the fool that doth not know
How bloom and beauty come and go,
And how disease and pain and sorrow
May chance to-day, may chance to-morrow
Unto the merriest of us all," —

enhances the pleasure of the poem by this bit of plaintive music. In like manner, —

"Out upon Time! who will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before.
Out upon Time! who forever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve;
Relics of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone reared by creatures of clay."

Scholar goes for faith, but is a skeptic.

Persons are a luxury and a convenience, like shops. Names are the only poems which loving maidens will hear. Nearness is the aim of all love. An exchange of nobleness is it also. But if you would sublimate it, I think you must keep it hard and cold, and with a Dantean leanness. We strangely stand — souls do — on the very edges of their own spheres, leaning tiptoe towards and into the adjoining sphere. The initial love must be allowed; then the celestial shall follow. The nuptial love releases each from

that excess of influence which warped each from his own beauty, and gives each again to himself and herself, so that they acquire their own feature and proportion again, and a new beauty and dignity in each other's eyes. Healed of the fever, let them beware of a second fever. It is not for lovers (on a high degree of love) to sue. Great love has that temperance which asks for nothing which is not already in the moment granted. It is theirs only to be indulgent to the joyful necessity which, making them coexistent, has also made them contemporary. They are only to find each other and to be in each other.

With what astonishment and reverence would not men listen to music if it were rarely heard and a little at a time! But when they stand by an organ and hear its voluminous voices all day, the natural reverence is abated.

One who wishes to refresh himself by contact with the bone and sinew of society must avoid what is called the respectable portion of his city or neighborhood with as much care as in Europe a good traveller avoids American and English people. The laborers.

Shall I say that I am driven to express my faith by a series of skepticisms?[1] . . .

By atoms, by trifles, by sots, Heaven operates. The needles are nothing, the magnetism is all.

Volvox globator has got on so far! He has rolled to some purpose truly.[2]

"To make the great, little, and the little, great," Socrates said, "was the orator's part." Well, that is what poetry and thinking do. I go out one day and see the masons and carpenters busy in building a house, and I discover with joy the parallelism between their work and my constitution, and come home glad to know that I too am a housebuilder. The next day I go abroad and meet hunters, and, as I return, accidentally discover the strict relation between my pursuit of truths and theirs of forest game. . . .

1 Here follows in substance, but with some difference of expression, the matter that is found in *Representative Men* (pp. 181, 182) as to the inability which the humane but honest thinker may find in himself to work in the partial reforms of his day.

2 "Man is the most composite of all creatures; the wheel-insect, *volvox globator*, is at the other extreme." (See the last page of *Representative Men*.)

"Children only, and not the learned, speak of the speculative and the practical doctrines, as two. They are but one, for both obtain the self-same end, and the place which is gained by the followers of the one is gained by the followers of the other. That man seeth who seeth that the speculative doctrines and the practical are one." — *Bhagavat Geeta.*

Eminent experiences. Eras. When the Kepler laws were learned; when the 47th proposition [of Euclid was issued]; when the Idealism was known; the doctrine of like to like; the doctrine of compensation; the doctrine of symbols and correspondence.

Worship is the height of rectitude. "The world is no place for the man who doth not worship, and where, O Arjoon! is there another?" Worship, because the sailor and the ship and the sea are of one stuff; worship, because, though the bases of things are divided, yet the summits are united; because not by thy private, but by thy public and universal force canst thou share and so know the nature of things. Worship, because that is the difference between genius and talent; between poetry and

prose; between Imagination and Fancy. The poet is like

> . . . the vaulters in the circus round
> Who step from horse to horse, but never touch the ground.

Superlatives. Choate's Thousand-for-one-style. Choate is a locomotive that runs so readily back and forward that there is perpetual need to scotch the wheels. With so much sail the craft should mind her helm well. The grimace is a part of the superlative, and very bad part. A man full-grown should not cry in a public place alone.

The rich take up something more of the world into man's life: they include the country as well as the town, the ocean-side, Niagara, the Far West, and the old European homesteads of man, in their notion of available material; and therein do well.

We owe to every book that interests us one or two words. Thus, to *Vestiges of Creation* we owe "arrested development."[1] I remember to

[1] In his essay, "Poetry and Imagination," Mr. Emerson credits John Hunter with "the electric word '*arrested and progressive development*' indicating the way upward from the invisible protoplasm to the highest organism which gave the

have seen three or four important words claimed as the result of Bentham, of which I think "international" was one. To Plato we owe a whole vocabulary and at this moment remember the importance of the words "obstetrical," "mania," and "assimilation," in their Platonic sense.

June 23.

It was a pleasure, yesterday, to hear Father Taylor preach all day in our country church. Men are always interested in a man, and the whole various extremes of our little village society were for once brought together. Black and white, poet and grocer, contractor and lumberman, Methodist and preachers, joined with the regular congregation in rare union. The speaker instantly shows the reason in the breadth of his truly social nature. He is mighty Nature's child; another Robert Burns trusting heartily to her power, as he has never been deceived by it, and arriving unexpectedly every moment at new and

poetic key to natural science." Richard Owen mentioned this expression to Mr. Emerson as found by him in Hunter's manuscripts. Mr. Emerson alluded to it in connection with the article on Hunter in the *Biographie Générale*. (See "Biographical Sketch of Emerson" in *Nature, Addresses, and Lectures*, p. xxix.)

happiest deliverances. How joyfully and manly he speaks himself abroad. It is a perfect Punch and Judy affair, his preaching. The preaching quite accidental and ludicrously copied and caricatured from the old style, as he found it in some Connecticut tubs. As well as he can he mimics and exaggerates the parade of method and logic, of text and argument, but after much threatening to exterminate all gainsayers by his syllogisms, he seldom remembers any of the divisions of his plan after the first, and the slips and gulfs of his logic would involve him in irreparable ridicule if it were not for the inexhaustible wit by which he dazzles and conciliates and carries away captive the dullest and the keenest hunter. He is perfectly sure in his generous humanity. He rolls the world into a ball and tosses it from hand to hand. He says touching things, plain things, grand things, cogent things, which all men must perforce hear. He says them with hand and head and body and voice; the accompaniment is total and ever varied. "I am half a hundred years old, and I have never seen an unfortunate day. There are none." . . . "I have been in all the four quarters of the world, and I never saw any men I could not love." "We have sweet conferences and prayer

meetings; we meet every day. There are not days enough in the year for us."

Everything is accidental to him, — his place, his education, his church, his seamen, his whole system of religion, a mere confused rigmarole of refuse and leavings of former generations, — all has a grinning absurdity, *except* the sentiment of the man. He is incapable of thought, he cannot analyse or discriminate, he is a singing, dancing, drunkard of his wit — only he is sure of the sentiment. That is his mother's milk, that he feels in his bones, heaves in his lungs, throbs in his heart, walks in his feet, and gladly he yields himself to the sweet magnetism, and sheds it abroad on the people, rejoicing in his power. Hence he is an example — I, at this moment, say the single example — we have of an inspiration; for a wisdom not his own, not to be appropriated by him, which he cannot recall or ever apply, sails to him on the gale of the sympathetic communication with his auditory. There is his closet, there his college, there his confessional; he discloses secrets there, and receives information there, which his conversation with thousands of men (and he knows everybody in the world almost) and his voyages to Egypt and journeys in Germany and in Syria

never taught him. Indeed I think that all his talk with men and all his much visiting and planning for the practical in his "Mariners House," etc., is all very fantastic, all stuff; I think his guardians and overseers and treasurers will find it so. Not the smallest dependence is to be put on his statement of facts. Arithmetic is only one of the nimble troop of dancers he keeps. No; this free happy expression of himself and of the deeps of human nature, of the happier, sunny facts of life, of things connected and lying amassed and grouped in healthy nature, that is his power and his teacher.

He is so confident that his security breathes in all his manners and gestures, in his tones and the expressions of his face, and he lies all open to men, a man, and disarms criticism and malignity by perfect frankness. We open our arms, too, and with half-closed eyes enjoy this rare sunshine. A wondrous beauty swims all the time over the picture gallery and touches points with an ineffable lustre.

Obviously he is of the class of superior men, and every one associates him necessarily with Webster, and, if Fox and Burke were alive, with Fox and Burke.

What affluence! There never was such ac-

tivity of fancy. How wilful and despotic is his rhetoric — "No, not *the blaze of Diogenes's lamp* added to the noonday sun would suffice to find it," he said. Everything dances and disappears, changes and becomes its contrary in his sculpturing hands. How he played with the word "*lost*" yesterday, "the parent who had lost his child." "Lost!" Lost became found in the twinkling of an eye. So will it always be.

His whole work is a sort of day's sailing out upon the sea; not to any voyage, but to take an observation of the sun, and come back again. Again and again and again, we have the whole wide horizon, — how rare and great a pleasure! That is the Iliad, that is picture, that is art, that is music. His whole genius is in minstrelsy; he calls it religion, Methodism, Christianity, and other names, — it is minstrelsy, he is a minstrel; all the rest is costume. For himself, it is easy to see that, though apparently of a moderate temperament, he would like the old cocks of the bar-room a thousand times better than their temperate monitors.

Timæus. The weathers fit our moods.[1] . . .

1 The passage on the fit morning to read the *Timæus* of Plato follows. See "Works and Days" (*Society and Solitude*, pp. 169, 170).

There is a little opium in it [Plato's *Timæus*]; *tête exaltée*, the figures wear the buskin and the grandiose tragic mask: it is all from the tripod, though in admirable keeping.

Men go through the world each musing on a great fable, dramatically pictured and rehearsed before him. If you speak to the man, he turns his eyes from his own scene, and slower or faster endeavors to comprehend what you say. When you have done speaking, he returns to his private music. Men generally attempt early in life to make their brothers first, afterwards their wives, acquainted with what is going forward in their private theatre, but they soon desist from the attempt, or finding that they also have some farce, or perhaps some ear and heart-rending tragedy forward on their secret boards, on which they are intent, all parties acquiesce at last in a private box with the whole play performed before himself *solus*.

Even for those whom I really love I have not animal spirits.

What an eloquence Taylor suggests! Ah, could he guide those grand sea-horses of his

with which he caracoles on the waves of the sunny ocean. But no, he is drawn up and down the ocean currents by the strong sea-monsters, — only on that condition, that he shall not guide. How many orators sit mute there below! They come to get justice done to that ear and intuition which no Chatham and no Demosthenes has begun to satisfy.

Oliver Houghton, Kimball, John Garrison, Belknap, Britton, Weir, and the Methodist preachers; W. E. Channing, Thoreau, Horace Mann, Samuel Hoar, the Curtises, Mrs. Barlow, Minot Pratt, Edmund Hosmer, were of Taylor's auditory. Nobody but Webster ever assembles the same extremes.[1]

The scholar is very unfinished who has only literary weapons. He must be spiritual man.

1 This list includes the humblest citizens of Concord as well as those well known. George William Curtis and his brother Burrell were then working on the farm of Captain Nathan Barrett (see *Correspondence of John S. Dwight and G. W. Curtis*). Mrs. Barlow was the mother of the gallant General Francis Barlow, then a mischievous schoolboy in Concord. Minot Pratt, originally a printer in Boston and one of Mr. Emerson's congregation, after sinking most of his money in Brook Farm, became a farmer, in Concord, and on holidays secured rare plants from other towns and domesticated them in Concord woods.

He must be ready for bad weather, poverty, insult, weariness, reputation of failure, and many other vexations. He ought to have as many talents as he can. Memory, practical talent, good manners, temper, lion-courage are all good things. But these are superficial, and if he has none of them he can still do, if he has the main mast, if he is anything.[1] . . .

I think the scholars who have given so many counsels are too worldly. Scott will have it that they shall not be in false position with "good society," they shall not be insulated. Goethe thinks dealing habitually with men and affairs essential to the health. . . . Time will show whether the facility is not a snare, and do not drag him that has it back to the shops from which his genius would remove him.

When somebody adduced the children as examples of the value of a careful education, Aunt Mary replied, "My good friend, they were born to be educated." It stands just so with this superstition good Whigs have concerning our debt

1 The long passage follows which is printed in the concluding pages of "The Scholar" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 286, 287).

to good laws. I always wish to answer "Good friend, we are a lawful people. The law is a mere effect, like their obedience to laws; Men, these men, are lawful, and make laws and obey laws."

A cat falls on its feet; shall not a man? You think he has character; have you kicked him? Talleyrand would not change countenance; Edward Taylor, Henry Thoreau, would put the assailant out of countenance.

I am sorry we do not receive the higher gifts justly and greatly. The reception should be equal. But the thoughts which wander through our mind we do not absorb and make flesh of, but we report them as thoughts, we retail them as stimulating news to our lovers and to all Athenians. At a dreadful loss we play this game; for the secret God will not impart himself to us for tea-table talk; he frowns out moths and puppets, passes by us and seeks out a solitary and religious heart.

Man. Literature has been before us, wherever we go. When I come in the secretest recess of a swamp, to some obscure and rare and to me

unknown plant, I know that its name and the number of its stamens, every bract and awn, is carefully described and registered in a book in my shelf. So it is with this young soul wandering lonely, wistful, reserved, unfriended, up and down in nature. These mysteries which he ponders, which astonish and entrance him, this riddle of liberty, this dream of immortality, this drawing to love, this trembling balance of motive, and the centrality whereof these are rays, have all been explored to the recesses of consciousness, to the verge of chaos and *néant*, by men with grander steadfastness and subtler organs of search than any now alive; so that when this tender philosopher comes from this reverie to literature, he is alarmed (like one whose secret has been betrayed) by the terrible fidelity with which men, long before his day, have described all and much more than all he has just seen as new continent in the West.

August 19.

We do not expect the tree to bear but one harvest in the year, but a man we expect to yield his fruit of wit and action every day.

We are the children of many sires, and every drop of blood in us in its turn betrays its ances-

tor. We are of the party of war and of the peace party alternately; to both very sincerely. Only we always may be said to be heartily only on the side of truth. See-saw.

The world is enigmatical; everything said and everything known and done, and must not be taken literally, but genially.

W. C.[1] is a middleman, dragoman, or graceful translator of ideas into the vernacular understanding.

There are always two histories of man in literature contending for our faith.

One is the scientific or skeptical, and derives his origin from the gradual composition, subsidence, and refining, — from the negro, from the ape, progressive from the animalcule savages of the waterdrop, from *volvox globator*, up to the wise man of the nineteenth century.

The other is the believer's, the poet's, the faithful history, always testified by the mystic and the devout, the history of the Fall, of a descent from a superior and pure race, attested in actual history by the grand remains of elder

[1] Probably Rev. William H. Channing.

ages, of a science in the East unintelligible to the existing population; Cyclopean architecture in all quarters of the world. In Swedenborg, it is called the "Most Ancient Church," and the nobilities of thought are called "Remains" from this. The height of this doctrine is that the entranced soul living in Eternity will carry all the arts, all art, *in power*, but will not cumber itself with superfluous realizations. The faithful dogma assumes that the other is an optical show, but that the Universe was long already complete through law; and that the tiger and the midge are only penal forms, the Auburn and Sing Sing of nature; men, men, all and everywhere.

The near-sighted people have much to say about action. But I can well say that the singing Iopas seems to me as great as the sworded Hector. It is by no means action which is the essential point, but some middle quality indifferent both to poet and to actor, and which we call Reality. So that we have reality and necessity, it is equivalent in a word or in a blow. The election of the will is the crisis; that is celebrated often by Yea or Nay: the following action is only the freight train. Not action, not speculation imports, but a middle essence com-

mon to both. I believe in the sovereign virtue, or, shall I say, virulence, of probity, against all arithmetic. Arithmetic is the science of purposes, probity that of essences. The most private will be the most public, if it be only real. I have no defence to set up for the existing philosophers or poets. The rogue or the statesman is not made to feel his insignificance among either divines or literary men; for, at a glance, he sees that it is rogue again under the cassock, or with the manuscripts, and they greet each other; but when he shall see the prophet, he shall be shamed.

To the vigilant the history of the universe is only symptomatic; and life mnemonical.

Lectures are a few reasonable words to keep us in mind of truth amidst our nonsense.

Whiggism hates the relative; it dogmatizes, it pounds. To science there is no *poison:* the word is relative.

See how many cities of refuge we have. Skepticism, and again skepticism? Well, let abyss open under abyss, they are all contained and bottomed at last, and I have only to endure. I am here to be worked upon.

We expose our skepticism out of probity. Well, we meet, then, on the ground of probity, and not of skepticism.

I am shamed on reflecting on the little new skill the years bring me, at the power trifles have over me, at the importance of my dinner, and my dress, and my house, more than at the slenderness of my acquisitions.

For we do acquire some patience, some temper, some power of referring the particular to the general. We acquire perspective so as to rank our experiences and know what is eminent. Else the term *An old one* would have no meaning.

What a luck in teaching! The tutor aims at fidelity, the pupil strives to learn, but there is never a coincidence, but always a diagonal line drawn partaking of the genius of the tutor and the genius of the pupil. This, when there is success, but that how conspicuous! Two precious madmen who cannot long conspire.

Honor among thieves, let there be truth among skeptics. Are any or all of the institutions so valuable as to be lied for? Learn to esteem all things symptomatic, — no more.

But, faith, has it not its victories also? Behold these sacred persons, repulsive perhaps to you, yet undeniably born of the old simple blood, to whom rectitude is relative; see them here, white silver amid the bronze population, one, two, three, four, five, six, and I know not how many more, but conspicuous as fire in the night. Each of them can do some deed of the impossible. Do you say, our Republic can never be? — I say, But let citizens be born for it, and it can.

Nothing but God can give invention; everything else, one would say, the study of Plato would give; a discipline, it seems, in logic, in arithmetic, in taste and symmetry, in poetry, in longanimity, in language, in rhetoric, in science or ontology, and in morals or practical wisdom.

August 25.

I heard last night with some sensibility that the question of slavery has never been presented to the South with a kind and thoroughly scientific treatment, as a question of pure political economy in the largest sense.

A practical question, you say, is, What are common people made for? You snub them, and

all your plans of life and all your poetry and philosophy only contemplate the superior class. This is a verbal question, never practical. Common people, uncommon people, all sorts of people, dispose of themselves very fast, and never wait for the sentences of philosophers. The truth seems to be, there are no common people, no populace, but only juniors and seniors; the mob is made up of kings that shall be; the lords have all in their time taken place in the mob. The appearance in any assembly is of a rapid self-distribution into cliques and sets.[1] . . .

Do you think we should be practical? I grieve that we have not yet begun to be poetical. It is after long devotion to austere thought that the soul finds itself only on the threshold, and that truth has steeps inaccessible to any new and profane foot; long novitiate, long purgation, maceration, vigils, enthusiasm, she requires. Human life seems very short to the student. Its practical importance in your sense vanishes like a cloud. They have all eaten lotus alike.

Over and above all the particular and enumerable list of talents and merits of any distin-

1 Most of the long passage which follows is printed in substance in *Society and Solitude* (p. 14).

guished person is their superiority, not to be described, but which brought into notice all those talents and merits. One face of it is a certain eminent propriety, which is taste and reason and symmetry and makes all homogeneous. Homer and Milton and Shakspeare all have this atmosphere or garment of fitness to clothe themselves withal, and we sometimes call it their "humanity." In Webster, our great lawyer, it is a propriety again.

Plato is no Athenian. . . . It transcends sectional lines, the great humane Plato. But we read impatiently, still wishing the chapter or the dialogue at its close. [A trans-national book again is the *Bhagavat Geeta*.] The reader in Plato is soon satisfied that to read is the least part. The whole world may read the *Republic* and be no wiser than before. It is a chief structure of human wit, like Karnac.[1] . . .

B. A.[2] told me that when he saw Cruikshank's drawings, he thought him a fancy caricaturist, but when he went to London he saw that he drew from nature, without any exaggeration.

1 The rest of the passage is printed on the last page of "Plato, or the Philosopher" (*Representative Men*).

2 Alcott?

I was in the courthouse a little while to see the sad game. But, as often happens, the judge and jury, the government and the counsel for the prisoner, were on trial as much as he.[1] . . .

Three or four stubborn necessary words are the pith and fate of the business; all the rest is expatiating and qualifying: three or four real choices, acts of will of somebody, the rest is circumstance, satellite, and flourish.

There was Webster, the great cannon loaded to the lips: he told Cheney that if he should close by addressing the jury, he should blow the roof off. As it was, he did nothing but pound. Choate put in the nail and drove it; Webster came after and pounded. The natural grandeur of his face and manners always satisfies; easily great; there is no strut in his voice or behavior, as in the others. Yet he is all wasted; he seems like a great actor who is not supported on the boards; and Webster, like the actor, ought to

1 Here follows the account of the trial in Concord of the "Wyman Case," in which Webster, Choate, and E. R. Hoar were counsel for the defendant. The Journal, omitting names, gives the account of the badgering of the Judge by the District Attorney in almost the same words as are printed in "Eloquence." Not "salvage," but "a trust" was what the Judge was forced to define. (See *Society and Solitude*, pp. 86–88.)

go to London. Ah! if God had given to this Demosthenes a heart to lead New England, what a life and death and glory for him. Now he is a fine symbol and mantel ornament — costly enough to those who must keep it; for the great head aches, and the great trunk must be curiously fed and comforted.

The apparatus of the Law is large and cumbrous and when one sees to how short an issue it leads it seems as if a judge would be as safe. All is for a vent to these two or three decisive phrases that come leaping out, no man knows when, at first or at last in the course of the trial. We go and sit out the tedious hearing for these moments. But at last when we come away, we are to eliminate[1] that result for ourselves: no reporter, except Time, will do it for us.

The old dramatists wrote the better for the great quantity of their writing and knew not when they wrote well. The playhouse was low enough to have entire interest for them; they were proprietors; it was low and popular and not literary. That the scholars scorned it, was its saving essence. Shakspeare and his comrades

1 Mr. Emerson singularly always uses *eliminate* as equivalent to *get*, not to *get rid of*.

evidently thought the mass of old plays or of stage plays *corpus vile*, in which any experiment might be freely tried. Had the prestige which hedges about a modern tragedy or other worthless literary work existed, nothing could have been done. The coarse but warm blood of the living England circulated in the play as in street ballads.[1] . . .

See how the translation of Plutarch gets its wonderful excellence, as does the English Bible, by being translation on translation.[2] . . .

(From Y)

"The earth is upheld by the veracity of the good."

"And whatsoever soul shall have received anything of truth shall be safe from harm until another period."—PLATO, *Phædrus*.

Identity. If a wise man should appear in our village, he would create in all the inhabitants a new consciousness of wealth by opening their eyes

1 What follows is printed in "Shakspeare" (*Representative Men*, pp. 193, 194).

2 The rest of the long passage is printed in "Shakspeare" (*Representative Men*, pp. 200, 201).

to the sparkle of half-concealed treasures that lie in everybody's dooryard; he would establish a sense of immovable equality, as everybody would discern the checks and reciprocities of condition, and the rich would see their mistakes and poverty, whilst the poor would behold their own resources.

Father Taylor, valuable as a psychologic curiosity, a man with no *proprium* or *peculium*, but all social. Leave him alone and there is no man: there is no substance, but a relation. His power is a certain mania or low inspiration that repeats for us the tripod and *possession* of the ancients. I think every hearer feels that something like it were possible to himself, if he could consent: he has sold his mind for his soul (soul in the low, semi-animal sense, soul including animal spirits). Art could not compass this fluency and felicity. His sovereign security results from a certain renunciation and abandonment. He runs for luck, and by readiness to say everything, good and bad, says the best things. Then a new will and understanding organize themselves in this new sphere of no-will and no-understanding, and as fishermen use a certain discretion within their luck, to find a good fishing-ground, or the berry-women

to gather quantities of whortle-berries, so he knows his topics, and his unwritten briefs, and where the profusion of words and images will likeliest recur. With all his volleys of epithets and imagery, he will ever and anon hit the white. He called God, in a profusion of other things, "a charming spirit"; he spoke of "men who sin with invention, sin with genius, sin with all the power they can draw." But you feel this inspiration. It clothes him like an atmosphere, and he marches into untried depths with the security of a grenadier. He will weep and grieve and pray and chide, in a tempest of passionate speech, and never break the perfect propriety with a single false note; and when all is done, you still ask, or I do, "What's Hecuba to him?"

September.

We sidle towards the problem. If we could speak the direct, solving word, it would solve us too; we should die, or be liberated as the gas in the great gas of the atmosphere.

Call it by whatever name, we all believe in personal magnetism, of which mesmerism is a lowest example. But the magnetizers are few. The best head in the company affects all the rest.

We believe that if the angels should descend, we should associate with them easily, and never shame them by a breach of celestial propriety.

How easy to give a poetic analysis of Byron's apostrophe to Nemesis in the fourth canto of the *Childe Harold*, — too good an example of a poetic end dissipated and annihilated through the seduction of the means.

Dinas Emlinn of Scott, like his *Helvellyn*, shows how near to a poet he was. All the Birmingham part he had, and what taste and sense! — yet rose into the creative region. As a practitioner or professional poet, he is unrivalled in modern times. In lectures on poetry almost all Scott would have to be produced.

What was said of the Rainers, that they were street-singers, though good of their kind, and that it was a mistake to bring them into concert rooms; — the like is true of Scott.

Plutarch's *Symposiacs;* an admirable passage concerning Plato's expression that God geometrizes. — *Morals*, vol. iii.

I think the Platonists may be read for sentences, though the reader fail to grasp the argu-

ment of the paragraph or the chapter. He may yet obtain gleams and glimpses of a more excellent illumination from their genius, outvaluing the most distinct information he owes to other books. The grandeur of the impression the stars and heavenly bodies make on us is surely more valuable than our exact perception of a tub or a table on the ground.[1]

Metempsychosis. For this Indian doctrine of transmigration, it seems easy of reception where the mind is not preoccupied. Not more wonderful than other methods which are in use, and so readily suggested, not only by the manners of insects, but by the manners of men. Here is a gentleman who abused his privileges when in the flesh as a gentleman, and curtailed therefore his amount of vital force. We cannot kill him, for souls will not die. This punishment, self-imposed, is, that he take such a form as his diminished vital force can maintain. Now it takes, to make a good dog, say, half a grain; to make a peacock, a quarter grain; to make a great general, a pennyweight; a philosopher, two; a poet, ten;

1 Compare "Nominalist and Realist" (*Essays*, Second Series, p. 233). And "Books" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 203).

and a good and wise man, a thousand pounds. Now our ill-behaved man, on emerging from his rotten body, and a candidate for a new birth, has not capital enough to maintain himself as man, and, with his diminished means, nothing is left for it but that he should take a turn through nature, this time as monkey. That costs very little, and by careful governance in the monkey form, he shall have saved something and be ready at his return to begin the world again more decently, say, as dog. There he saves again, and, at the end of that period, may drop his tail, and come out Hottentot. Good Hottentot, he will rise, and one of these ages will be a Massachusetts man.

What other account is to be given of these superfluous triflers who whisk through nature, whom we are sure we have seen before, and who answer no purpose to the eye while they are above the horizon? They are passing through their grub state, or are expiating their ill economy of long ago.

"Travelling the path of life through thousands of births."

It requires for the reading and final disposition of Plato all sorts of readers, Frenchmen,

Germans, Italians, English, and Americans. If it were left to apprehensive, gentle, imaginative, Plato-like persons, no justice would be done to his essence and totality, through the excess or violence of affection that would be spent on his excellence of reason and imagination. But Frenchmen have no reverence; they seize the book like merchants; it is a piece of goods, and is treated without ceremony after the manner of commerce; and though its divine merits are lost by their profanation, the coarser, namely, the texture and coherence of the whole, and its larger plan, its French availableness, its fitness to French taste, by comprehending that —[1] Too much feeling is as fatal to just seeing as blindness is. People speak easily of *Cudworth*, but I know no book so difficult to read as Cudworth proper. For, as it is a magazine of quotations, of extraordinary ethical sentences, the shining summits of ancient philosophy, and as Cudworth himself is a dull writer, the eye of the reader rests habitually on these wonderful revelations, and refuses to be withdrawn; so that, handling the book for years, the methods and the propositions of Cudworth still remain a profound secret. Cudworth is sometimes read without the Platon-

1 The sentence is unfinished in the Journal.

ism; which would be like reading Theobald's Shakspeare, leaving out only what Shakspeare wrote. I think the best reader of Plato the least able to receive the totality at first, just as a botanist will get the totality of a field of flowers better than a poet.[1]

Platonists: a decline into ornament from the severity of strength — Corinthian, Byzantine. Plato is grand; they are grandiose. It is easy to read Plato, difficult to read his commentators.

Inertia. It is the bulwark of individualism.

In the convention yesterday it was easy to see the drunkenness of eloquence. As I sat and listened, I seemed to be attending at a medical experiment.[2] . . . I have a bad time of it on these occasions, for I feel responsible for every one of the speakers, and shudder with cold at the thinness of the morning audience, and with fear lest all will fail at every bad speech.[3] Mere ability

1 Mr. Emerson praised Cudworth to a college-mate. He came back delighted and quoting him. Emerson did not recognize the passages. Then it appeared that his own delight in the book had been only its sentences from Plato.

2 Here follow the next two paragraphs in "Eloquence" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 62).

3 This sentence and much that follows is printed in "Eloquence" (pp. 67, 68), published in an impersonal form.

and mellowness is then inestimable. Stephen C. Phillips was a great comfort to me, for he is a good house warmer, with his obvious honesty and good meaning, and his hurra-and-universal-scream sort of eloquence, which inundates the assembly with a flood of animal spirits, and makes all safe and secure, so that any and every sort of good speaking becomes at once practicable. His animal eloquence is as good as a stove in a cold house.

An orator is a thief of belief.

Garrison is a virile speaker; he lacks the feminine element which we find in men of genius. He has great body to his discourse, so that he can well afford occasional flourishes and eloquence. He is a man in his place. He brings his whole history with him, wherever he goes, and there is no falsehood or patchwork, but sincerity and unity.

Meno's definition of Virtue is

> "To feel a joy from what is fair,
> And o'er it to have power."

Keep a thing by you seven years and it will come in use, though it were the devil, thought I, when Abaddon[1] came lately into favor. Goethe

1 The Hebrew word (meaning the Destroyer) translated in the New Testament *Apollyon*.

had remarked that all men liked to hear him named.

Health is genius, the higher tone; potentially all wise enow, wine is what we want, wine of wine, excitement, opportunity, an initiative.[1] Is the solar system good art and architecture? The same wise achievement is in my brain, can you only wile me from interference and marring.

The poetic gift we want, but not the poetic profession; — poetic gift, as the breath and supremacy of man, but not rhymes and sonneteering, not bookmaking and bookselling, not cold spying and authorship; the poet who suffers the man to sit in him with the poet, as a charioteer with the hero in the *Iliad*. Byron, because his poetic talent was surpassing, could ruin his poem (see above, p. 92); a human wisdom should have assisted at the birth.

Genius consists in health, in plenipotence of that "top of condition" which allows of not only exercise but frolic of faculty. To coax and woo the strong Instinct to bestir itself and work its miracle is the end of all wise endeavor.[2]

1 Compare "Bacchus" in the *Poems*.

2 Thus to coax and woo the Muse, Mr. Emerson, in the autumn, saved by purchase from impending destruction the beautiful woods on the Lincoln shore of Walden, opposite

The Instinct is resistless and knows the way; and is melodious, and at all points a god. The reason we set so high a value on any poetry, and the same on a line or phrase as on a poem, is, that it is a new work of Nature, as a man or a woman is. We admire a new maiden infinitely, and a new verse is as divine. But a new verse comes once in five hundred years. This is the reason why Hafiz and Herrick and Pindar speak so proudly of what seems to the thoughtless a mere jingle.

Whiggism, a feast of shells, idolatrous of the forms of legislature; like a cat loving the house, not the inhabitant.

Henry Thoreau says "that philosophers are broken-down poets"; and "that universal assertions should never allow any remarks of the individual to stand in their neighborhood, for the broadest philosophy is narrower than the worst poetry."

the grove of great pines on the hither side, the acquisition of which in 1844 gave him such pleasure. The rocky ledge with oaks, chestnuts, and hemlocks sweeping down to the shore of the pond, he called "My Garden" and celebrates it in the poem of that name.

But truly philosophers are *poètes manqués*, or neutral or imperfect poets.

Love attaches, thought detaches man from his family; head from his hands, head from his heart.

Cosmos. The wonderful Humboldt, with his extended centre, expanded wings, marches like an army, gathering all things as he goes. How he reaches from science to science, from law to law, tucking away moons and asteroids and solar systems, in the clauses and parentheses of his encyclopædiacal paragraphs!

Gibbon has a strength rare with such finish. He built a pyramid, and then enamelled it.

Pantheism. Sin, and every man thou meetest shall stand up like a god, and judge thee. The God has delegated himself to a thousand deputies, and, at every street corner, God-like is yonder youth to those who go by, and where he halts, lo! the tenth man is a God to him.

Opportunity. This world was created as an audience for thee. They have so many faculties. They are so keen and thorough in their know-

ledge, only to appreciate thy profoundness. They are so averse, and they hate thee, only to give thee a fair field and the greatest value to their suffrages, O Coriolanus!

Wealth. A system there must be in every economy, or the best single experiments avail not.[1] . . .

The moral of science should be a transference of that trust which is felt in Nature's admired arrangements in light, heat, gravity, and so on, to the social and moral order. Artificial legislation, perpetual, brazen-faced interference of every rowdy boy into the circles of Law: — he will help the Law! Can't he set his shoulder to the earth to assist it to spin on its axis, or to hasten it round the sun! If we had not confidence that the Law provided for every exigency, that not an impulse of absolute freedom could exist, we should rush by suicide out of the door of this staggering Temple.

The Superlative. You cannot say *God*, *blood* and *hell* too little. Always suppose God. The Jew named him not.

1 The rest of the paragraph is in "Wealth" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 118, 119).

Every time Garrison repeats his phrase, "a covenant with Death, and with Hell they are at agreement," I think of Dr. Bell's patients.[1]

A great man is he who answers questions which I have not skill to put.

One man all his lifetime answers a question which none of his contemporaries put: he is therefore isolated.

Phædo. Ah, if Cebes and Simmias had now said, Yes, the Reminiscence is well enow, but if my future is related to my present only as my present to my past, that is no immortality for Cebes and Simmias. It does for the universe. That suffers no detriment; but I have not sufficient property in it to interest me a moment in such a sky-high concern. I wish to be certified that these dear Johns and Henrys, Anns and Marys, shall keep the traits that are most their own and make them dear.[2]

The universe is traversed with paths or

1 Dr. Luther V. Bell was superintendent of the McLean Asylum.

2 Mr. Emerson here speaks of the common yearning for personal identity, not his own.

bridges or stepping-stones across all the gulfs of space.[1] . . .

Parallelism. We know in one mood that which we are ignorant of in another mood, like mesmerized patients who are clairvoyant at night and in the day know nothing of that which they told.

Adaptiveness, the peculiarity of human nature. The heavenly bodies are also universals, "but they enjoy not that fluctuating movement through various steps and in divergent directions, the circum-lation through all the limits of imperfection, that shifting with the revolution of all things, so as to master the whole mass of reality in all its ramifications, — which forms the essential peculiarity of human nature." *Akhlak-I-Jalaly.*[2]

1 The paragraph may be found in *Natural History of Intellect* (p. 42).

2 A rare book; "The Practical Philosophy of the Muhammadan People, exhibited in its professed connection with the European, so as to render either an introduction to the other; being a translation of the *Akhlak-I-Jalaly*, the most esteemed work of Middle Asia, from the Persian of Fakìr Jāny Muhammad Asāad (with references and notes)," by W. F. Thomson, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service. London, 1839.

Herbs gladly cure our flesh because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

Herbert, "Man."

This is mystically true. The master can do his great deed, the desire of the world, — say to find his way between azote and oxygen, detect the scent of the new rock superposition, find the law of the curves, — because he has just come out of Nature, or from being a part of that thing. As if one went into the mesmeric state to find the way of Nature in some function, and then sharing it, came out into the normal state and repeated the trick. He knows the laws of azote because just now he was azote. Man is only a piece of the universe made alive. Man active can do what just now he suffered.

The greatest man underlies the human nature, the longest wave quickly is lost in the sea.[1] . . .

The seashore; sea seen from shore, shore seen from sea, must explain the charm of Plato. Art expresses the One, or the Same, by the Different.[2] . . .

1 The long passage beginning thus is printed in "Plato" (*Representative Men*, pp. 77, 78).

2 See "Plato" (*Representative Men*, p. 56).

"Let us declare the cause which led the Supreme Ordainer to produce and compose the Universe. He was good, and he who is good has no kind of envy: exempt from envy, he wished that all things should be as much as possible like himself. Whosoever, taught by wise men, shall admit this as the prime cause of origin and foundation of the world, will be in the truth." — *Timæus.*

Eloquence. The eloquent man is he who is no beautiful speaker, but who is inwardly and desperately drunk with a certain belief.[1] . . .

The hearer occupied with the excellence of the single thoughts and images is astonished to see the inspired man still impatient of the tardiness of words and parts, pressing forward to new parts . . . and in his prodigality ever announcing new and greater wealth to come.

The scholar's is a position of present immunity. The vulgar think he would found a sect; he knows better. Society has no bribe for him.

Do not give up your thought because you cannot answer an objection to it. Consider only

1 See "Eloquence" (*Society and Solitude*, pp. 92, 93).

whether it remains in your life the same which it was.

We are waiting until some tyrannous idea emerging out of heaven shall seize us and bereave us of this liberty with which we are falling abroad.

Every intellectual advantage bought at the expense of manhood. The lumpers are manlier than the grocers, more absolute. In the water party, the skipper of the boat was the only interesting person; the rest made puns.

Conversation. A convertible proverb, *It is Greek to him.* Those Eastern story-tellers, whose oily tongues turn day into night and night into day, who lap their hearers in a sweet drunkenness of a fancy so that they forget the taste of meat: Coleridge, too, who could dissipate the solar system to a thin transparency.

Are not Lectures a kind of Peter Parley's story of Uncle Plato, and of a puppet show of Eleusinian Mysteries?

Knowledge. World full of tools or machines, every one a contrivance to exclude some one

error or inconvenience and make a practical thinker. Thus in making coffee many errors are likely to intervene and spoil the beverage. The biggin thinks for us, is a practical thinker and excludes this and that other impudence. It hinders the riling, it determines the quantity. What a stroke of genius is each carpenter's tool.

It would be so easy to draw two pictures of the literary man, as of one possessed and led by muses, or as of one ridden by some dragon, or dire distemper. A mechanic is driven by his work all day, but it ends at night; it has an end. But the scholar's work has none.[1] . . .

Akhlak-I-Jalaly. Abu Said Abulkhain, the mystic, and Abu Ali Leena, the philosopher, on leaving each other said; the one, "All that he sees, I know," and the other, "All that he knows, I see."

"There are two that I cannot support, the fool in his devotions, and the intelligent in his impieties." — *Koran.*

[Here follow many pages of quotations, only a few of which are given.]

1 See "Immortality" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 341).

Vishnu Purana. Brahma descended from the highest heaven which decayeth not, and with the light of his own body illumined the dark abyss which now constitutes this world, and walking in the heavens, joyed in the possession of his glory.

One Brahma and then another from time to time descended and dwelt in the heavens, and from the self-inherent virtue of the said Brahmas this world below became sweet as the honey of the honey-bee.

One of the Brahmas, beholding the earth, said to himself, What thing is this? —and with one of his fingers having touched the earth put it to the tip of his tongue and perceived the same to be deliciously sweet: from which time all the Brahmas ate of the sweet earth for the space of sixty thousand years. In the mean time having coveted in their hearts the enjoyment of this world, they began to say one to another, This part is mine; that is thine; and so, fixing boundaries, divided the earth between them. On this account the earth lost its sweetness; then grew a mushroom; then a creeping plant; then a tree; then a grain of rice; then rice grain; then later, because of the sons of the Brahmas having used substantial food, the light which once shone in their bodies was extinguished.

Individualism. "The notion that self consists in what is not self, and the opinion that property consists in what is not one's own, constitute the double seed of the tree of ignorance."[1]

Ellery Channing, said A., is made of earth and fire; he wants water and air. How fast all that magnetism would lick up water. He discharges himself in volleys. Can you not hear him snap when you are near him? "I never find anything which I look for." He cannot drive a nail.

Prometheus is to have a working plan of this fine machine, this crystal globe with glass wheels and hooks and teeth within, transparent, like that African apple whose seeds are seen.

The Caliph Ali[2] is a fine example of character. He "possessed a vein of poignant humor, which led Soliman Farsy to say of a jest he one day indulged in, This it is which has kept you back to the fourth (Abu Beker, Omar, and Othman having been successively elected before

1 The source of this quotation is not given.

2 Ali ben Abu Taleb, the son-in-law of Mahomet and fourth Caliph, called for his courage "The Lion of God." Of him the Prophet said, "I am the City of Knowledge, but Ali is the Gate."

him); for a reliance on his rights of sovereignty was the ruling feeling of that sacred person, and it is one which gives ascendence to the inner and individual nature in opposition to the suggestions of appearance and the observance of our relations with the many." — *Akhlak-I-Jalaly*, p. 158.

Vedanta. The Internal Check. "He who eternally restrains this and the other world, and all beings therein; who, standing in the earth, is other than the earth; whom the earth knows not, whose body the earth is, who interiorly restrains the earth, the same is thy soul, and the Internal Check immortal."

"The internal check is the Supreme being." — COLEBROOKE'S *Essays*, p. 341.

Buddha, or he who knows. Intellect puts an interval: if we converse with low things, with crimes, with mischances, we are not compromised, the interval saves us. But if we converse with high things, with heroic actions, with heroic persons, with virtues, the interval becomes a gulf, and we cannot enter into the highest good.

Icy light. It is the chief deduction, almost the sole deduction from the merit of Plato . . . that his writings have not the vital authority which

the screams of prophets . . . the sermons of unlettered Arabs and Jews possess.[1]

Landor says of Canning (?) that "he was an understrapper made an overstrapper." The expression is coarse enough, but is true of men of thought also. They are good pupils, and their life would be fair and blooming, if they could continue such; but in the absence of intellectual men, in the absence of many grades and ranks of power, from the lawful and thoroughly educated king to the youngest page, — our scholar, on his first showing of intellectual power, is hurried from the pupil's desk to the master's chair; and by this rude and rapid change is cheated of those perfections which long training and faithful abiding in all the intermediate degrees alone can give. A false relation and false manners and incompleteness of beauty in every part are the result. The scholar finds himself not excellent in his own art, and deficient in the arts of men around him. He wants security, the unquestionable front of power, and feels himself interrogated and defied. He wants in this loneliness nerves of a lion, and has the nerves of a caterpillar. Sympathy gives health, but he has not

1 See "Plato" (*Representative Men*, p. 76).

sympathy of those he can see, and he has not quite eyes enough to see those whose sympathy he has. The bear comes out fatter from his hibernation than he went to it, and the great man should not have less resource in his hibernation.

The boy learns chess and whist and takes lessons in dancing; the watchful father observes that another has learned algebra and geometry, in the meantime. But the first boy has got much more than those good-for-nothing games with the games.[1] . . .

Skepticism. There are many skepticisms. The Universe is like an infinite series of planes, each of which is a false bottom, and when we think our feet are planted now at last on the Adamant, the slide is drawn out from under us.

Value of the Skeptic is the resistance to premature conclusions. If he prematurely conclude, his conclusion will be shattered, and he will become malignant. But he must limit himself with the anticipation of law in the mutations,—flowing law.

1 The rest of this passage is printed in "Culture" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 143).

The scholar blunders along on his own path for a time, assured by the surprise and joy of those to whom he first communicates his results; then new solitudes, new marches; but after a time, on looking up he finds the sympathy gone or changed, he fancies himself accused by all the bystanders; the faces of his friends are shaded by grief; and yet no tongue ever speaks of the cause. There is some indictment out against him, on which he is arraigned in many courts, and he cannot learn the charge. A prodigious power we have of begetting false expectations. These are the mistakes of others' subjectiveness. The true scholar will not heed them. Jump into another bush, and scratch your eyes in again. He passes on to acquit himself of their charges by developments as surprising as was his first word; by indirections and wonderful *alibis* which dissipate the whole crimination.

No wonder a writer is rare. — It requires one inspiration, or transmutation of Nature into thought, to yield him the truth; another inspiration to write it.

Economy. Nobody need stir hand or foot, the custom of the country will do it all.[1] . . .

1 See "Wealth" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 121).

Croisements. Symbols. The seashore and the taste of two metals in contact, and our enlarged powers in the presence . . . of a friend.[1] . . .

The poem must be *tenax propositi*, the fable or myth must hold, or it is worth no man's while to read it. If a pilot swings his vessel from the wharf with one intention, and, after letting go, changes his intention, and a vessel, deceived by his first demonstrations, is run afront of and injured, the pilot loses his branch. Certainly we must hold the poet to as strict a law.

Winter apples. The worst day is good for something. All that is not love is knowledge, and all that is not good to-day is a store laid up for the wants of distant days.

Knowledge is the straight Line; *Wisdom* is the power of the straight line, or the Square; *Virtue* is the power of the Square, or the Solid.

Thus, my friend reads in the *Cultivator* on the method of planting and hoeing potatoes, or he follows a farmer hoeing along the row of po-

1 The rest of this paragraph is printed in "Plato" (*Representative Men*, p. 55).

tato hills; that is knowledge. At last, he takes the hoe in his hands and hoes the hills; the first with care and heed, and pulls up every root of piper grass: as the day grows hot and the row is long, he says to himself, "This is wisdom: But one hill is like another, I have mastered the art, it is mere trifling to waste my strength in doing many times the same thing: Why should I hoe more?" And he desists.

But the last lesson was still unlearned: the moral power lay in the continuance, in fortitude, in working against pleasure, to the excellent end and conquering all opposition. He has knowledge, he has wisdom, but he has missed Virtue, which he only acquires who endures routine and sweat and postponement of fancy to the achievement of a worthy end.

Native Americans. I hate the narrowness of the Native American Party. It is the dog in the manger. It is precisely opposite to all the dictates of love and magnanimity: and therefore, of course, opposite to true wisdom. . . . Man is the most composite of all creatures. . . . Well, as in the old burning of the Temple at Corinth, by the melting and intermixture of silver and gold and other metals a new com-

pound more precious than any, called the Corinthian brass, was formed; so in this continent, — asylum of all nations, — the energy of Irish, Germans, Swedes, Poles, and Cossacks, and all the European tribes, — of the Africans, and of the Polynesians, — will construct a new race, a new religion, a new state, a new literature, which will be as vigorous as the new Europe which came out of the smelting-pot of the Dark Ages, or that which earlier emerged from the Pelasgic and Etruscan barbarism. *La Nature aime les croisements.*

Swedenborg's theology does well as long as it is repeated to and by those who are wont to accept something positive. . . . But when I hear it, I say, This is nothing to me. . . . This is the excess of form. The fallacy seems to be in the equivocal use of the term *The Word.* In the high and sacred sense of that term used by a strong Oriental rhetoric for the energy of the Supreme Cause (in act), all that is predicated of it, is true: it is equivalent to Reason. But this being granted, theologians shift the word from this grand sense to signify a written sentence of St. Matthew or St. John, and instantly assume for this wretched written sentence all

that was granted to be true of the Divine Reason.

Swedenborg perceived the central life of each object and saw the change of appearance as it passed before different eyes. He does not seem to have seen with equal clearness the necessity of progression or onwardness in each creature. Metamorphosis is the law of the Universe. All forms are fluent, and as the bird alights on the bough and pauses for rest, then plunges into the air again on its way, so the thoughts of God pause but for a moment in any form,[1] but pass into a new form, as if by touching the earth again in burial, to acquire new energy. A wise man is not deceived by the pause: he knows that it is momentary: he already foresees the new departure, and departure after departure, in long series. Dull people think they have traced the matter far enough if they have reached the history of one of these temporary forms, which they describe as fixed and final.

A man should not be rich by having what is superfluous, but by having what is essential to

1 This sentence occurs in "Poetry" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 15).

him, like a manufacturer or engineer or astronomer who has a great capital invested in his costly apparatus. How to animate all his possessions: if he have any not animated by his quality and energy, let him sell them and convert them into things nearer to his nature. Such a rich man excites no envy. He has no more than he needs or uses.

Timing. "Unseasonable love is like hate." — SOCRATES, *apud* STOBÆUS.

"All things are good and fair to those things wherewith they agree, but ill and deformed in respect of those things with which they agree not." — SOCRATES, *apud* XENOPHON, *Memorabilia.*

"What is strength? The motion of the soul with the body." — SOCRATES in STOBÆUS.

Philosophy. Unity or Identity, and Variety; the poles of philosophy. It makes haste to develop these two. A too rapid unity or unification, and a too exclusive devotion to parts are the Scylla and Charybdis. A too rapid Unity. Yes, for a wise Skepticism, a long secular patience that delays and still delays the premature summation is rewarded with truth per-

haps in another sphere and cycle. This rashness or partiality is one vice; the other is confusion, or the misplacing the properties of the planes or spheres of Nature.

And the mind describes Deity by simple purification of its own self. Indian mythology creates Nature from the parts of the human body; a gigantic crystal.

Every man who would do anything well must come to it from a higher ground, and a philosopher must be much more than a philosopher. Plato is a Poet.

Rachel. But Rachel possesses a certain demoniacal power which is worthy of wonder. You feel in her veiled and nowise resonant voice, in her measured and earnest acting, and in her majestic delivery, that she is incessantly brooding on this inward raging fire. But this bursts up at decisive moments.[1]

[Here follow extracts from the *Vishnu Purana.*]

1 Mr. Emerson first saw Rachel in Paris during the Revolution of 1848 and heard her sing the *Marseillaise*. This passage must have been written into the Journal later.

There were Swedenborgs in those days, Missouriums, Mastodons of literature, not to be measured by a whole population of modern scholars.

Every genius is defended from approval by great quantities of unavailableness, good only for himself. What property! says the hungry mind, as it sees it afar, and swims toward it as a fish to its food.

Jones Very is like the rain plentiful. He does not love individuals: he is annoyed by edge. He likes only community; and he likes the lowness also, if it be community. I like sharp slats. Strength is wonderful.

Some men think their goodness made of themselves, others think the reverse. See the Indian *Self*.

Days. Every age has its objects and symbol, and every man. Why not, then, every epoch of our life its own? And a man should journey through his own Zodiack of Signs.

The Indian woman burns herself on her husband's funeral pile, because she believes in

Transmigration; and being born again, if faithful, in a form not less than the last, retains enough memory to find her husband in his new form, though a dog, or a jackal, or a wolf, and, by affectionate speech, recalls to him also his memory and exhorts him to divest his present unworthy weeds. In the long rotation by fidelity they meet again in worthy forms. The flame of the funeral pile is cool to the widow.

To this practical doctrine of Migration we have nothing corresponding. Ours is sentimental and literary.

Indian mythology a lace veil; clouds of legends, but the old forms seen through. We should infer a country of sages and devotees; but there seems no relation between the book and the actual population.

One thing marks it all, the Fate in the character. As soon as they confront each other, victory is declared without a struggle. It is by posts, not battles.

Sensible people, it is said, are selfish. Sensuous are. In India, king, courtier, god, are represented as making the most romantic sacrifices — kingdom, goods, life itself — for know-

ledge and spiritual power. In France, wit, science, personality, — counts for more than in England. In England, possession in every kind counts for more than person.

Lycurgus, Pythagoras, Plato, all poets, all women believe in the plasticity or education of man, but the Whig world is very incredulous.

October 27.

In this finest of all Indian Summer days it seems sad that each of us can only spend it once. We sigh for the thousand heads and thousand bodies of the Indian gods, that we might celebrate its immense beauty in many ways and places, and absorb all its good.

Trace these colossal conceptions of Buddhism and of Vedantism home, and they are always the necessary or structural action of the human mind. Buddhism, read literally, the tenet of Fate, Worship of Morals, or the tenet of Freedom, are the unalterable originals in all the wide variety of geography, language, and intelligence of the human tribes. The buyer thinks he has a new article; but if he goes to the factory, there is the self-same old loom as before, the same mordants and colors, the same

blocks even; but by a little splicing and varying the parts of all patterns, what passes for new is produced.

Fate. The Indian system is full of fate, the Greek not. The Greek uses the word, indeed, but in his mind the Fates are three respectable old women who spin and shear a symbolic thread, — so narrow, so limitary is the sphere allowed them, and it is with music. We are only at a more beautiful opera, or at private theatricals. But in India, it is the dread reality, it is the cropping-out in our planted gardens of the core of the world: it is the abysmal Force, untameable and immense. They who wrestle with Hari, see their doom in his eye before the fight begins.

As for King Swedenborg, I object to his cardinal position in morals that evils should be shunned as sins. I hate preaching. I shun evils as evils. Does he not know — Charles Lamb did — that every poetic mind is a pagan, and to this day prefers Olympian Jove, Apollo and the Muses and the Fates, to all the barbarous indigestion of Calvin and the Middle Ages?

Great king is King Swedenborg. I will not

deny him his matchless length and breadth. Such a world of mathematics, metallurgy, astronomy, anatomy, ecclesiastic history, theology, demonology, ouranology, love, fear, form, terror, law, all to come out of that quiet sleepy old gentleman with the gold-headed cane, lodging at Mr. Shearsmith's!

As for "shunning evils as sins," I prefer the ethics of the *Vishnu:* see beyond.[1] —

Too much form, O Swedenborg! too many steps, too much dogma, too much government.

We are very clumsy writers of history. We tell the chronicle of parentage, birth, . . . and

1 The passages referred to are: —

"He who meditates not wrong to others [said Prahláda], but considers them as himself, is free from the effects of sin inasmuch as the cause does not exist; but he who inflicts pain upon others in act, thought, or speech sows the seed of future birth; and the fruit that awaits him after birth is pain. I wish no evil to any, and do and speak no offence, for I behold Kasava in all beings as in my own soul." — *Vishnu Purana.*

"The whole world is but a manifestation of Vishnu, who is identical with all things, and it is therefore to be regarded by the wise as not differing from, but as the same with themselves. Let us therefore lay aside the angry passions of our race and so strive that we may obtain that perfect, pure and eternal happiness which shall be beyond the power of the elements or their deities, of fire, of the sun, of the moon, of wind, of Indra, of the regent of the sea," etc., etc. — *Idem.*

when we have come to an end of this external history, the reader is no whit instructed, no ray of relation appears between all this lumber and the goddess-born.[1] . . .

My dear friend — standing on his mountains of facts whose strata, chemistry, meteors, landscape, countries, towns, meridian, magnetism, and what not, he knows — asks me how all goes with me floating in obscure questions, musing on this and that metaphysical riddle? Well, it is even so. I stay where I can, and am peaceful and satisfied enough as long as no sentinel challenges me. I use no election of the questions that occupy me. No doubt, I should feel a limitation if I were wont to task myself for men, or to compute in any manner of political economy my day's work, but well assured that this Questioner who brings me so many problems will bring the answers also in due time. Very rich, very patient, cheerful giver that he is, — he shall have it all his own way for me.

Amalgam. The absolutist is good and blessed, though he dies without the sight of that para-

1 Here follow the long paragraphs printed in "Shakspeare" (*Representative Men*, pp. 206–208).

dise he journeys after; and he can forgive the earthworms who remain immersed in matter and know not the felicities he seeks. But not so well can he dispose of the middle man who receives and assents to his theories and yet, by habit and talent formed to live in the existing order, builds and prospers among the worldly men, extending his affection and countenance all the time to the absolutists. Ah, thou evil, two-faced half-and-half! how can I forgive thee? Evil, evil hast thou done. Thou it is that confoundest all distinctions. If thou didst not receive the truth at all, thou couldst do the cause of virtue no harm. But now the men of selfishness say to the absolutist, Behold this man, he has all thy truth, yet lo! he is with us and ours,— Ah, thou damnable Half-and-Half! choose, I pray you, between God and the Whig Party, and do not longer strew sugar on this bottled spider.

Yes; but Confucius. Confucius, glory of the nations, Confucius, sage of the Absolute East, was a middle man. He is the Washington of philosophy, the Moderator, the Μηδὲν ἄγαν of modern history.

Also, this is not anybody's choice, but this double sympathy is born; this hated amalgam

comes into the world, and natural and supernatural power.

The doctrine of the Triform came from India, as did the poetic horror that the demons in hell had that tremendous power of vision that they saw through all intermediate regions and worlds, the great and happy gods moving in heaven; whilst the heavenly souls were also made to know their own felicity by discovering the infernal spaces.

"What living creature slays, or is slain? What living creature preserves or is preserved? Each is his own destroyer or preserver, as he follows evil or good." [1] — *Vishnu Purana.*

[The following extract from the *Vishnu Purana* was the origin of the "Hamatreya" in the *Poems*, its title being evidently another form of the word "Maitreya" in this version.]

"The words 'I and mine' constitute ignorance.

"I have now given you a summary account of the sovereigns of the earth. — These, and other kings who with perishable frames have

1 Compare the opening lines of "Brahma," in the *Poems.*

possessed this ever-enduring world, and who, blinded with deceptive notions of individual occupation, have indulged the feeling that suggests 'This earth is mine, — it is my son's, — it belongs to my dynasty,' — have all passed away. So, many who reigned before them, many who succeeded them, and many who are yet to come, have ceased or will cease to be. Earth laughs, as if smiling with autumnal flowers to behold her kings unable to effect the subjugation of themselves. I will repeat to you, Maitreya, the stanzas that were chanted by Earth, and which the Muni Asita communicated to Janaka, whose banner was virtue: —

"'How great is the folly of princes who are endowed with the faculty of reason, to cherish the confidence of ambition when they themselves are but foam upon the wave. Before they have subdued themselves, they seek to reduce their ministers, their servants, their subjects, under their authority; they then endeavor to overcome their foes. "Thus," say they, "will we conquer the ocean-circled earth"; and intent upon their project, behold not death, which is not far off. But what mighty matter is the subjugation of the sea-girt earth, to one who can subdue himself? Emancipation from existence

is the fruit of self-control. It is through infatuation that kings desire to possess me, whom their predecessors have been forced to leave, whom their fathers have not retained. Beguiled by the selfish love of sway, fathers contend with their sons, and brothers with brothers, for my possession. Foolishness has been the character of every king who has boasted, "All this earth is mine — everything is mine — it will be in my house forever"; — for he is dead. How is it possible that such vain desires should survive in the hearts of his descendants, who have seen their progenitor, absorbed by the thirst of dominion, compelled to relinquish me whom he called his own, and tread the path of dissolution? When I hear a king sending word to another by his ambassador, "This earth is mine; resign your pretensions to it," — I am at first moved to violent laughter; but it soon subsides to pity for the infatuated fool.'"

"These were the verses, Maitreya, which Earth recited and by listening to which ambition fades away like snow before the sun."

> "Fooled thou must be, tho' wisest of the wise
> Then be thou the fool of virtue, not of vice."

The Indian teaching, through its cloud of leg-

ends, has yet a simple and grand religion, like a queenly countenance seen through a rich veil. It teaches to speak the truth, love others as yourself, and to despise trifles. The East is grand, — and makes Europe appear the land of trifles. Identity, identity! friend and foe are of one stuff.[1] . . . Cheerful and noble is the genius of this cosmogony.

Wisdom consists in keeping the soul liquid, or, in resisting the tendency to too rapid petrifaction.

There are people who are always in fashion; and style and fashion and aristocracy bends and fits itself to them, denies itself to be possessed of them.

One said, "If the hand had not been divided into fingers, man would be still a beast roaming in the desert." The like if the tongue had not been fitted for sharp articulation. Children cry and scream and stamp with fury, unable to express their desires.[2] . . .

1 The rest of this passage is printed in "Plato" (*Representative Men*, pp. 49, 50, 51).

2 For the rest of the passage, see "Plato" (*Representative Men*, pp. 45, 46).

"I judge by each man's truth, of his degree of understanding," said Chesterfield. It is ever thus, the progress is to accuracy, to skill, to truth, from blind force. . . .

The men of whom we are to speak are all uplifted to this elevation of civility. Happy in this! happy the period in which this truly human force reaches its perfect extent, and has not yet gone over into fineness, and an excessive thought for surfaces.

There must be the Abyss, Nox and Chaos, out of which all come, and they must never be far off. Cut off the connection between any of our works and this dread origin, and the work is shallow and unsatisfying. That is the strength and excellence of the people, that they lean on this, and the mob is not quite so bad an argument as we are apt to represent it, for it has this divine side.

There is a moment in the history of every nation when, proceeding out of this brute youth, the perceptive powers reach with delight their greatest strength and have not yet become microscopic, so that the man at that instant extends across the entire scale, and, with his feet still planted on the immense forces of Night, converses by his eyes and brain with Solar and

Stellar creation. That is the moment of perfect health, the culmination of their star of Empire.[1]

Ah, let the twilight linger! We love the morning spread abroad among the mountains, but too fast comes on the broad noon blaze, only exposing the poverty and barrenness of our globe, the listlessness and meanness of its inhabitants.

Montaigne or Socrates would quote Paul of Tarsus and Goody Twoshoes with equal willingness.

[In the autumn, Mr. Emerson seems to have been arranging with a Boston publishing house for the printing of the poems of his friend William Ellery Channing. In the later months of the year and during the winter, as happened thereafter during the rest of his active life, he lectured before literary societies or Lyceums in cities, towns, or villages, first in New England and New York, but soon farther West. He was invited to give an anti-slavery lecture in Salem, and probably did so. During the summer he had prepared the course on *Representative Men*, and

1 The last paragraph, though printed in "Plato," is kept as the connection with those above and below.

the "Napoleon" attracted especial attention. He spoke before the Boston Lyceum in the same course with J. R. Lowell, Dr. S. G. Howe, Caleb Cushing, and others; also in Cambridge, Salem, and Lowell.]

November 5.

Yesterday evening, saw Robert Owen at Mr. Alcott's.[1] His *Four Elements* are Production, Distribution, Formation of Character, and Local and General Governing. His *Three Errors*, on which society has always been based, and is now, are, (1) that we form ourselves; (2) that we form our opinions; (3) that we form our feelings. The *Three Truths* with which he wishes to replace these, are, (1) that we proceed from a creating power; (2) that our opinions come from conviction; (3) that our feelings come from our instincts.

The *Five Evils* which proceed from our *Three Errors*, and which make the misery of life, are, (1) religious perplexities; (2) disappointment in

1 Robert Owen, the English social and industrial reformer and writer, who, after a marked temporary success with his community of factory operatives at New Lanark in Scotland, came to America in 1823 and established a community at New Harmony, Indiana. This failed, as did others later tried by him in Scotland, England, and Mexico.

affections; (3) pecuniary difficulties; (4) intemperance; (5) anxiety for offspring. He also requires a Transitional State. *Fourier* he saw in his old age. Fourier learned of him all the truth he had, and the rest of his system was imagination, and the imagination of a banker.

You are very external with your evils, Mr. Owen: let me give you some real mischiefs: Living for show; losing the whole in the particular; indigence of vital power. I am afraid these will appear in a phalanstery, or in a tub.

We were agreed, that Mr. Owen was right in imputing despotism to circumstances, and that the priest and poet are right in attributing responsibility to men. Owen was a better man than he knew, and his love of men made us forget his "Three Errors." His charitable construction of men, classes, and their actions was invariable. He was always a better Christian in his controversy with Christians, and he interpreted with great generosity the acts of the Holy Alliance and Prince Metternich. "Ah," he said, "you may depend on it, there are as tender hearts, and as much good will to serve men, in palaces as in cottages."

The Owen and Fourier plans bring no *a priori* convictions. They are come at merely by count-

ing and arithmetic. All the fine *aperçus* are for individualism. The Spartan broth, the hermit's cell, the lonely farmer's life are poetic; the Phalanstery, the "Self-supporting Village" (Owen) are culinary and mean.

There seems to be a certain vegetable principle pervading human nature also (or, perhaps better, a vital power which the vegetable life illustrates), which cannot be too much respected. It appears as if a good work did itself; as if whatever is good, in proportion as it is good, had a certain self-existence and self-creation or organism. The good book grows whether the writer is awake or asleep; its subject and order are not chosen, but preappointed him.

I find it quoted from Livy (?) "that the moment a man begins not to be convinced, he begins to convince."

I had another experience in the coach, if I can recall it, that the reason why a man becomes intellectual and shuns practice, is reverential and religious, because action is so melancholy. Manliness seems to require something better than this desultoriness; and, as if out of self-respect, and courtesy to the world, we withdraw from noise.

Skepticism has no such good argument as the irreligion of facts. We do not approach a man's house by his woodshed and offices, but through his park and portico.

Skepticism and gulfs of Skepticism; strongest of all that of the saints. They come to the mount, and in the largest and most blissful communication to them, somewhat is left unsaid, which begets in them doubt and horrible doubt. "So then," say they, before they have yet risen from their knees, "even this, even this does not satisfy: we must still feel that this, our homage and beatitude, is partial and deferred. We must fly for relief and sanity to that other suspected and reviled part of Nature, the kingdom of the understanding, the gymnastics of talent, the play of fancy." [1]

Greeley surprises by playing all the parts. Only possible in America.

Swedenborg. He reminds me again and again of our Jones Very, who had an illumination that

1 A portion of the above is found in "Montaigne" (*Representative Men*, p. 174), in connection with the thoughts quoted from Mr. Emerson's friend Charles K. Newcomb, who there appears as San Carlo.

enabled him to excel everybody in wit and to see farthest in every company and quite easily to bring the proudest to confusion; and yet he could never get out of his Hebraistic phraseology and mythology, and, when all was over, still remained in the thin porridge or cold tea of Unitarianism.

Influences. We are candidates, we know we are, for influences more subtle and more high than those of talent and ambition. We want a leader, we want a friend whom we have not seen. In the company and fired by the example of a god, these faculties that dream and toss in their sleep would wake. Where is the Genius that shall marshal us the way that we were going? There is a vast residue, an open account ever.

The great inspire us: how they beckon, how they animate, and show their legitimate power in nothing more than their power to misguide us. For the perverted great derange and deject us, and perplex ages with their fame; Alexander, Napoleon, Mahomet. Then the evil genius of France at and before the Revolution, a learned fiend.

It is the largest part of a man that is not inventoried. He has many enumerable parts: he is social, professional, political, sectarian, literary,

and is this or that set and corporation. But after the most exhausting census has been made, there remains as much more which no tongue can tell. And this remainder is that which interests. This is that which the strong genius works upon; the region of destiny, of aspiration, of the unknown. Ah, they have a secret persuasion that as little as they pass for in the world, they are immensely rich in expectancy and power. Nobody has ever yet dispossessed this adhesive self to arrive at any glimpse or guess of the awful life that lurks under it.

Far the best part, I repeat, of every mind is not that which he knows, but that which hovers in gleams, suggestions, tantalizing, unpossessed, before him. His firm recorded knowledge soon loses all interest for him. But this dancing chorus of thoughts and hopes is the quarry of his future, is his possibility, and teaches him that his man's life is of a ridiculous brevity and meanness, but that it is his first age and trial only of his young wings, but that vast revolutions, migrations, and gyres on gyres in the celestial societies invite him.

Inward miracles. Deliverances. That which so mightily annoyed and hampered us ceases

utterly and at unawares. We wist not how or whence the redemption came. What so rankled at heart, and kept the eyes open all night, and which, we said, will never down, — lo! we have utterly forgot it; cannot by any effort of memory realize it again, and give it importance. The crises in our history come so. Thus they steal in on us, a new life which enters, God knows how, through the solidest blocks of our old thoughts and mental habits, makes them transparent and pervious to its subtle essence; sweetens and enlightens all, and at last dissolves them in its new radiance.

The miracles of the spirit are greater than those of the history.

Men also representative. Swedenborg and Behmen saw that things were representative. They did not sufficiently see that men were. But we cannot, as we say, be in two places at once. My doing my office entitles me to the benefit of your doing yours. This is the secret after which the Communists are coarsely and externally striving. Work in thy place with might and health, and thy secretion to the spiritual body is made. I in mine will do the like. Thus imperceptibly and most happily, genially and triumphantly

doing that we delight in, behold we are communists, brothers, members one of another.

We are invited to an intellectual banquet, to a society of thought with them [the great men]. We see them as illustrations, incarnate and beautiful, of the laws, the laws walking and speaking, but the direct service they render us is that of health and is above the region of thought and will.

Shakspeare's fault that the world appears so empty. He has educated you with his painted world, and this real one seems a huckster's shop.

Every work needs a necessity, a nature, a material already existing, for motive to the poet and for credence to the people. Otherwise the work were fantastic. A man does not get up some fine morning and say, I am full of life. Lo, I will build a cathedral.[1] . . .

Dear heart, take it sadly home to thee, that there will and can be no coöperation.[2] . . .

1 The substance of what follows, with slight variations and additions, may be found in "Shakspeare" (*Representative Men*, p. 190).

2 The rest of the passage beginning thus is printed in *Society and Solitude* (p. 8).

The other part of life is self-reliance. Love and it balance up and down, and the beam never rests. Thou wouldst fain not look out of the window, nor waste time in expecting thy friend. Thou wouldst be sought of him. Well, that also is in thy soul, and this is its law. The soul of man must be the servant of another. In its good estate, it is the servant of the Spirit of Truth. When it is abandoned to that dominion, it is great and sovereign, and draweth friends and lovers. When it is not so, it serveth a friend or lover.

The other and third thing is this, that it is ever well with him who finishes his work for its own sake, and the state and the world is happy that has the most of such Finishers. The world will do justice to such. It cannot otherwise; but never on the day when the work is newly done and presented. But forever it is true that every man settles his own rate.

Travelling. Our education in Latin and Greek really mortgages us to Italy, and entitles us to go. Not so, if we had a commanding idea which concatenates our readings and doings.

But we have not; why should we say we have?

If you are abandoned to your genius and

employment, be it never so special and rare, as engraving or painting, — men will do you justice and not reproach you that you do not plough.

The language is made, — who has not helped to make it? Then comes Milton, Shakspeare, and find it all made to their hand, and use it as if there never had been language before.

Authors or Books quoted or referred to in Journal for 1845

[As has been mentioned in a previous volume certain authors most frequently mentioned in the Journals will be omitted from the lists; viz., Homer, Plato, Plutarch, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Montaigne, Bacon, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Donne, Herbert, Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, Pascal, Newton, Fénelon, Young, Pope, Pitt, Johnson, Swedenborg, Gibbon, De Staël, Wordsworth, Landor, Scott, Coleridge, Byron.

In spite of the frequent mention of Plotinus, Proclus, and other Neo-Platonists, and of the Oriental Scriptures and poets, these names will appear in the lists, as shedding light on the

question when Mr. Emerson was reading them. Goethe and Carlyle will also be mentioned.

It often happens that the allusion to an author or book may be in a passage not included in the selections here printed.]

Bhagavat-Geeta; Pythagoras; Pherecydes Syrus; Pindar; Xenophon, *Memorabilia;*

Cicero, *Tusculan Disputations;* Livy, *Annals;*

Ammianus; Proclus, *On the Timæus of Plato;* Stobæus;

Mahomet; Hafiz; *Akhlak-I-Jalaly* (Persian), translated by W. F. Thomson;

Spenser; Kepler;

Herrick; Saint Evremond; Bishop Berkeley, *Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher;*

Floyer Sydenham; Lagrange; Jung Stilling; Bentham; Berthollet; Laplace; Goethe; Thomas Taylor; Talleyrand; Hahnemann; Schiller; Lord Edward Fitzgerald; Colebrooke, *On the Vedas or Some Writings of the Hindus;* Chenier; Kirby and Spence; Canning; Frere; Humboldt;

Robert Owen; Charles Lamb; Schelling; Fourier; Sir Humphry Davy; Lord Brougham, *The Elective Franchise;* Cousin, *Translation of Plato;* Macleay and Swainson ("Theory of Animated Circles"), *Books on Napoleon,* Caulincourt,

Bourrienne, Duc de Vicenza, Antommarchi; Karl Postel ("Sealsfield"), *Süden und Norden* (?); Hood;

Macaulay; Frederika Bremer; Robert Chambers, *Vestiges of Creation;* Countess Hahn-hahn, *Countess Faustina;*

Alcott; Horace Greeley; Jones Very; J. J. Garth Wilkinson, *Introduction to Swedenborg's Animal Kingdom;*

Webster; Choate; Everett; Nathaniel L. Frothingham; William Ellery Channing, *Poems;* Thoreau, *Poems;* Margaret Fuller; Hawthorne; Holmes; Theodore Parker; Frederic H. Hedge; James Freeman Clarke; Charles Lane; George W. Curtis; J. Elliot Cabot; E. P. Whipple.

JOURNAL

PHILOSOPHY, ELOQUENCE

EVERETT'S INAUGURATION AT HARVARD

POETRY HAFIZ

HUMILIATION OF THE NORTH

INTERCHANGE OF PORTRAITS WITH CARLYLE

COLLEGE CLASS

POEMS PUBLISHED

JOURNAL XXXVII

1846

(From Journals Y and O)

[No entries are to be found for January and February; probably there was no time for writing, as Mr. Emerson was giving in Boston the course on Representative Men, begun in December, and giving the same in Providence and Lowell, with single lectures before many Lyceums. Meanwhile he was arranging for the publication of Carlyle's new *Cromwell*, and also his previous works, in this country, to better advantage. Of this service Carlyle wrote, April 18, "You have made the best of bargains for me, once again, with the freest contempt of trouble on your part, which I cannot sufficiently wonder at."]

(From Y)

March 24, 1846.

Why should people make such a matter of leaving this church and going into that? They betray so their want of Faith, or spiritual perception. The holy principles discredit and ac-

credit all churches alike. God builds his temple in the heart on the ruins of churches and religions. It is not otherwise with social forms. A or B refuses the tax, or some tax, with solemnity, but eats and drinks and wears and perspires taxation all day. Let them not hew down the state with axe and gunpowder, but supersede it by irresistible genius; huddle it aside as ridiculous and obsolete by their quantity of being. Eloquence needs no constable.

The fault of Alcott's community is that it has only room for one.

Majorities, the argument of fools, the strength of the weak. One should recall what Laertius records as Socrates's opinion of the common people, "that it was as if a man should except against one piece of bad money, and accept a great sum of the same."

(From O)

Oft have I heard, and deemed the witness true,
Whom man delights in, God delights in too.
Pons de Capdueil.

Nature may be cooked into all shapes, and

not recognized. Mountains and oceans we think we understand;[1] . . .

To know the virtue of the soil, we do not taste the loam, but we eat the berries and apples; and to mend the bad world, we do not impeach Polk and Webster, but we supersede them by the Muse.

Demades surpassed all when he trusted to Nature.

Theodore Parker, *W. H. Channing*, Elizur Wright, *James F. Clarke*, George Ripley, *John S. Dwight*, *Charles Sumner*, Parker Pillsbury, *J. Elliot Cabot*, H. G. O. Blake, John Brown, *H. D. Thoreau*, *A. B. Alcott*, *R. W. E.*, Edward Bangs, *T. T. Stone*, *John Weiss*.[2]

1 The rest of the passage so beginning occurs in "Poetry and Imagination" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 16).

2 This list is probably of persons who might be engaged to lecture in the Concord Lyceum that winter, those in italics being perhaps those who would be first invited. The names indicate how serious was the character of the lectures gladly listened to by learned and simple alike. Improvement, not amusement, was the aim and expectation. As usual, the village contributed its quota of lecturers. John Brown was perhaps the dry goods dealer, a member of one of the old families still represented in the town.

The life which we seek is expansion; the actual life even of the genius or the saint is obstruction.

What a contest between personality and universality! The man listens to Stoic, Epicurean, or Christian, and acknowledges his mistakes. But he was right; and a little afterwards comes a new infusion of his own, and he is triumphantly right again in his own way against the prejudices of the universe.

Every person is right, or to make him right needs only more personality.

Intellect makes him strange among his housemates.[1]

What a dancing jack o' lanthorn is this estimate of our contemporaries. Sometimes I seem to move in a constellation. I think my birth has fallen in the thick of the Milky Way: and again I fancy that the American blight and English narrowness and German defectiveness and French surface have bereaved the time of all worth.

In your music, in your speech, in your writing, I am amused by your talents; but in the pres-

1 Compare the last line of the poem "Insight" (*Poems*, p. 360).

ence of one capable of serving, and expressing an idea, the finest talents become an impertinence.

In Nature every creature has a tail. The brain has not yet availed to drop that respectable appendage. How odious is hunger. Well enough in the animal, well in the citizen, but in the ill-starred intellectualist a calamity: he can neither eat nor not eat. If he could eat an oak forest or half a mountain, I should like that; a good Kurroglou supper for thirteen; but hunger for any dinner he is likely to get, degrades him. If we cannot have a good rider, at least let us have a good horse: now, 't is a haggard rider of a haggard horse.

In Germany there still seems some hidden dreamer from whom this strange, genial, poetic, comprehensive philosophy comes, and from which the English and French get mere rumors and fragments, which are yet the best philosophy we know. One while we thought that this fontal German was Schelling; then Fichte, Novalis; then Oken; then it hovered about Schleiermacher, and settled for a time on Hegel. But on producing authenticated books from each of these masters, we find them clever men, but

nothing like so great and deep a poet sage as we looked for. And now we are still to seek for the lurking Behmen of modern Germany.

Hegel's philosopheme, blazoned by Cousin, that an idea always conquers, and, in all history, victory has ever fallen on the right side (a doctrine which Carlyle has, as usual, found a fine idiom for, that Right and Might go together), was a specimen of this Teutonism. Something of it there is in Schelling; more in his quoted Maader; something in Goethe, who is catholic and poetic. Swedenborg had much; Novalis had good sentences; Kant, nothing of it. Kepler was "An Unitarian of the united world," "*Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus.*"

Eloquence wants anthracite coal. Coldness is the most fatal quality. Phædrus-horses, one winged, one not; there must be both. Burke had the high principles (in Chatham never a generalization). Burke dragged them down to facts which he never loses sight of: he had a mania, and yet also gives Mosaic accounts. You must speak always from higher ground. Webster does.

But give us the rare merits of impassivity, of marble texture, against which the mob of souls

dashing is broken like crockery falling on stone: the endurance which can afford to fail in the popular sense, because it never fails in its own; it knows what it wants and advances to-day, and to-morrow, and every day, to that which belongs to it.

We shall have to describe these arms in detail, though the highest eloquence must combine them all. Kurroglou [1] had seventeen weapons, and in personal combat was wont to try them all in turn. One should have a great superseding personality.

Too much friction in life. The proverb teaches that there is a pound of grindstone to a pound of cheese, but I think there are always many pounds of grindstone to an ounce of cheese. How much arrangement and combination and drudgery to bring about a pleasant hour, to hear an eloquent argument, or a fine poetic reading, or a little superior conversation; what rattle and jingle; how many miles must be ridden, how many woods and meadows, alder-borders and stone walls must be tediously passed!

1 A romantic Kurdish warrior-minstrel celebrated in Chodzko's *Specimens of Ancient Persian Poetry*. Kurroglou was also called Roushan Beg, whose leap over the chasm on his wonderful horse, Kyrat, Longfellow celebrates.

Nothing is so rare in any man as an act of his own; but then how beautiful it is!

What satisfactions in detecting now and then a long relation far over bounds of space and time in two parts of consciousness! Well, but we drop one thing when we grasp another. The least acceleration in our intellectual processes, and an increased tenacity, would constitute a true paradise.

Swedenborg; — how strange that he should have persuaded men and drawn a church after him, this enchanter with his mob of dreams! It recalls Defoe and Drelincourt and Mrs. Veal, the circumstantiality of his pictures, the combination of variety and of moonshine, dreams in the costume of science.

The effect of his religion will be denied by his disciples, but inevitable, that he leads them away from Calvinism, and under the guise of allegiance to Christianity, supplants both Calvin and Christ. When they awake, they have irrecoverably lost the others, and Swedenborg is not to be found.

We lie for the right. We affect a greater hope than we feel. We idealize character, we embellish the story.

Genius consists neither in improvising nor in remembering, but in both ever trembles the beam of the balance in Nature. Two brains in every man.

I see not how a man can walk in a straight line, who has ever seen a looking-glass. He acts, and instantly his act is reflected to him by the opinion of men. He cannot keep his eyes off of these dancing images; and that is the death of glory, the death of duty in him. Safer, oh, far safer, is the reflection of his form that he finds in Zoölogy, in Botany, in Chemistry. Anthropomorphize them,—'t is all well and poetical.

I cannot hope to make any thorough lights into the caverns of the human consciousness. That were worth the ambition of angels! No! but only to make special, provincial, local lights? Yes; but we obey the impulse to affirm and affirm, and neither you nor I know the value of what we say.

Henry Thoreau objected to my "Shakspeare," that the eulogy impoverished the race. Shakspeare ought to be praised, as the sun is, so that all shall be rejoiced.

That which is divine is to make an entire traverse from Deity to the dust, and it is indifferent whether it is in a book or in an institution.

Oh, yes, he may escape from shackles and dungeons, but how shall he get away from his temperament? — how from his hereditary sins and infusions? — how from the yellow humors through which he must ever see the blue sky and the sun and stars? Sixty centuries have squatted and stitched and hemmed to shape and finish for him that strait jacket which he must wear.

Nature loves to cross her stocks. A pure blood, Brahmin on Brahmin, marrying in and in, soon becomes puny and wears out. Some strong Cain son, some black blood must renew and refresh the paler veins of Seth.

What a discovery I made one day, that the more I spent the more I grew, that it was as easy to occupy a large place and do much work as an obscure place to do little; and that in the winter in which I communicated all my results to classes, I was full of new thoughts.

Queenie came it over Henry last night when he taxed the new astronomy with the poverty of their new discoveries and showings — not strange enough. Queenie wished to see with eyes some of those strange things which the telescope reveals, the satellites of Saturn, etc. H. said that strange things might be seen with the naked eye. "Yes," said Queenie, "but I wish to see some of those things that are not quite so strange."

The one good in life is concentration, the one evil is dissipation.[1] . . .

The book I read of lately, taught, that there are two brains in every man, as two eyes, two ears, etc., and that culture consisted in compelling the two to the entertainment of one thought. . . .

Immortality. 'T is a higher thing to confide that it is best we should live, then we shall live.[2] . . .

1 The rest of the passage occurs in "Power" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 73, 74).

2 For the rest of this paragraph, see "Worship" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 239), where much of the substance of it is given in the French quotation that follows, but the name of the author does not appear.

"Vous direz ce serait mieux que nous aurions une vie éternelle. Bien. Je dis, si ce serait mieux, cela viendra. Alors, je dis c'est une chose plus grande de confier que si ce serait mieux, cela viendra, — beaucoup plus grande que serait la promesse formelle du Createur que nous subsisterions pour tous les siècles."

We frigidly talk of reform, until the walls mock us with contempt. It is that of which a man should never speak, but if he have cherished it in his bosom, he should steal to it in the dark as an Indian to his bride; or a monk should go privily to another monk, and say, Lo, we two are of one opinion; and a new light has shined in our hearts. Let us dare to obey it.

Bardic sentences how few! Literature warps away from life, though at first it seems to bind it. If now I should count the English Poets who have contributed aught to the Bible of existing England and America sentences of guidance and consolation which are still glowing and effective — how few! Milton, Shakspeare, Pope, Burns, Young, Cowper, Wordsworth — (what disparity in the names! yet these are the authors) and Herbert, Jonson, Donne.

Is the picture beautiful, and was the man so great, and must so many Academies convene to settle the claims of the classic and the romantic schools? So many journeys and measurements, — Niebuhr, Müller, and Sir William Gell to identify the plain of Troy and tomb of Achilles?[1] . . .

He lurks, *he* hides, — he who is success, reality, joy, power, that which constitutes Heaven, which reconciles impossibilities, atones for shortcomings, expiates sins, or makes them virtues, buries in oblivion the crowded historical Past, sinks religions, philosophies, nations, persons, to legends; reverses the scale of opinion, of fame; reduces sciences to opinion, and makes the thought of the moment the key to the universe and the egg of history to come. . . .

This is he that shall come, or if he come not, nothing comes; he that disappears on the instant that we go to celebrate him. If we go to burn those that blame our celebration, he appears in them.

Hoe and spade; sword and pen; cities, pictures, gardens, laws, bibles, are prized only

1 Much of what follows is found in "Works and Days" (*Society and Solitude*, pp. 174, 175).

because they were means he sometimes used: so with astronomy, arithmetic, caste, feudalism. We kiss with devotion these hems of his garment. They crumble to ashes on our lips.

Prophecy is not more sacred than is Knowledge of the Present. *Quantum scimus, sumus.*

Do not throw up your thought because you cannot answer objections.

"Apollo is a god who defends or destroys, according to the nature of the case." — Müller, p. 193.

Imagination. There are two powers of the imagination, one, that of knowing the symbolic character of things and treating them as representative; and the other (Elizabeth Hoar thinks) is practically the tenaciousness of an image, cleaving unto it and letting it not go, and, by the treatment, demonstrating that this figment of thought is as palpable and objective to the poet as is the ground on which he stands, or the walls of houses about him. And this power appears in Dante and Shakspeare.

I should say that the imagination exists by sharing the ethereal currents.[1] . . .

1 The rest of the paragraph occurs in "Poetry and Imagination" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 21).

Society is trying Fourierism in small pieces: as the union protective store; clubhouses for the married; boarding in hotels; book clubs. It needs now only that a hotel company should agree to build a palace for three hundred families subscribing beforehand to rent suites of apartments for three years.

Fourier's seventeen musical instruments taught him. His musical scale he applied with confidence to every part of Nature.

Life is the sleep of the soul: as soon as a soul is tired, it looks out for a body as a bed; enters into a body in the season of dentition, and sleeps seventy years.

Nobody is entitled to travel but such as have done their work. Whilst this world is in chaos, we shall not be allowed to leave it.

Hymns. There are a great many excellent hymns in use in our Unitarian churches. The best collection in the English language is, no doubt, Dr. Greenwood's; excellent in what he retained, in what he discovered and brought into use again from Cowper, Wesley, and the Moravians, etc., and in what he sunk, as I had hoped,

forever. But already the scribaciousness of our ministers has produced a number of pretended new collections: the Plymouth, the Cheshire, etc. All that is good in these they take from Greenwood. I will venture to say you cannot find one good piece in either of them that is not in his. But they have restored or added a great deal of trash. Their collections will pass away and his judicious book will come into lasting use.

The non-resistants go about and persuade good men not to vote, and so paralyze the virtue that is in the conservative party. And thus the patriotic vote in the country is swamped in the legion of Paddies. But though the non-voting is right in the non-resistants, it is a patch and a pedantry in their converts, not in their system. Not a just expression of their state of mind.

One of these tenacities, it is no matter where it goes. It gets an education in a shanty, in an alehouse, over a cigar or in a fishing boat, as good as it could find in Germany or in Sais: for the world is unexpectedly rich, and everywhere tells the same things. The grasp is much, but not quite all. The juggle of commerce never loses

its power to astonish and delight us, namely, the unlooked-for union that cannot but be of things.

Byron is no poet: what did he know of the world and its law and Lawgiver? What moment had he of that mania which moulds history and man, and tough circumstances,—like wax? He had declamation; he had music, juvenile and superficial music. Even this is very rare, and we delight in it so much that Byron has obtained great fame by this fluency and music. It is delicious. All the "Hebrew Melodies" are examples.

"Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword,"—

how neat, how clever, how roundly it rolls off the tongue—but what poetry is here? It is the sublime of schoolboy verse. How many volumes of such jingle must we go through before we can be filled, sustained, taught, renewed?

The office of poetry I supposed was Tyrtæan,—consoling, indemnifying; and of the Uranian, deifying or imparadising.

Homer did what he could,—and Callimachus, Pindar, and the Greek tragedians; Horace and Persius; Dante was faithful, and Milton, Shakspeare and Herbert. But how shall I find my

heavenly bread in Tennyson? or in Milnes? in Lowell? or in Longfellow? Yet Wordsworth was mindful of the office.

Compare the music of Collins,—

> Bubbling runnels joined the sound —

and Ben Jonson's,

> Drink to me only with thine eyes, —

and Herrick, and Chapman's Homer, with the parlor and piano music of Byron, and Scott, and Moore.[1]

Neat versification without poetry is Cowper's *Alexander Selkirk*, —

> I am out of humanity's reach;
> I must finish my journey alone;
> Never hear the sweet music of speech, —
> I start at the sound of my own.

Clever execution; but these are properly college exercises, not manly labors. No wind-harp;

1 And yet at the Centennial celebration of the birth of Scott, in August, 1871, Mr. Emerson said: "We tread over our youthful grounds with joy. Critics have found them to be only rhymed prose. But I believe that many of those who read them in youth, when, later, they come to dismiss their school-days' library, will make some fond exception for Scott, as for Byron."

πoντίων τε κυμάτων
'Ανήριθμον γέλασμα.
ÆSCHYLUS, *Prometheus.*

O multitudinous laughter of the ocean billows!

"'T is not clear," says De Quincey, "whether Æschylus contemplated the laughter as addressing the ear or the eye."

I like man, but not men. Instincts, tendencies, — they do no wrong: they are beautiful, and may be confided in and obeyed. Though they slay us, let us trust them. Why should eggs and tadpoles talk? All is mere sketch, symptomatic, possible, or probable, for us, — we dwellers in tents, we outlines in chalk, we jokes and buffooneries, why should we be talking? Let us have the grace to be abstemious. The etiquette of society should guard and consecrate a poet; he should not be visited, nor be shown at dinner-tables: too costly to be seen except on high holidays. He should be relieved of visits and trivial correspondence. His time is the time of his nation.

Yes, we want a poet, the genuine poet of our time, no parrot, and no child. The poets that we praise, or try to, the Brownings, Barretts, Bryants, Tennysons, — are all abortive Homers; they at least show tendency, the direction of

Nature to the star in Lyra. Boys still whistle, and every newspaper and girl's album attest the ineradicable appetite for melody. Oh, no, we have not done with music, nor must console ourselves with prose poets. We wish the undrawn line of tendency to be drawn for us. Where is the Euclid who can sum up these million errors, and compute the beautiful mean? We do not wish to make believe be instructed; we wish to be ravished, inspired, and taught.

Companions. Men of thought who live in the same sphere are poor company for each other.[1]

May 1.

I was at Cambridge yesterday to see Everett inaugurated. His political brothers came as if to bring him to the convent door, and to grace with a sort of bitter courtesy his taking of the cowl. It is like the marriage of a girl; not until the wedding and the departure with her husband, does it appear that she has actually and finally changed homes and connections and social caste. Webster I could so willingly have spared on this occasion. Everett was entitled to the

1 The passage with a similar beginning is printed in *Representative Men* (p. 31).

entire field; and Webster came, who is his evil genius, and has done him incalculable harm by Everett's too much admiration of his iron nature; — warped him from his true bias all these twenty years, and sent him cloud-hunting at Washington and London, to the ruin of all solid scholarship, and fatal diversion from the pursuit of his right prizes. It is in vain that Everett makes all these allusions to his public employments; he would fain deceive me and himself; he has never done anything therein, but has been, with whatever praises and titles and votes, a mere dangler and ornamental person. It is in vain for sugar to try to be salt. Well, this Webster must needs come into the house just at the moment when Everett was rising to make his Inaugural Speech. Of course, the whole genial current of feeling flowing towards him was arrested, and the old Titanic Earth-Son was alone seen. The house shook with new and prolonged applause, and Everett sat down, to give free course to the sentiment. He saved himself by immediately saying, "I wish it were in my power to use the authority vested in me and to say, '*Expectatur oratio in lingua vernacula*,' from my illustrious friend who has just taken his seat."

Everett's grace and propriety were admirable

through the day. Nature finished this man. He seems beautifully built, perfectly sound and whole; and eye, voice, hand exactly obey his thought. His quotations are a little trite, but saved by the beautiful modulation and falls of the recitation.

The satisfaction of men in this appointment is complete. Boston is contented because he is so creditable, safe, and prudent, and the scholars because he is a scholar, and understands the business. Old Quincy, with all his worth and a sort of violent service he did the College, was a lubber and a grenadier among our clerks.

Quincy made an excellent speech, so stupid good, now running his head against a post, now making a capital point; he has mother wit, and great fund of honour and faithful serving, and the faults of his speech increased my respect for his character.

The Latin allusions flew all day;

"*Sol occubuit, nulla nox sequitur*," [1]

said Webster.

"*Uno avulso, non deficit aureus alter*," [2]

said Winthrop.

1 The sun has set, yet no night follows.

2 When one has been torn away, another golden one is not lacking.

It is so old a fault that we have now acquiesced in it, that the complexion of these Cambridge feasts is not literary, but somewhat bronzed by the colors of Washington and Boston. The aspect is political, the speakers are political, and Cambridge plays a very pale and permitted part in its own halls. A man of letters — who was purely that — would not feel attracted, and would be as much out of place there as at the Brokers' Board.

Holmes's poem was a bright sparkle, but Frothingham, Prescott, Longfellow, old Dana, Ward, Parker, Hedge, Clarke, Judd, the author of "Margaret," and whoever else is a lover of letters, were absent or silent; and Everett himself, richly entitled on grounds of scholarship to the chair, used his scholarship only complimentarily.

The close of Everett's Inaugural Discourse was chilling and melancholy. With a coolness indicating absolute skepticism and despair, he deliberately gave himself over to the corpse-cold Unitarianism and Immortality of Brattle Street and Boston.

Everett's genius is Persian. The poetry of his sermons in his youth, his delight in Destiny, the elements, the colors and forms of

things, and the mixture he made of physical and metaphysical, strongly recalls the genius of Hafiz.

People wish to be amused, and therefore like to have the good-natured man, the man of information, the "Uncle Isaac whose news is always true," or the poet, or the belle, come to their houses. But I do not wish to be amused, and the amusing persons are bores to me. But if a man speak in public one right and eloquent word, like Gannett's once at some Bible society, or Henry Ware's sometimes, or Lovejoy's[1] lately over Torrey's dead body, or disclose the least vestige of character, then it is pathetic to me, and I have a feeling of gratitude that would wash the feet of this benefactor.

Hafiz. Hafiz, whom I at first thought a cross of Anacreon and Horace, I find now to have

1 Probably Owen Lovejoy, the brother of the brave Elijah P. Lovejoy, who was murdered by the mob at Alton, Illinois, in 1837, for his writings against Slavery in his newspaper. Owen was, later, U. S. Senator from Illinois.

Charles T. Torrey, a humane clergyman, born in Massachusetts, resident in Baltimore, was there tried and convicted of the crime of aiding the escape of a slave from bondage. He died there in prison of consumption.

the best blood of Pindar also in his veins. Also of Burns.

The mystic labels and tickets one thing, or two. The mystic, who beholds the flux, yet becomes pragmatist on some one particular of faith, and, what is the mischief, seeks to accredit this new jail because it was builded by him who has demolished so many jails. Is not the mystic like a rogue who comes to an honest man and says, "By your accumulated character you could deal an immense stroke at counterfeiting"?

Memory. Memory performs the impossible for man.[1] . . .

Prayer. Dr. Allyne,[2] of Duxbury, prayed for rain, at church. In the afternoon the boys carried umbrellas. "Why?" Because you prayed for rain. "Pooh! boys! we always pray for rain: it's customary."

1 What follows is printed in "Memory" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 91).

2 Of this kindly, humorous but eccentric clergyman many entertaining stories are told. Mrs. Emerson's brother, Dr. Charles T. Jackson, with other boys, was placed in his family for instruction.

The world, the universe may be reeled off from any Idea, like a ball of yarn. Thus, if you please, it is all mechanical. The mental phenomena all admit very well of being solved so. . . . Or it is all electrical; or chemical; or moral. Suit yourself.

O'Connell, in 1835, denounced Benjamin D'Israeli as a humbug of the first magnitude, and wound up by referring to the origin of D'Israeli's family. He said, he "had no doubt, if his genealogy were traced, it would be found that he was the true heir-at-law of the *impenitent thief* who atoned for his crimes on the cross."

Double the dose. The pale faces, the pale faces! We are tired of asking for a great man, and now ask for a great deal of a man, somewhat satisfying; Bonaparte, Webster,—even Captain Rynders.[1]

For we must have a success. It is not we that

1 Isaiah Rynders, a New York man of German and Irish descent, after a rough and varied life as boatman, gambler, etc., returned from the Southwest and became a powerful Democratic political manager of the worst classes. In 1849 and 1850 he instigated two riots, and was more than once brought before the courts for acts of violence, and only fear of him prevented other arrests.

are in fault for not being convinced, but you that cannot convince us. You should mould us and wind us round your finger, so pliant and willing as we offer ourselves. We know you are in the right. We are already half convinced. You should take the ground from under us if you had a sliver of steel; not only neutralize our opposition — that is a small thing — but convert us into fiery apostles and publishers of your wisdom. Good powder, but not a heavy charge enough.

The muse demands real sacrifices, I wrote. You cannot be poet and a *paterfamilias* and a militia captain.

What pity that the mother and child cannot change states. The child is always awake, and the mother is always asleep.

Raphael found the material sufficiently ready and had all his heat for the main work. So Shakspeare.

Michael Angelo's designs teach us how near to creation we are; this man is of the Creator that made and makes men; how much of the original craft yet remains in him, and he a man!

Art acquaints us with the wonderful translations of the same thought into the several lan-

guages of drawing, of sculpture, of music, of poetry, of architecture; still further into scenery, into animals, that express it or harmonize with it; and lastly into human form and character.

Bring any club or company of intelligent men together again, after ten years, . . . and if the presence of some penetrating and calming genius could dispose them all to recollection and frankness, what a confession of insanities would come up![1] . . .

The best is accessible, is cheap. Every man cannot get land or jewels, but every man can get what land and money and rank are valued for,— namely, substantial manhood, thoughts self-realizing and prophetic of the farthest future, thoughts of which poetry and music are the necessary expression.

When summer opens, I see how fast it matures, and fear it will be short; but after the heats of July and August, I am reconciled, like one who has had his swing, to the cool of autumn. So will it be with the coming of death.

1 The whole paragraph occurs in "Culture" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 136).

A good invention was the Individual or Differential. Here are all the members of my body: — how they use and rely on each other, trust each other beyond all the fables of friendship, and yet without love of each other! Well, so live two young brothers or sisters, and have no good of their intimacy and use, because they know it not. Love never forgets the Differential.

"I will get you to mow this piece of grass for me," says the prudent mechanic, "for I can earn more in the shop." And the poet replies, in the same wisdom on a higher plane, to those who beg him to come in to the aid of the disturbed institutions: "I can best help them by going on with the creation of my own. I am a sad bungler at laws, being afflicted with a certain inconsecutiveness of thought, impertinent association, and extreme skepticism; but I recover my eyesight and spirits in solitude."

Costume. We must accept without criticism or modification the costume of our times, and be glad we have one care less on our hands, — dress, money, language, railroads, taxation, and the civilization generally. The custom of the country will do so much for us. Let it, and be thankful.

All the *matériel* is vanquished to your hand; now for the triumphs of the *Spirituel*.[1]

Immortality. Is my future related to my present only as my present to my past?—say they all. The universe suffers no detriment. But for Cebes and Simmias?— We wish to be certified that these dear Johns and Henrys, Anns and Marias, shall keep the traits that are most their own, and make them dear.

Anything that Goethe said, another might attain to say; but the profusion of sayings, every one of which is good and striking,—no man. In these days we rather incline to sniff at men of talent, and at achievements, as if the artist cost too much; but when a man can do so many things, when achievement amounts to such a prodigious sum, it grows respectable.

Yet the "Autobiography" looks to-day like a storm of gold-headed canes, and Ellery perceived the snuffbox.[2]

1 Compare the passage in "Wealth" as to the helpfulness of custom in country life (*Conduct of Life*, p. 120).

2 Channing has been elsewhere quoted as detecting the snuffy in Wordsworth.

Men quarrel with your rhetoric. Society chokes with a trope, like a child with the croup. They much prefer Mr. Prose, and Mr. Hoarse-as-Crows, to the dangerous conversation of Gabriel and the Archangel Michael, perverting all rules, and bounding continually from earth to heaven.

We shall one day talk with the central man, and see again in the varying play of his features all the features which have characterized our darlings, and stamped themselves in fire on the heart: then, as the discourse rises out of the domestic and personal, and his countenance waxes grave and great, we shall fancy that we talk with Socrates, and behold his countenance: then the discourse changes, and the man, and we see the face and hear the tones of Shakspeare, — the body and the soul of Shakspeare living and speaking with us, only that Shakspeare seems below us. A change again, and the countenance of our companion is youthful and beardless, he talks of form and color and the riches of design; it is the face of the painter Raffaelle that confronts us with the visage of a girl, and the easy audacity of a creator. In a moment it was Michael Angelo; then Dante;

afterwards it was the Saint Jesus, and the immensities of moral truth and power, embosomed us. And so it appears that these great secular personalities were only expressions of his face chasing each other like the rack of clouds. Then all will subside, and I find myself alone. I dreamed and did not know my dreams.

Thine and Mine.

Be the condition what it may, you must support it, and by resources native or constitutional to you.

Mob. The boys kick and stamp for a noise when Abby Kelley and Stephen Foster[1] speak, not for any good reason, but because it is understood that people are to yell and throw eggs when the Fosters speak. 'T is a regular holiday for the boys through the land when these people go by; and if they do not make the noise, who will? You cannot allow too much for the levity of men. Inconceivable is the levity of men: everybody overrates their character. They have no meaning; they have heels, they wish to feel them, and it is the charm of noise *versus* the charm of eloquence.

1 S. S. Foster, of Worcester, and his wife, formerly Miss Abby Kelley, ardent and courageous Abolitionist speakers.

Individual. The same thing which happens to us would happen to the gods also; for if you come into the sweets of personality, you must accept its adamantine limitations.

The Whigs have only for their system the negative defence that they maintain it until something really good appears.

First come, first served, said the World to the Whig.

"A new commandment," archly said the Muse: "Thou shalt not preach, my dismal one."[1] . . .

Alcott and Edward Taylor resemble each other in the incredibility of their statement of facts. One is the fool of his idea, the other of his fancy. When Alcott wrote from England that he was bringing home Wright and Lane, I wrote him a letter, which I required him to show them, saying, that they might safely trust his theories, but that they should put no trust whatever in his statement of facts. When they all arrived here, — he and his victims, — I asked them if

1 Here occurs the first trial for the verse called Ἀδακρυν νέμονται αἰῶνα, printed in the *Poems*, at the end of the "Quatrains" (p. 279).

he showed them that letter; they answered that he did: so I was clear.

We manage well enough with the elements, but when the elements become men, not so well; for they are no longer pure, but have such quantities of alloy as to make them of questionable use. You can extract sunbeams from cucumbers, but there is more cabbage than sunlight; and phosphate from cows, but the chemical phosphate is better.

The New Man. Neither Herodotus nor Hume has told the story as he knows it. None of the arts, no politics, no extant religion, no newspaper, no social circle or private friend quite represents him. Alphonso of Castile, it is too plain, was not consulted; might have given good advice.[1] I see nothing for it but that yet his opportunity and theatre should once for all be expanded to his broad wish; let him make a little solar system of his own; let him play all the parts and sing all the songs.

Don't bore him with your old France and Egypt, with Homer and Shakspeare any longer.

1 See the poem named for this critical monarch in the *Poems*.

His duties are to omit and omit, to show you the back of his hands, to do nothing as you would have him. His prudence is a new prudence, his charity a new kind, his temperance original, his whole wealth of virtues are undescribed varieties.

> Where 's the genius, charm or stature
> In our crowded highway shown?
> Show me thy face, dear Nature;
> That I may forget my own!

[The following is a translation from Hafiz whose poems Mr. Emerson came at through the medium of Von Hammer-Purgstall.]

> Come let us strew roses
> And pour wine in the cup,
> Break up the roof of heaven
> And throw it into new forms —
>
> So soon the army of cares
> Shed the blood of the true,
> So will I with the cupbearer
> Shatter the building of woe.
>
> We will rosewater
> In winecups pour,
> And sugar in the censer
> Full of musk smell throw.

Thy harping is lovely:
O play sweet airs,
That we may sing songs
And shake our heads.

Bring, East Wind, the dust of the body
To that great lord,
That we also may cast our eyes
On his beauty.

The Noblest Chemistry. Sunshine from cucumbers. Here was a man who has occupied himself in a nobler chemistry of extracting honor from scamps, temperance from sots, energy from beggars, justice from thieves, benevolence from misers. He knew there was sunshine under those moping, churlish brows, elegance of manners hidden in the peasant, heart-warming expansion, grand surprises of sentiment, in these unchallenged, uncultivated men, and he persevered against all repulses until he drew it forth. Now, his orphans are educated, his boors are polished, his palaces built, his pictures, statues, conservatories, chapels adorn them; he stands there prince among his peers, prince among princes. The sunshine is out and all flowing abroad over the world.

Poetaster. No man deserves a patron until first he has been his own. What do you bring us slipshod verses for? No occasional delicacy of expression or music of rhythm can atone for stupidities. Here are lame verses, false rhymes, absurd images, which you indulge yourself in; which is as if a handsome person should come into a company with foul hands or face. Read Collins. Collins would have cut his hand off before he would have left, from a weak self-esteem, a shabby line in his ode.

Rotation. The lesson of life lately is a pretty rapid rotation of friends.[1] . . .

At the funeral of Torrey, it seems almost too late to say anything for Freedom,—the battle is already won. You are a superserviceable echo.[2] Yet when you come out and see the apathy and incredulity, the wood and the stone of the people, their supple neck, their appetite for pineapple and ice cream!—

1 The passage on Rotation which follows is essentially printed in "Uses of Great Men" (*Representative Men*, p. 19).

2 The conviction was forming in Mr. Emerson's mind that the slave power was rapidly working out its own doom. The death in prison of Charles T. Torrey, a martyr to his love of freedom, has been alluded to on page 170.

Singular credulity, which no experience will cure us of, that another man has seen or may see somewhat more than we have of the primary facts; as, for example, of the continuity of the individual; and eye for eye, object for object, their experience is invariably identical in a million individuals. In practical faculty there is great difference. No education can bring the grenadier to combine like Bonaparte: but familiarity with a seer will accustom the dullest swain to contemplate the moral verities and the laws of life.

It will not do to diminish personal responsibility: do not give money and teach the man to expect it. Do not give him a Bible, or a genius, to think for him. Break no springs; make no cripples and paupers.

The Indians and the old monks choose their dwelling-place for beauty of scenery. The Indians have a right to exist in this world: they are (like Monadnoc and the Ocean) a part of it, and fit the other parts — as Monadnoc and the sea, which they understand and live with so well — as a rider his horse. The teamster, the farmer, are jocund and hearty, and stand on their legs: but the women are demure and subdued as

Shaker women, and, if you see them out of doors, look, as Henry Thoreau said, "as if they were going for the Doctor." Has our Christianity saddled and bridled us?

There never was an eloquence: it is a fabulous power, as I have said, concerning which men are credulous, because there is in them all a tantalizing picture, which they would fain verify on some personal history of Chatham or Demosthenes. Whoso assays to speak in a public assembly is conscious instantly of this lambent flame enlarging, elongating, contracting to a point, a Zodiacal light, a Jack-o'lanthorn evanescent, refusing to be an instrument. Ah! could he confine that lambent fire! — once manage to catch and confine that wildfire, — confine and direct it in a blow-pipe, he would melt or explode the planet. There is no despotism like this clutching with one strong hand the master nerve which carries all the pulsations from the brain to the heart of humanity.

Bust of Demosthenes, a face of ropes; all cord and tendon.

America. John Randolph is somebody: and Andrew Jackson; and John Quincy Adams, and Daniel Webster.

Criticism. The next generation will thank Dickens for showing so many mischiefs which parliaments and Christianities had not been strong enough to remove. *Punch*, too, has done great service.

Fourier, Saint-Simon, Bentham, Louis Blanc, Owen, Leroux, and the Chartist leader, all crazy men, and so they pound on one string till the whole world knows *that.*

Here are two or three things to be discriminated. *First:* the perception of our polarity impressed on all the universe, and on the particles.[1] . . .

Tell children what you say about writing and laboring with the hands. I know better. Can you distil rum by minding it at odd times? or analyze soils? or carry on the Suffolk Bank? or the Greenwich Observatory? or sail a ship through the Narrows by minding the helm when you happen to think of it? or serve a glass-house, or a steam-engine, or a telegraph, or a railroad express? or accomplish anything good or anything powerful in this manner? Nothing what-

1 Most of what follows is printed in "Instinct and Inspiration" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 87).

ever. And the greatest of all arts, the subtlest and most miraculous effect, you fancy is to be practised with a pen in one hand and a crowbar or a peat-knife in the other. All power is of geometrical increase. And to this painting the education is the costliest, and mankind cannot afford to throw away on ditching or wood-sawing the man on whom choicest influences have been concentrated, its Baruch or scribe. Just as much and just such exercise as this costly creature needs, he may have; and he may breathe himself with a spade, or a rapier, as he likes, not as you like: and I should rather say, bad as I think the rapier, that it were as much to his purpose as the other implement. Both are bad, are only rare and medicinal resorts. The writer must live and die by his writing. Good for that, and good for nothing else. A war, an earthquake, the revival of letters, the new dispensation by Jesus, or by Angels, Heaven, Hell, Power, Science, the *Néant*, — exist only to him as colors for his brush. That you think he can write at odd minutes only shows what your knowledge of writing is. American writing can be written at odd minutes, — Unitarian writing, charlatan writing, Congress speeches, Railroad novels.[1]

1 One or two sentences included above occur in "Art and

Hawthorne invites his readers too much into his study, opens the process before them. As if the confectioner should say to his customers, "Now, let us make the cake."

Truth, indeed; we talk as if we had it, or sometimes said it, or knew anything about it:[1] . . .

Morals. We have never heard that music; it is that which is sung to the Fates by Sirens or by their mystic whirling wheel. That is what all speech aims to say, and all action to evolve. Literature, epics, tragedies, histories, are only apology, interlude, makeshift, in the absence of that. It is the basis of all the elements we know, and is as readily reached from one as from another point. Anacreon, Hafiz, Horace, Herrick come out on it from drinking songs, as easily as Newton from stars, and Jeremy Taylor from a funeral sermon. In the Delphin Juvenals and other poets, they print the moral sentences in Roman capitals, and Pope asterisked

Criticism," a fragmentary essay first published in the Centenary Edition of the Works (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 283).

1 The rest of the passage is in *Natural History of Intellect* (p. 78).

Shakspeare, and, in early Greece, they carved the sentences of the Seven Wise Masters on stones by the roadside, and the Christian inscribed the Church walls with the Commandments and Lord's Prayer.

I believe I must transcribe below some sentences I find on a stray leaf that seems to belong to some old lecture, which refer to this point:—

If I dared, I would summon a class to lectures on Moral Philosophy: for I well know that all real aid and inspiration which we can owe each other is therein. It is really only so much moral philosophy as enters into any discourse or any action, — that is memorable, and gives value to the rest. All the rest is overture or interlude to fill the time, and make the company forget the absence of the great performer. But, on the instant when we rise so high as to see and affirm the ethical law in relation to our business, no apology is needed. We feel that we have come together for a worthy purpose, and would have done so, though we had travelled hundreds of miles. If I am unworthy, if I am forbidden to pass within the paling, and to tell any secret of generosity and immortality, it is vain that I speak at all; I am only one pretender more. I hover still with inextinguishable

hope about that mountain even in my exclusion, happy to be in its neighborhood, for, "of divine things," it is said, "the confines are reverend."

The reason why I pound so tediously on that string of the exemption of the writer from all secular works is our conviction that his work needs a frolic health to execute.[1] . . .

Nature never draws the moral, but leaves it for the spectator. Neither does the sculptor, nor the painter, nor the poet.

The moral equalizes all, . . . it is the law, it takes no heed of the flaws of the material, but fashions its cups and vases after its now divine model, alike of porcelain, or of potter's earth, or of water, or of air, as you fetch it stock, or fetch it none.

The best is to be had. Under the whip of the driver, the slave shall feel his equality with kings; — the nothingness of all, the omnipotence of all, as they share the principle which fashions suns and earth, and the dreams of their dreamers, gossamer solid and gossamer in webs.

1 The rest of this long passage is in "Poetry and Imagination" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 40, 41).

Wit has a great charter.[1] . . . But if the metaphysicians or learned German doctors mutter and analyze a little, the king cries with Diotima, "None of the gods philosophizes," and sends the police to him.

Surface. The animals crawl on or fly over the rind of the planet, and the fishes and whales swim only at the surface of the water. You might skim the whole mammalia with a kitchen dipper. In the deep sea, and under the crust, all is still, nothing stirs. Human life and thought is not less external. Nobody is profoundly good or bad. Were they profound, they would satisfy.

Swedenborg must have the credit of opening many new doors in what had been esteemed for ages dead wall, as Belzoni discovered chambers in the Pyramids. Then nobody knows his sources of information. . . .

"Saint Peter a unitarian," "Isaac Newton a unitarian," that is neither here nor there, but if you will find the maple and elm, granite, slate, and slime, to be of your party and opinion, that were something. That moral nature abhors slav-

1 See "Progress of Culture" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 218).

ery, and New England sides with moral nature against South Carolina and animal nature.

The Skeptics have got hold of Park Street Church and will not let the body of the Martyr Torrey come into it, for fear the crowd will spoil their carpets. The Skeptics have got into the Abolition Society, and make believe to be enraged.

Fire fights fire, the larger faith the less. How shall I educate my children?[1] . . .

If I were a member of the Massachusetts legislature, I should propose to exempt all colored citizens from taxation because of the inability of the government to protect them by passport out of its territory. It does not give the value for which they pay the tax.

Also I should recommend that the executive wear no sword, and the office of general be abolished and the whole militia disbanded; for if these persons do not know that they pretend to be and to do somewhat which they are not and do not, Hoar of Concord, Walker of the

1 What follows is in "Instinct and Inspiration" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 75).

branded hand, Torrey the martyr, know that the sword of Massachusetts is a sword of lath or a turkey feather. It gives me no pleasure to see the governor attended by military men in plumes; I am amazed that they do not feel the ridicule of their position.

New England is subservient. The President proclaims war, and those Senators who dissent are not those who know better, but those who can afford to, as Benton and Calhoun.

Democracy becomes a government of bullies tempered by editors. The editors standing in the privilege of being last devoured. Captain Rynders, tempered by Father Ritchie and O'Sullivan.

Oliver Wellington describes to me Samanthe Crawford of Oakham, who thought and felt in such strict sympathy with a friend in the spiritual world that her thought ultimated itself in a preternatural writing on her arm, and again into writing on a paper which seemed to float in at the open window, and alighted on her lap.

Cunning. Shortsightedness of the mechanics is wonderful. To win from you an advantage of a few shillings or a few dollars, they will take

the risk of the long discontent and heart-burning of the housemates, who will take in future any pains to avoid employing them again. Certainly it costs too much — those two or three dollars. Mirabeau said, "Madam, if there were no such thing as probity, it would be invented as a means of getting on in the world." The reason of this cheating, however, is plain; it is their inability to make good calculations; they have found themselves short, they had miscalculated, and they now go to piece the hide of the lion by the skin of the fox.

To every creature its own weapon, however skilfully concealed. I thought myself laid open, without walls, to the hoofs of all cattle, but found, many years ago, that the eyes of all comers respected some fence which I could not see. The very strawberry vines can hide their berry from Fumble and keep it for Cupid.

Tending. When we know not how to steer, and dare not hoist a sail, we can float.[1] . . .

One thing we have, though it is not of us, continuity. I live now a little this way,—then

1 The rest of the passage is printed in "Sovereignty of Ethics" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 196).

a little that, — but Nature, independently of our mathematics, secures a consecutiveness which later we acknowledge with pleased surprise.

Do you say, that the current goes down stream? No; these are ocean currents, and the currents of that ocean I speak of, go in all directions, up, down, sidewise, by exhalation, and by radiation. The exhalation which we call death is still in the current, and the current knows the way. Continuity of Nature, not of us. We have been baptized, vaccinated, schooled, churched, married.

In the City of Makebelieve is a great ostentation bolstered up on a great many small ostentations. I think we escape something by living in the villages. In Concord here there is some milk of life, we are not so raving distracted with wind and dyspepsia. The mania takes a milder form. People go a-fishing, and know the taste of their meat. They cut their own whippletree in the woodlot, they know something practically of the sun and the east wind, of the underpinning and the roofing of the house, of the pan and the mixture of the soils.

In the City of Makebelieve all the marble edifices were veneered and all the columns were drums.

A scholar is a literary foundation. All his expense is for Plato, Fabricius, Selden, Bentley.[1]

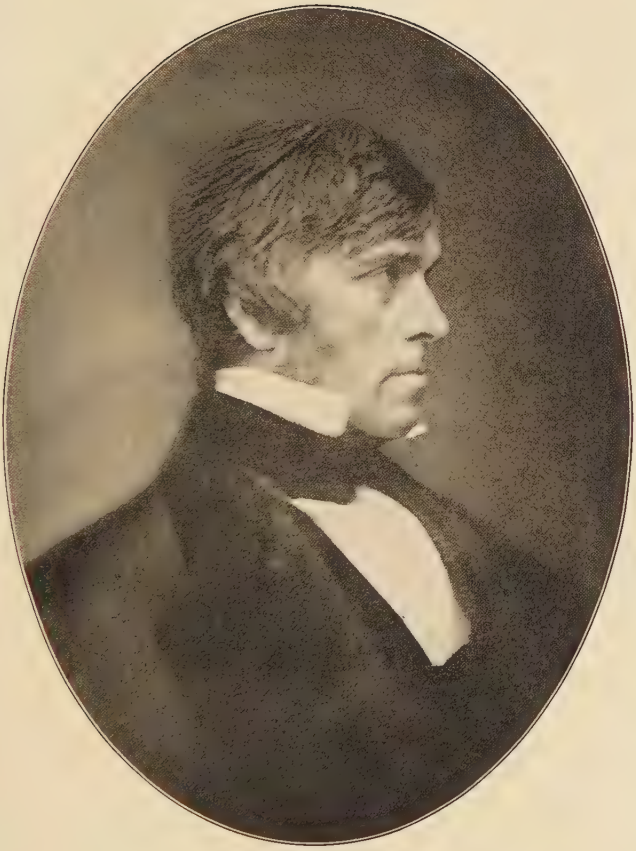
Scholar. Scholarship is our religion. We attempt practice, urged by Nature, and are swamped at once in the profane miscellany; and by religious instinct we recover the shore as quick as we can, and in fault of power to execute our thought, we console us at least with delineating the picture.

May 23.

In Carlyle's head (photograph), which came last night, how much appears! How unattainable this truth to any painter! Here have I the inevitable traits, which the sun forgets not to copy, and which I thirst to see, but which no painter remembers to give me. Here have I the exact sculpture, the form of the head, the rooting of the hair, thickness of the lip, the man that God made. And all the Lawrences and D'Orsays will now serve me well as illustration. I have the form and organism and can better spare the expression and color.[2] What would I

1 The rest of the passage (with different authors named) occurs in "Domestic Life" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 110).

2 The daguerreotype here reproduced must be the picture. The English probably adopted the general term *photograph*



THOMAS CARLYLE

not give for a head of Shakspeare by the same artist? of Plato? of Demosthenes? Here I have the jutting brow, and the excellent shape of the head. And here the organism of the eye, full of England; the valid eye, in which I see the strong executive talent which has made his thought available to the nations, whilst others, as intellectual as he, are pale and powerless. The photograph comes dated 25 April, 1846, and he writes, "I am fifty years old."

Boston or Brattle Street Christianity is a compound of force, or the best Diagonal line that can be drawn between Jesus Christ and Abbott Lawrence.

How beautiful the manners of wild animals, the bird that trims herself by the stream, the habits of antelope and buffalo. Well, the charm

for a light-picture, instead of that giving the inventor's name, earlier than Americans did. Carlyle, in a letter written April 30, said, "If your Photograph succeed as well as mine, I shall be almost tragically glad of it. This of me is far beyond all pictures; really very like! I got Lawrence the Painter to go with me and he would not let the people off till they had actually made a likeness. O my Friend! . . . Do you bethink you of Craigenputtock and the still evening there? I could burst into tears, if I had the habit: but it is of no use."

of genius is the same: we wish man on the higher plane to exhibit also the wildness or nature of that higher plane, but the biography of genius, so thirsted for, is not yet written.

We educate and drill, we hot-press and polish, but the audacities of genius are one thing, and the skill of drill another.

Superstition. We do not now make laws, like our ancestors, forbidding under severe penalties all persons whatsoever from transporting themselves through the air by night.

"*Fruitur fama*"; no, never. The poet is least a poet when he sits crowned. The transcendental and divine has the dominion of the world on the sole condition of not having it.

Rus ruris. To the page on narcotics in "the Poet," is to be added the confession, that the European history is the Age of Wine. The Age of Water, the simpler and sublimer condition, when the wine is gone inward, or the constitution has powers of original chemistry and can draw the wine of wine from water (as the earth from loam and water educes the orange, the

pomegranate, plum, peach, and pineapple), is yet to be, is now in its coming.[1]

We shall not have a sincere literature, we shall not have anything sound and grand as Nature itself, until the bread-eaters and water-drinkers come.

We are slain by indirections. Give us the question of slavery, — yea or nay; Texas, yea or nay; War, yea or nay; we should all vote right. But we accept the devil himself in an indirection. What taxes will we not pay in coffee, sugar, etc., but spare us a direct tax.

To the fir tree by my study-window come the ground sparrow, oriole, cedarbird, common crossbill, yellowbird, goldfinch, catbird, particolored warbler, robin.[2]

Community. I remember often Greenough's fine eulogy of Phidias and his antique comrades who wrought together to make a frieze or a

1 Compare "Bacchus" in the *Poems*.

2 Opposite the spaces between the windows on three sides of the house were, at this time, young and vigorous balsam-firs which seemed very attractive to birds of all kinds. There were others in the front yard, but when they grew tall, and all the lower boughs died, they were cut down.

statue, — for so intractable is the material of the sculptor, that otherwise[1] his heat is expended before his work is sufficiently forward to keep him in heart for it. How many things should a community exist for; as pictures, maps, dictionaries, and apparatus, — as telescope and galvanic battery, etc.

Now I think of committees to read books, and on oath report of them. A scholar is crafty, and hides his reading; he is full of ends and reservations. I wish such report as a brother gives to a brother, or a husband to a wife. I will read Behmen, if you will read Swedenborg; and we will read it as generous gods, each for the other. The committees must be as naked and liberal as gods in their agency. Here is Fourier with unsettled claims. Here is always Plato; even Livy, I want searched and reported on. I will take one, if another, who values his time as much as I, will take another book.

There is, beyond this, a deeper, stricter community. We converse as spies. Our very abstaining to repeat and credit the fine remark of our friend is thievish. Each man of thought is surrounded by wiser men than he, if they cannot write as well. Cannot he and they combine?

1 That is, without several working at once.

Cannot they sink their jealousies in God's love, and call their poem Beaumont and Fletcher's or the Theban Phalanx's. The city will for nine days or nine years make differences and sinister comparisons. There is a newer and more excellent public that will bless the Friends.

Yet is not Community the dream of Bedlam? . . . Men are so discordant and of unequal pulse: and excellence is inflamed or exalted individualism.

Cotton thread holds the Union together; unites John C. Calhoun and Abbott Lawrence. Patriotism for holidays and summer evenings, with music and rockets, but cotton thread is the Union.

Eloquence. We go to the bar, the senate, the shop, the study, as peaceful professions, but you cannot escape the demand for courage, no, not in the shrine of Peace itself.[1] . . . Pillsbury,[2] whom

1 The rest of the paragraph with similar beginning is printed in "Eloquence" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 115).

2 The passage which follows, though printed in the Works with the name suppressed, is given here in the original form, in honor of the memory of Parker Pillsbury, one of the early champions of Freedom in the United States. (See *Society and Solitude*, pp. 95, 96.)

I heard last night, is the very gift from New Hampshire which we have long expected, a tough oak stick of a man not to be silenced or insulted or intimidated by a mob, because he is more mob than they; he mobs the mob. John Knox is come at last, on whom neither money nor politeness nor hard words nor rotten eggs nor kicks and brickbats make the slightest impression. He is fit to meet the bar-room wits and bullies; he is a wit and a bully himself and something more; he is a graduate of the plough and the cedar swamp and the snowbank, and has nothing new to learn of labor or poverty or the rough of farming. His hard head, too, had gone through in boyhood all the drill of Calvinism, with text and mortification, so that he stands in the New England assembly a purer bit of New England than any, and flings his sarcasms right and left, sparing no name or person or party or presence. The *Concord Freeman* of the last week he held in his hand (the editor was in the audience), and read the paragraph on the Mexican War from it, and then gave his own version of that fact.

What question could be more pertinent than his to the Church, — "What is the Church for, if, whenever there is any moral evil to be

grappled with, as Intemperance, or Slavery, or War, there needs to be originated an entirely new instrumentality?"

Mr. Ruggles, of Fall River, whom I once heard in a conversation at the Lyceum, appeared to me a formidable debater. He had a strong personality which made nothing of his antagonists. They were baubles for his amusement. His light, scoffing, and, as it were, final dealing with them, seeming to weigh them and find them nothings, was exquisitely provoking.

Oh, yes, abolition, or abstinence from rum, or any other far-off and external virtue that will divert attention from the all-containing virtue which we vainly dodge and postpone, but which must be met and obeyed at last, if we wish to be substance and not accidents.

Who cannot be famous, said Osman, since I am?

Life is a selection, no more. The work of the gardener is simply to destroy this weed, or that shrub, or that tree, and leave this other to grow. . . . The library is gradually made inestimable by taking out from the superabounding mass of

books all but the best. . . . Things collect very fast of themselves, the difference between house and house is the wise omissions.

A good Success. Alvah Crocker, Sewell F. Belknap, Patrick Jackson, F. C. Lowell, Croton Water Commissioner, Upjohn, Wiley and Putnam, W. H. Eliot, Horace Greeley, W. L. Garrison, J. J. Astor, Catlin.

Alcott a survivor of the institutions.

Superstition. Pillsbury, commenting on Beecher's precious distinction of *organic sins*, made, that is, by *law*, said that the American church ought to adopt a new formula, and say, *I baptize thee in the name of the Governor, and of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives.* And really, instead of Walter Scott's superstitions, the virtual superstitions now are the deference to a supposed public opinion; to a Parliamentariness, to which, for example, Governor Briggs has just now immolated the State of Massachusetts.

Alcott said that whatever could be done with the eye he could do; meaning gardening, architecture, and, I suppose, picture and sculpture.

I look for poetry above rhyme, poetry which the inspirer makes and applauds. The orator and the poet must be cunning Dædaluses and yet made of milk like the mob.

My friend said that the orator must have a dash of the devil in him to suit an audience: at least his rhetoric must be Satanic.

There is also something excellent in every audience, capacity of virtue;[1] . . . Archangels listen in lowly forms, archangels in satinette and gambroon. So fleeting as it is, yet what is so excellent of present Power as the riding this wild horse of the People!

Every reform is only a mask under cover of which a more terrible reform, which dares not yet name itself, advances. Slavery and anti-slavery is the question of property and no property, rent and anti-rent; and anti-slavery dare not yet say that every man must do his own work, or, at least, receive no interest for money. Yet that is at last the upshot.

The scrupulous and law-abiding become Whigs, the unscrupulous and energetic are

1 What follows is in "Eloquence" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 66).

Locofocos. The people are no worse since they invaded Mexico than they were before, only they have given their will a deed.

The United States will conquer Mexico, but it will be as the man swallows the arsenic, which brings him down in turn. Mexico will poison us.

The Southerner is cool and insolent. "We drive you to the wall, and will again." Yes, gentlemen, but do you know why Massachusetts and New York are so tame? — it is because we own you, and are very tender of our mortgages which cover all your property.

The stout Frémont, in his Report of his Expedition to Oregon and California, is continually remarking on "the group," on "the picture," etc., "which we make." Our secondary feeling, our passion for seeming, must be highly inflamed, if the terrors of famine and thirst for the camp and for the cattle terrors from the Arapahoes and Utahs, anxieties from want of true information as to the country and the trail, and the excitement from hunting, and from the new and vast features of unknown country, could not repress this eternal vanity of *how we must look!*

I play with the miscellany of facts and take those superficial views which we call Skepticism.[1] . . .

There are so many ways of looking at the man. You call him ungrateful, because he does not flatter you, who say that you conferred favors on him. He thinks that which he took of you was no more yours than the air which he breathed in your house. He thinks that favors should be returned in kind and not in money; that is, that your strength should be returned by his strength, not by his weakness. You served, did you not, your Genius, and the indications of nature and providence, as well as you could interpret them, in serving him? — he will not be less generous in his reciprocations. He is grateful, but you must leave him to designate who is the benefactor.

June 27.

The Poet should instal himself and shove all usurpers from their chairs by electrifying mankind with the right tone, long wished for, never heard. The true centre thus appearing, all false

1 The rest of the passage occurs in "Montaigne" (*Representative Men*, p. 183).

centres are suddenly superseded, and grass grows in the Capitol. Now and then we hear rarely a true tone, a single strain of the right ode; but the Poet does not know his place, he defers to these old conventions; and though sometimes the rogue knows well enough that every word of his is treason to all the kings and conventions of the world, yet he says, "It is only I"; "Nobody minds what I say"; and avails himself of the popular prejudice concerning his insignificance, as a screen from the police.

We had conversation to-day concerning the poet and his problem. He is there to see the type and truly interpret it. O Mountain, what would your highness say,[1] thou grand expressor of the present tense, of permanence? yet is there also a taunt at the mutables from old Sitfast. If the poet could only forget himself in his theme, — be the tongue of the mountain, — his egotism would subside, and that firm line which he had drawn would remain like the names of discoverers of planets, written in the sky in letters which could never be obliterated.

A man is caught up and takes a breath or

1 This expression Mr. Emerson used in the poem "Monadnoc," begun the previous year.

two of the Eternal, but instantly descends, and puts his eternity to commercial uses.

But a pretty kettle of fish we have here, men of this vast ambition, who wish an ethics commensurate with Nature, who sit expectant to be challenged to great performances, and are left without any distinct aim; there are openings only in the heavens before them, but no star which they approach; they have an invincible persuasion that the Right is to come to them in the social form, but they are aghast and desolate to know that they have no superiors in society. Society treats their conscience as it does men of genius; the only compliment it knows how to pay a man of genius is to wait on him and to ask him to deliver a Temperance Address. So it proffers to these holy angels, wishing to save the world, some bead or button of Communism, an Anti-slavery Cause, Prison Discipline, or Magdalen Refuge, or some other absorbent to suck his vitals into some one or other bitter partiality, and anyhow to deprive him of that essential condition which he prays for, — Adequateness.

Henry Thoreau seems to think that society suffers for want of war, or some good excite-

ment. But how partial that is! — the masses suffer for want of work as barbarous as they are. What is the difference? Now the tiger has got a joint of fresh meat to tear and eat: before, he had only bones to grind and gnaw. But this concerns only the tigers, and leaves the men where they were.

The snails believe the geniuses are constitutionally skeptical. I lament that wit is a light mocker, that knowledge is the knowing that we cannot know, that genius is criticism. I lament to have life cheap; that a great understanding should play with the world as he tosses his walking-stick and catches it again. I wish the years and months to be long, the days centuries, loaded, fragrant: now we reckon them basely, as bank days, by some debt that we are to pay or that is to be paid us.[1]

Now, if there were an affection, a friendship that could be sovereign, that would at once bridge over these volcanic craters and gulp of inequality between the doer and the task!

1 A sentence or two of this entry, though printed in "Considerations by the Way" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 247), are kept here for the connection.

Society. Society is a curiosity-shop full of odd excellences, a Brahmin, a Fakeer, a giraffe, an alligator, Colonel Bowie, Alvah Crocker, Bronson Alcott, Henry Thoreau; a world that cannot keep step, admirable melodies, but no chorus, for there is no accord.

Yankeedom. The Yankee means to make moonlight work, if he can; and he himself, after he has spent all the business hours in Wall Street, takes his dinner at a French boarding-house, that his soup and cutlet may not be quite unprofitable, but he shall learn the language between the mouthfuls. I rode in the stagecoach with a pedlar: "Mind the half-cent," said my companion. "A man can about pay his shop-rent by minding the half-cent." [1]

The only gift to men, the only event, is a new image, a new symbol.[2] . . . Think how many more eggs of that kind remain to be

1 This was a not uncommon economy in New England up to 1850. Prices were named in shillings (six to the dollar there), Ninepence (12½ cents), "Two and thrippence," "Seven and six," etc.

2 Then follows several sentences found in "Poetry and Imagination" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 13, 14).

hatched, when the under side of every stick and stone all round the lake is covered with them.

[Here follows in the Journal the condensed thought for the poem which Mr. Emerson made for a motto to the essay "Circles," and below it the improving attempts to versify it.]

Nature hates lines;
Rolls herself into balls,
And generates new.
Man, who knows the most,
Is confined to surfaces, outside,
And only learns the profile of the sphere,
Which is a circle.

I

Nature, hating lines and walls,
Self-willed, rolls her into balls,
Generating satellites;
Ill observed by peeping man.
Very wisest of his clan,
Anchored fast to the outsides,
Half learns the profile of the sphere, —
Wise if he knew what that signified.

II

Nature, hating lines and walls,
Rolls her matter into balls.

Ah! her wise ephemerals,
Nailed to surface and outside,
See the profile of the sphere;
Knew they what that signified,
A new genesis were here.

[Below, the editors introduce the finished poem. (See *Essays*, Second Series; also *Poems*.)]

Nature centres into balls,
And her proud ephemerals,
Fast to surface and outside,
Scan the profile of the sphere:
Wist they the thing signified
A new genesis were here.

Criticism is in its infancy. The anatomy of genius it has not unfolded. Milton in the egg, it has not found. Milton is a good apple on that tree of England. It would be impossible, by any chemistry we know, to compound that apple otherwise: it required all the tree; and out of a thousand of apples, good and bad, this specimen apple is at last procured. That is: We have a well-knit, hairy, industrious Saxon race, Londoners intent on their trade, steeped in their politics; wars of the Roses; voyages and trade to the Low Countries, to Spain, to Lepanto, to Virginia, and Guiana — all bright with use and

strong with success. Out of this valid stock choose the validest boy, and in the flower of this strength open to him the whole Dorian and Attic beauty and the proceeding ripeness of the same in Italy. Give him the very best of this Classic beverage. He shall travel to Florence and Rome in his early manhood: he shall see the country and the works of Dante, Angelo, and Raffaelle. Well, on the man to whose unpalled taste this delicious fountain is opened, add the fury and concentration of the Hebraic genius, through the hereditary and already culminated Puritanism, — and you have Milton, a creation impossible before or again; and all whose graces and whose majesties involve this wonderful combination; — quite in the course of things once, but not iterated. The drill of the regiment, the violence of the pirate and smuggler, the cunning and thrift of the haberdasher's counter, the generosity of the Norman earl, are all essential to the result.

Mixture. The whole art of Nature is in these juxtapositions of diverse qualities to make a lucky combination, as green and gold, dry oak leaves and snow, enhance each other, and make a delicious mixture to the eye.

Everything that makes a new sort of man is good; for though he is only a chemic dose in this generation, in the next, or next but one, he becomes a poet, and then the new metal becomes inestimable.

People do not value raw material. The laws of Menu, — Bhagavat, Behmen, Swedenborg, Alcott, Channing, and what not, — I may have to myself: nobody to quarrel with me for these masses or particles. But when I have mixed these simples with a little Boston water, it makes what they call poetry and eloquence, and will sell, it seems, in New York and London.

O Bacchus, make them drunk, drive them mad, this multitude of vagabonds, hungry for eloquence, hungry for poetry.[1] . . .

Test. Opportunity. Do they stand immovable there, — the sots, — and laugh at your so-called poetry? They may well laugh; it does not touch them yet. Try a deeper strain. There is no make-believe about these fellows; they are good tests for your skill; therefore, a louder yet, and yet a louder strain. There is not one of them

1 The rest is given in "Poetry and Imagination" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 70).

but will spin fast enough when the music reaches him; but he is very deaf, try a sharper string. Angels in satinette and calico, — angels in hunting-knives and rifles, — swearing angels, roarers with liquor; — O poet, you have much to learn.

Styles. There is the Periclean and there is the Slam-bang style.

O Carlyle, the merit of glass is not to be seen, but to be seen through; but every crystal and lamina of the Carlyle glass is visible.[1]

Let the poet work in the aim to eliminate beauty;[2] that is verily his work; in that block of stone, in that rough verse, to free the noble conception, until it shall be as truly God's work as is the globe of the earth, or the cup of the lily.

Metre of the Poet again is his science of love. Does he know that lore? Never was poet who was not tremulous with love-lore.[3]

1 Though usually Mr. Emerson praised Carlyle's writing, he sometimes wearied at its intemperance and mannerism.

2 Attention must again be called to Mr. Emerson's habitual misuse of the word *eliminate*. He means here discover hidden beauty, not get rid of it.

3 This passage is versified in the *Poems* (see Quatrains, "Casella").

[Mr. Emerson, in preparing a second edition of the *Essays*, graced them with mottoes.

Here follows the first attempt for the motto for "Spiritual Laws." (See *Essays*, First Series, and *Poems*.)]

Heaven is alive,
Self-built and quarrying itself
Up-builds eternal towers.
Self-commanded works
In vital cirque.
By dint of being all
Its loss is transmutation.
Fears not the craft of undermining days,
Grows by decays,
And by the famous might that lurks
In re-creation and recoil
Teach flames to freeze and ice to boil,
And through the arms of all the devils
Builds the firm seat of Innocence.

No lapse of memory
Betrays the angel into unbelief;
But in the beginning sees the time to come,
And on the road his home;
He cannot fear defeat.

Longevity. I have lamented the brevity of life, and yet it is easy to see that the stability

of human beings depends on that consideration. Who would stay in Concord who had heard of Valencia, but that there is not time to establish himself there, without too great a hazard of his happiness in the few years that remain? Therefore we stick where we are.

Is not America more than ever wanting in the male principle? A good many village attorneys we have, saucy village talents, preferred to Congress, and the Cabinet, — Marcys, Buchanans, Walkers, etc., — but no great Captains. Webster is a man by himself of the great mould, but he also underlies the American blight, and wants the power of the initiative, the affirmative talent, and remains, like the literary class, only a commentator, his great proportions only exposing his defect. America seems to have immense resources, land, men, milk, butter, cheese, timber, and iron, but it is a village littleness; — village squabble and rapacity characterize its policy. It is a great strength on a basis of weakness.

Perhaps the fairer picture of the permissive Destiny — we can see what it allows, what the vegetable nature grows to, if unpruned; what fancies, what appetites are the crop of this plant, *man*. What Destiny will. "What's your wull?"

[The Declaration of War with Mexico was promulgated May 13, 1846.]

These — rabble — at Washington are really better than the snivelling opposition. They have a sort of genius of a bold and manly cast, though Satanic. They see, against the unanimous expression of the people, how much a little well-directed effrontery can achieve, how much crime the people will bear, and they proceed from step to step, and it seems they have calculated but too justly upon your Excellency, O Governor Briggs. Mr. Webster told them how much the war cost, that was his protest, but voted the war, and sends his son to it. They calculated rightly on Mr. Webster. My friend Mr. Thoreau has gone to jail rather than pay his tax. On him they could not calculate. The Abolitionists denounce the war and give much time to it, but they pay the tax.[1]

1 Thoreau, with no outcry or parade, simply refused to pay his small tax that year, as a protest against iniquity of the Government. The friendly Sam Staples, collector, also deputy sheriff and jailor, who had often helped him in his surveying, offered to advance the money, supposing that Thoreau was short of it. Thoreau explained that he did not mean to pay. Staples said, "Then I shall have to shut you up." "One time is as good as another." "Come along, then."

The amount of the tax was left at the jailor's door in the

It seems now settled that the world is no longer a subject for reform: it is too old for that, and is to have custard and calves' jelly. We are no longer to apply drastic or alterative pills, nor attempt remedies at all, but if we have any new game or some fireworks or ice cream, — if Jenny Lind come hither, or Fanny Elssler return, it is all the case admits.

Boston is represented by Mr. Winthrop, whose ready adhesion to Southern policy outspeeds even the swift sequaciousness of his constituents.

The State is a poor, good beast who means the best: it means friendly. A poor cow who does well by you, — do not grudge it its hay. It cannot eat bread, as you can; let it have without grudge a little grass for its four stomachs. It will not stint to yield you milk from its teat. You, who are a man walking cleanly on two feet, will not pick a quarrel with a poor cow. Take this handful of clover and welcome. But

evening. Staples did not see the bringer, who gave it to his child, but said he always thought it was Squire Hoar's act or that of Miss Hoar. Of course Thoreau had not counted on this, nor could he protest, nor could Staples keep him at the State's expense, so he went back to the shores of Walden.

if you go to hook me when I walk in the fields, then, poor cow, I will cut your throat.

Don't run amuck against the world. Have a good case to try the question on. It is the part of a fanatic to fight out a revolution on the shape of a hat or surplice, on pædo-baptism, or altar-rails, or fish on Friday. As long as the state means you well, do not refuse your pistareen. You have a tottering cause: ninety parts of the pistareen it will spend for what you think also good: ten parts for mischief.[1] You cannot fight heartily for a fraction. But wait until you have a good difference to join issue upon. Thus Socrates was told he should not teach. "Please God, but I will." And he could die well for that. And Jesus had a cause. You will get one by and by. But now I have no sympathy.

The Abolitionists ought to resist and go to prison in multitudes on their known and described disagreements from the state. They know where the shoe pinches; have told it a

1 Of course the tax was mainly Town tax, but Thoreau either had not considered that, or, more probably, in his disgust at the abject attitude of the community, felt as if the whole body politic was iniquitous. Of Alcott's refusal to pay, the good Staples said, "I vum! I believe it was nothing but principle!"

thousand times; are hot-headed partialists. I should heartily applaud them; it is in their system. . . . But not so for you generalizers. You are not citizens. You are not, as they, to fight for your title to be church members or citizens, patriots. Reserve yourself for your own work.

Alcott thought he could find as good a ground for quarrel in the state tax as Socrates did in the edict of the Judges. Then I say, Be consistent, and never more put an apple or a kernel of corn into your mouth. Would you feed the devil? Say boldly, "There is a sword sharp enough to cut sheer between flesh and spirit, and I will use it, and not any longer belong to this double-faced, equivocating, mixed, Jesuitical universe."

The Abolitionists should resist, because they are literalists; they know exactly what they object to, and there is a government possible which will content them. Remove a few specified grievances, and this present commonwealth will suit them. They are the new Puritans, and as easily satisfied. But you, nothing will content. No government short of a monarchy, consisting of one king and one subject, will appease you. Your objection, then, to the State of Massachusetts is deceptive. Your true quarrel is with the state of Man.

In the particular, it is worth considering that refusing payment of the state tax does not reach the evil so nearly as many other methods within your reach. The state tax does not pay the Mexican War. Your coat, your sugar, your Latin and French and German book, your watch does. Yet these you do not stick at buying.

But really a scholar has too humble an opinion of the population, of their possibilities, of their future, to be entitled to go to war with them, as with equals.

This prison is one step to suicide.

He knows that nothing they can do will ever please him. Why should he poorly pound on some one string of discord, when all is jangle?

July 31.

Webster knows what is done in the shops, and remembers and uses it in the Senate. He saw it in the shop with an eye supertabernal and supersenatorial, or it would not have steaded. He is a ship that finds the thing where it is cheap, and carries it where it is dear.

Every word of Webster has passed through the fire of the intellect. The statement is already erect and disengaged.

Knowledge is of some use in the best company. But the grasp is the main thing.[1] . . .

August 22.

Teachers. The teacher should be the complement of the pupil; now, for the most part, they are Earth's diameters wide of each other. A college professor should be elected by setting all the candidates loose on a miscellaneous gang of young men taken at large from the street. He who could get the ear of these youths after a certain number of hours, or of the greatest number of these youths, should be professor. Let him see if he could interest these rowdy boys in the meaning of a list of words.

[About this time Margaret Fuller, having left New England, to which she was destined never to return, obeying her yearning for Italy, visited Carlyle with a letter from Mr. Emerson commending her to him. (See *Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence*, vol. ii, pp. 115, 116.) During the summer the desired picture of Emerson also came to Carlyle. Emerson wrote at the end of May expressing delight in Carlyle's picture and said, "I was instantly stirred to an emulation

1 The rest of the passage thus beginning is in *Natural History of Intellect* (p. 48).

of your love and punctuality, and last Monday, which was my forty-second birthday, I went to a new Daguerreotypist who took much pains to make his picture right. I brought home three shadows, not agreeable to my own eyes. The machine has a bad effect on me." Carlyle did not like the picture with its heavy shadows. He wrote, "I could not at first, nor can I with perfect decisiveness, bring out any feature completely recalling to me the old Emerson that lighted on us from the Blue at Craigenputtock long ago — *eheu!* Here is a genial, smiling, energetic face, full of sunny strength, intelligence, integrity, good humor, but it lies imprisoned in baleful shade as of the valley of Death; seems smiling on me as if in mockery. "Dost know me, friend? I am dead, thou seest, and forever hidden from thee; — I belong already to the Eternities and thou recognizest me not." (*Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence*, vol. ii, p. 110.)]

A great design belongs to a poem, and is better than any skill in execution. . . . We shall come to value only that excellence of finish which great design brings with it.

We are liberal to the Astors and Vanderbilts and Websters, and allow their barbarous and

semi-beast life to pass, though they give none to the Olympian and Divine, yet we ought as equitably to reverence Pan in humblebee and cricket. One example of that would justify so much.

We talked of the old Baconian or Platonistic canon. There is nothing in the globe of the world which is not in the crystal sphere. . . . And our Parisian *savant* has discovered mathematically a new planet yet invisible.

Wednesday, *August* (*?*).

At Commencement met with the members of the Class of 1821. We counted nineteen present; Josiah Quincy presided: also present, Angier, Bulfinch, Bunker, Burton, Dexter, Gardner, Hill, Hilliard, Cheney, Blood, Kent, Lowell, Reed, Stetson, Upham, Withington, Moody, Emerson; a very cordial three hours' space we spent together, and made up at last a little purse of $82.50 for ———. Adjourned for five years.

College Class of 1821.[1] We have the less time to spend, for these many years since we met: I must not detain you. We were here before, mere lambs and rams, and we have come back solemn

1 Evidently prepared for the class meeting.

Abrahams; and on account of Mrs. A. and the young A.'s we had some ado to get here now, — we that so ran and skipped. . . . Scots like to come of "kenned folk," and there is an eminent use in having one's training in the public eye. But it is curious to see how identical we are. We can remember ourselves, about as good and bad as to-day, 25, 30, 40 years and more. In college, I had unpreparedness for all my tasks. I have the same unpreparedness at this moment. Who is he that does not remember the roots of all the habits of his chum and his set in Dr. Popkin's recitation room or in Commons Hall? We have had clients, pupils, patients, parishes. We have had hay to make, horses to buy, cargoes to manage, estates to settle, railroads to superintend, banks to direct, cities to preside over, states to govern, colleges to rule; but if we have done these things well, as I doubt not, it was because we could carry ourselves good-humoredly as boys. With a fair degree of speed, I think there is still more bottom in the company; and what pleases me best in the history of the Class is its good position and promise at this moment. Its strength is not exhausted: our day has not been short; but we are not yet thinking of going to bed, and being tucked up

for the long night. . . . I offer the sentiment; — the proceeding education of the Class.

At Phi Beta Kappa, Sumner's oration was marked with a certain magnificence which I do not well know where to parallel.

He quoted Story, as saying, "Every man is to be judged by the horizon of his mind." "Taine," he said, after Allston, I think, "is the shadow of excellence, but that which follows him, not which he follows after."

To the youth the hair of woman is a meteor.

I think that he only is rightly immortal to whom all things are immortal; he who witnesses personally the creation of the world; he who enunciates profoundly the names of Pan, of Jove, of Pallas, of Bacchus, of Proteus, of Baal, of Ahriman, of Hari, of Satan, of Hell, of Nemesis, of the Furies, of Odin, and of Hertha; — knowing well the need he has of these, and a far richer vocabulary; knowing well how imperfect and insufficient to his needs language is: requiring music, requiring dancing, as languages; a dance, for example, that shall sensibly express our astronomy, our solar system, and seasons, in its course.

Our poets have not the poetic magnanimity, but a minimimity rather; and, when they would go abroad, instead of inspecting their inward poem, they count their dollar bills.

The saints dare more, but I hate lamp-smoke; I wish them to know the beautiful equality and rotation of merits, destroying their saintly egotism or prigism; let them worship the apple-trees, the thistles, and their beautiful lovers the humblebees, hummingbirds and yellow butterflies, as they pass, and, as I say, know the Beautiful Nemesis.

All men are of a size,[1] . . . we are willing that Christianity should have its glories, and Greece its own, and India and England; but we are inly persuaded that Heaven reserves an equal universe of good for each of us, . . .

Poets do not need to consider how fruitful the topic is, for with their superfluity of eyes every topic is opulent. Spenser seems to delight in his art for his own skill's sake. In the *Muiopotmos*, see the security and ostentation with which he draws out and refines his description

1 All but one sentence of what follows is printed in *Representative Men* (p. 335).

of a butterfly's back and wings, of a spider's thread and spinning, of the Butterfly's Cruise among the flowers, "bathing his tender feet in the dew which yet on them does lie,"—it is all like the working of an exquisite loom which strongly and unweariedly yields fine webs, for exhibition, and defiance of all spinners.

Destiny. Everything will come home, and a man also. Where is his home? There, thither, where he is incessantly called. He will surely come home, and, if long delayed, the more fiercely.

Sunday, *September* 20.

A mood suffices Ellery Channing for a poem. "There, I have sketched more or less in that color and style. You have a sample of it. What more would you get, if I should work on forever?" He has no proposition to affirm or support. He scorns it. He has, first of all Americans, a natural flow, and can say what he will. I say to him, "If I could write as well as you, I would write a great deal better."

"As for beauty, I need not look beyond an oar's length for my fill of it;"—I do not know whether he used the expression with design or no, but my eye rested on the charming play of

light on the water which he was striking with his paddle. I fancied, I had never seen such color, such transparency, such eddies; it was the hue of Rhine wines, it was jasper and verd antique, topaz and chalcedony; it was gold and green and chestnut and hazel in bewitching succession and relief without cloud or confusion.

BANGOR, MAINE, *October* 6, 7, 8.

Three hundred townships good for timber and for nothing else. Palmer Mills that I saw building, — the whole property was reckoned worth $60,000 before the freshet, but would not have been relinquished for that sum.

Pines a thousand years old; every year they must go further for them: they recede, like beavers, or Indians, before the white man.

Those Bangor men buy townships merely for the logs that can be cut on them, and add township to township. Some day a mine, a slate quarry, good marble or soapstone or lime, is found in them, or a new railroad is projected; the timber land becomes unexpectedly what is called "a settling township," and the lumber merchant suddenly finds himself the lord of villages, towns, and cities, and his family established as great proprietors.

My friend William Emerson,[1] at Bangor, told me that he thought "Judge Story might be a great man, oh yes, a man of a good deal of talent and learning and fame, but he did not think so highly of him as a judge, as many did; that he had two failings as a judge: first, in p'int of judgment; and second, in p'int of integrity; — you take my idea?"

New England. I think again of the true history of New England, and wish to see the just view taken with such grand sight as to omit all or almost all the chronologies and personalities which ordinarily constitute the tale. Now, let us have only the aboriginal features, a god stepping from peak to peak nor planting his foot but on a mountain. Calvinism and Christianity, being now ended, shall be ended. Their powerful contribution to the history shall be acknowledged. England should be dealt with as truly. English conventions and the English public shall not have so much politeness from us. Neither shall the forms of our government and that wearisome constitutional argument mislead us, as it has Whig parties and good-boy statesmen. But we will see what men here really

1 Probably a distant relative.

wish and try to obtain, often against their professions; what New England gravitates toward.

All the materialities should be freely received to refresh the picture; the ice, the lumber, leather, iron, and stone, and the cotton manufacture; and we should not spare to trace these facts to their grand home in the geology, and show the man the contemporary of pine, chestnut and oak, granite, ice, waterfalls, and therefore a worker in them; and how his commerce brought him hides from Valparaiso and lead from Missouri.

The negative merit of the piece would be its resolute rejection of the faded or regnant superstitions, as of the Christian mythology, of the agricultural, commercial, and social delusions which pass current in men's mouths, but have long lost all reality.

Dr. Parkman told me yesterday 't was thirty-three years since he was ordained; and he could not credit that he was as old as his predecessor, Dr. Eliot, when he died. "Dr. Eliot was an old man, and *my* infirmity," said Dr. Parkman, "is my extreme youth."

Whitefield's text after the death of his wife was "The creature was made subject to vanity."

November 23.

Burke a little too Latin in Debi Sing, but what gradation! such opulence as permits selection. Webster, too, always has senatorial propriety. I wish to see accomplished translators of the world into language. I wish the leisures of the spirit. I please me with I know not what accounts of Oriental tale-tellers who transport and ravish the hearer and make him forget the hours of the day and the taste of meat. But our careful Americans blurt and spit forth news without grace or gradation, parenthetically between the mouthfuls of their hasty dining.

[The volume of Poems, that friends had been calling for for more than three years, came out at last at Christmas. There follows in the Journal a list of more than eighty persons to whom Mr. Emerson gave them.]

Alcott, among many fine things he said of my volume of Poems, said, the sentiment was moral and the expression seemed the reverse.

I suppose if verses of mine should be compared with those of one of my friends, the moral tendency would be found impressed on all mine

as an original polarity; that all my light is polarized.

[Mr. Cabot, in his Memoir, quotes from a letter written by Mr. Emerson to his brother William in New York, on December 29, in which he says: "I had lately an irregular application from different quarters in England proposing to me to come thither to lecture, and promising me engagements to that end in the great towns, if I would. And I understand the Queenie (not Victoria, but Lidian) to say that I must go." The proposal, however, did not take sufficiently definite shape to justify decision for a month or two.]

AUTHORS OR BOOKS QUOTED OR REFERRED TO IN JOURNAL FOR 1846

Zoroaster; Pindar; Anacreon;

Alfred the Great; Pons de Capdueil;

Hafiz; Copernicus; Roger Bacon;

Spenser, *Muiopotmos;* Chapman; Kepler; Donne; Selden; Drelincourt, *Consolations de l'âme fidèle;*

Bentley; Defoe; Cowper; Johann Albert Fabricius; Abbé Prévost d'Exiles, *Histoire du Chevalier des Grieux et Manon Lescaut;*

Whitefield; Kant; Burke, *Speeches;* Bentham; Goethe; Burns; Saint-Simon; Fichte, *Die Zeugung;* Schleiermacher; Robert Owen; Fourier; Von Hammer-Purgstall, *Translations of Hafiz;* Schelling; O'Connell; "Novalis" (Von Hardenberg);

Pellet, and Basil Hall (*Travels and Voyages*) on Napoleon; Karl Otfried Müller, *Introduction to Greek Mythology;* Oken, *Natural History;* Chodzko, *Specimens of Ancient Persian Poetry;* Hegel;

Carlyle; Cousin; Webster; Everett;

Alcott; Bryant; Dr. Ezra Stiles Gannett; Pierre Leroux, *De l'humanité;* Tennyson, *Poems;* Richard Monckton Milnes, *Poems;* Dickens; Hood, *Poems;* Elizabeth Barrett; Robert Browning;

Henry Norman Hudson, *Essays;* Longfellow; Lowell; O. MacKnight Mitchel, *Planetary and Stellar Worlds.*

JOURNAL

STUDIES

A NEW QUARTERLY

NANTUCKET

PERSIAN AND NORSE READING

GARDEN AND ORCHARD

YANKEE FACULTY

CONCORD WALKS

ENGLAND

MEETING CARLYLE AGAIN

LECTURES TO WORKINGMEN

IN THE BLACK COUNTRY

JOURNAL XXXVIII

1847

(From Journals O, AB, CD, GH)

Caput est artis decere.[1]

Θεοῦ θέλοντος κἂν ἐπὶ ῥιπὸς πλέοις.[2]

[The year began with the usual lecturing before Lyceums in cities and country towns, but with no course in Boston.]

(From O)

January 10, 1847.

Read Alfieri's Life: who died the year I was born, was a dear lover of Plutarch and Montaigne, a passionate lover of beauty and of study. His rare opportunities and the determination to use them make him a valuable representative. His temperament, however, isolated him,

1 Let Art, first of all, be seemly.

2 God willing, you could sail upon a twig; a verse of Pindar quoted by Plutarch, or, rendered in verse, by the old translator,

"Were it the will of Heaven, an osier bough
Were vessel safe enough the seas to plough."

and he travels in a narrow track with high walls on either side. Yet he is most fortunate in his friendships, and at last in his love. The noble is seeking the same good as the republican, namely, one or two companions of intelligence, probity, and grace, to wear out life with, and rebut the disparagement he reads in the sea and the sky. Gori, Caluso, and the Countess of Albany were sea and sky to him. One has many thoughts, in reading this book, of the uses of aristocracy and Europe to the native scholar.

The systems of blood and culture which we call France, Spain, Piedmont, etc., must not be set down as nothing. There is a strong, characterized, resultant man, result of race, climate, mountain, sea, occupation, and institutions, who is the Frenchman, and appears well enough and acutely interesting to any one who has the opportunity of conversing with many of the best individuals of that nation; not recognized in any one man, but well enough exhibited in the most distinguished French circles. In like manner there is a Spaniard, an Englishman, a Roman, and the rest. This is plainer when we remember how fast Nature adopts art, and, whatever form of life calculation leads us into for one or two generations, Nature presently

adopts into the blood, and creates men organized for that accidental and artificial way of working. To be a noble is to have a ticket of admission to the flower of each of these races[1] . . .

Grant the man divine, he wants also a divine fact; and no man, let him be never so thoughtful, ever went to the seashore, from an inland home, without a surprise, and a feeling that here was new invitation for somewhat that hitherto slept.

Machiavelli. I have tried to read Machiavelli's histories, but find it not easy. The Florentine factions are as tiresome as the history of the Philadelphia fire-companies.

Henry Thoreau wants to go to Oregon, not to London. Yes, surely; but what seeks he but the most energetic Nature? And, seeking that, he will find Oregon indifferently in all places; for it snows and blows and melts and adheres and repels all the world over.

Yes, the Zoroastrian, the Indian, the Persian scriptures are majestic, and more to our daily

1 Here follows a passage with a similar beginning printed in "Wealth" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 94).

purpose than this year's almanac or this day's newspaper.[1] . . .

In looking at Menu and Saadi and Bhagavat, life seems in the East a simpler affair, — only a tent, and a little rice, and ass's milk; and not, as with us, what commerce has made it, a feast whose dishes come from the equator and both poles.

February.

It is now said that the Mexican War is already paid for in the enhanced value of cotton and breadstuffs now to be sold by our people; and chiefly of cotton, a novelty, a single article on whose manufacture such immense mechanical powers have been concentrated that it takes the lead of all other articles of trade. Now I suppose this is mere ignorance. Not a single plant, perhaps, in the whole botany, that is not also adapted to general uses, and will not hereafter make the bread of millions, by its manufacture.

Ward[2] has aristocratical position and turns it

1 The rest of this long passage is found in "Books" (*Society and Solitude*, pp. 219, 220).

2 Samuel Gray Ward, Mr. Emerson's friend and correspondent. (See *Letters to a Friend*, edited by C. E. Norton. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

to excellent account; the only aristocrat who does. For the rest, this access to the best circles of information is of no use, and they are trifling and tedious company. But in reading Legaré's journal, who seems to have seen the best company, I find myself interested that he should play his part of the American gentleman well, but am contented that he should do that instead of me,—do the etiquette instead of me,—as I am contented that others should sail the ships and work the spindles.

February 15.

I find this morning good things in Legaré on Demosthenes. . . .

He translates Ὑπόκρισις, Demosthenes' famous receipt, "acting," not "action."

Pillsbury said, that he found that people like to laugh, and he set himself to make them laugh at things which ought to be laughed down, such as the Church and Whiggism.

Morals. We are easily great with a loved and honoured associate; then the sentiments appear as new and astonishing as the lightning out of the sky, and disappear as suddenly, without any sequel, leaving us among the marketmen.

(From AB)

What is the oldest thing? A dimple or whirlpool in water. That is Genesis, Exodus, and all.

Scholar perpetual. Vice of men is setting up for themselves too early. I can't go into the quarrel or into the tavern, etc., because I am old; or into the Abolition meeting at Faneuil Hall and attempt to speak; it won't do for me to fail! But I look at wise men, and see that I am very young. I look over those stars yonder and into the myriads of the aspirant and ardent souls, and I see I am a stranger and a youth, and have yet my spurs to win. Too ridiculous are these airs of age. *Ancora imparo*,[1] I carry my satchel still.

A scholar brooks no interruptions. He must post his books every day. For want of posting the books at Greenwich, the star was lost — by Adams[2] and England.

Apples of gold in silver salvers set.

1 *I still learn.* In his lecture "Michael Angelo" (*Natural History of Intellect*) Mr. Emerson tells that one of the artist's last drawings gave a hint of his own feeling, — a sketch of an old man with a long beard riding in a go-cart with an hour-glass before him, and the motto, *Ancora imparo.*

2 The English claimant of the discovery of the planet Neptune.

We used to think that great thoughts insured musical expression, but these Thirlwalls and Grotes write Greek history in dullest prose.

Wine is properly drunk as a salutation; it is a liquid compliment.

Affirmative. Set down nothing but what will help somebody.

Saadi's five classes of men that may travel are, the rich merchant; the learned; the beautiful; the singer; and the mechanic, — because these are everywhere sure of good reception.

See this terrible Atlantic stretching its stormy chaos from pole to pole, terrible by its storms, by its cold, by its icebergs, by its Gulf Stream, — the desert in which no caravan loiters, but all hurry as through the valley of the Shadow of Death. As impassable to the poor Indian through all ages as the finer ocean that separates him from the moon; let him stand on the shore and idly entreat the birds or the wind to transport him across the roaring waste. Yet see, a man arrives at the margin with one hundred and twenty dollars in his pocket, and the rude sea grows civil, and is bridged at once.

The chief good of life seems — this morning — to be born with a cheerful, happy temper, and well adjusted to the tone of the human race: for such a man feels himself in the harmony of things, and conscious of an infinite strength. He need not do anything. But if he is not well mixed and averaged, then he needs to achieve something, build a railroad, make a fortune, write an Iliad, as a compensation to himself for his abnormal position.

Temperance. In the "Ballad of Lady Jane" in Jamieson's *Ballads*, vol. ii, p. 78, I find this verse: —

> "O she has served the lang tables
> Wi' the white bread and the wine;
> But aye she drank the wan water,
> To keep her colour fine."

Demosthenes drank fair water.

Health, South wind, books, old trees, a boat, a friend.

Mesmerism. I thought again of the avarice with which my man looks at the Insurance Office and would so fain be admitted to hear the gossip that goes forward there. For an hour to be invisible there, and hear the best informed

men retail their information he would pay great prices, but every company dissolves at his approach. He so eager — and they so coy. A covey of birds do not rise more promptly from the ground when he comes near than merchants, brokers, lawyers, disperse before him. He went into the tavern, he looked into the window of the grocery shop, with the same covetous ears. They were so communicative; they laughed aloud; they whispered; they proclaimed their sentiments; — he opened the door, — and the conversation received about that time a check, and one after another went home. Boys and girls who had so much to say provoked scarcely less curiosity, and were equally inaccessible to the unmagnetic man.

Great men are much when you consider that the race goes, with us, *on their credit*.[1] . . .

Greek architecture is geometry. Its temples are diagrams in marble, and not appeals to the imagination, like the Gothic. Powers of the square and cube.

Now we felt out of doors as we do in a parlor

1 The substance of the passage beginning thus is in "Uses of Great Men" (*Representative Men*, p. 4).

with a high ceiling, that we are little; but when our imaginations are addressed, and we are cultured, we shall not.

The moral must be the measure of health.[1] . . .

Greenhouse. Put dittany in your greenhouse, asphodel, lotus, nepenthe, moly, poppy, rue, selfheal, hæmony, euphrasy, acanthus.

Arboretum should contain sandal tree, banian, upas, magnolia.[2]

April 26.

I set out by the hands of John Hosmer and John Garrison and Anthony Colombe in the Warren lot twenty-four apple trees, and forty pear trees; and six apple trees in the east side of the heater-piece[3] = seventy trees.

Alcott wishes to call together the Club of Notables again. But the old objection recurs: Better let your tongue lie still till it forgets its

1 The rest of the paragraph is printed in "Worship" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 218).

2 A somewhat similar passage is found in "Country Life," which paper, however, was first published in the Centenary Edition (p. 174).

3 The triangular lot between the Cambridge Turnpike and the "Great Road" to Boston, so called from the shape of the iron stand on which flat-irons are set down.

office than undertake for God before he calls you. Thence comes Charlatanism, Unitarianism. "If the other train do not arrive," said Mr. Superintendent of the Single Track Railroad, "do not move until your wheels rust off." And many a life was saved by his tyrannical caution.

Concord has certain roads and waste places which were much valued for their beauty, but which were difficult to find. There was one which whoso entered could not forget,—but he had more than common luck if he ever found it again, let him search for it with his best diligence. Run, boy, from the swamp beside the lake to the big hemlock where a chestnut has been chopped down at twelve feet high from the ground, then leave the high wood-road and take the ox-path to the right; — pass one right-hand turn, and take the second, and run down a valley with long prairie hay covering it close; an old felled pine tree lies along the valley; follow it down till the birds do not retreat before you; then till the faint day-moon rides nearer; then till the valley is a ravine with the hills of Nobscot seen at the bottom of it across the Bay.[1]

1 In this route given to the boy, though fancifully treated,

I value morals because it gives me something to do to-day. It enhances all my property. The foreign has lost its charm. The beauty of my youth has come back. I woke up one morning and found the ice in my pond promised to be a revenue. It was as if somebody had proposed to buy the air that blew over my field. Well, it should have taught me that my richest revenues were in fasting and abstaining, in enduring and waiting, in bearing insult and rendering good service. Can you go to Boston in the cars to-morrow and come back at night safe and not degraded?

Purpose, tendency, I have learned to value and nothing else. Have you made the life of man clearer of any snag or sawyer?

I think the whole use in literature is the moral.

Morals differ from intellectuals in being instantly intelligible to all men.

can be traced a walk to which Mr. Emerson once took his children from the southern bank of Walden, beside the swamp by the railroad into which the pond drains under the glacial moraine, and thence down the little brook, named by Mr. Channing the Sanguinetto, to its outlet into that enlargement of the river under the cliffs, called Fairhaven Bay.

"Farewell, Thomas, I wend my way;
I may no longer stand with thee."
"Give me some token, my lady gay,
That I may say I spake with thee."

"To harp and carp,* where so ever ye gone,
Thomas, take thou these with thee."
"Harping," he said, "ken I none,
For tongue is chief of minstrelsy." —

"— If thou wilt spae,† or talés tell,
Thomas, thou shalt make never lye;
Wheresoever thou go, to frith or fell,
I pray thee speak never no ill of me." 1

* talk † spell

Eloquence. And let it be well considered in Eloquence that what we praise and allow is only relatively good, and that perhaps a person is there present who, if he would, could unsettle all that we have just now agreed on. We have fallen into a poor beggarly way of living, and our orators are of the same poverty.[2] . . .

1 These verses from Thomas the Rhymer (Thomas of Ercildoune called "True Thomas"), given by Scott in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, were favorites with Mr. Emerson.

2 What follows is printed in "Books" and in "Eloquence" (*Society and Solitude*, pp. 212–213 and 65).

Swedenborg calls crabs, dogs, bees, birds, etc., which find their way, living magnets.

[Here follow many quotations from Swedenborg's *Principia* and *Economics of the Animal Kingdom*.]

Every science serves an apprenticeship to some elder art before it sets up for itself. Chemistry served the apothecary and physician, then the cook, manufacturer, etc., until now it is itself a science. Astronomy served navigation, surveying, and fortune-telling.

Scholar. The scholar's courage may be measured by his power to give an opinion of Aristotle, Bacon, Giordano Bruno, Swedenborg, Fourier. If he has nothing to say to these systems, let him not pretend to skill in reading.

But here am I with so much all ready to be revealed to me, as to others, if only I could be set aglow. I have wished for a professorship. Much as I hate the church, I have wished the pulpit that I might have the stimulus of a stated task. N. P. Rogers spoke more truly than he knew, perchance, when he recommended an Abolition Campaign to me. I doubt not, a course of

mobs would do me much good. A snowflake will go through a pine board, if projected with force enough. I have almost come to depend on conversations for my prolific hours. I who converse with so few and those of no adventure, connexion, or wide information. — A man must be connected.[1] . . . Pericles, Plato, Cæsar, Shakspeare, will not appoint us an interview in a hovel.

My friends would yield more to a new companion. In this emergency, one advises Europe, and especially England. If I followed my own advices, — if I were master of a liberty to do so, — I should sooner go towards Canada. I should withdraw myself for a time from all domestic and accustomed relations and command an absolute leisure with books — for a time.

I think I have material enough to serve my countrymen with thought and music, if only it was not scraps. But men do not want handfuls of gold-dust, but ingots.

The name of Washington City in the newspapers is every day of blacker shade. All the news from that quarter being of a sadder type, more malignant. It seems to be settled that no

1 Sentences which follow are in *Society and Solitude* (p. 10).

act of honour or benevolence or justice is to be expected from the American government, but only this, that they will be as wicked as they dare. No man now can have any sort of success in politics without a streak of infamy crossing his name.

Things have another order in these men's eyes. Heavy is hollow, and good is evil. A Western man in Congress the other day spoke of the opponents of the Texan and Mexican plunder as "every light character in the House," and our good friend in State Street speaks of "the solid portion of the community," meaning, of course, the sharpers. I feel, meantime, that those who succeed in life, in civilized society, are beasts of prey. It has always been so. The Demostheneses, the Phocions, the Aristideses, the Washingtons even, must bear that deduction, that they were not pure souls, or they would not have been fishers and gunners. They had large infusions of virtue, and hence their calamities and the mischievous dignity they have lent to the rogues that belong in those piratical employments.

We live in Lilliput. The Americans are free-willers, fussy, self-asserting, buzzing all round creation. But the Asiatics believe it is writ on the iron leaf, and will not turn on their heel to save

them from famine, plague, or sword. That is great, gives a great air to the people.

We live in Lilliput. Men are unfit to live, from their obvious inequality to their own necessities,[1] . . . the only path of escape is Virtue. Cause and Effect are the gamesters who win, and it will beget a resignation to Fate that even the Americans will be exalted.

The question recurs whether we should descend into the ring. My own very small experience instructs me that the people are to be taken in very small doses. Vestry meetings and primary assemblies do not edify me. And I caution philosophers and scholars to use lenses and media.

Alcott said, the rest of the man will follow his head. His head is not his contemporary, but his ancestor and predecessor. Let him be a Cause.

Club. Theology, Medicine, Law, Politics, Trade, have their meetings and assembly rooms; Literature has none. See how magnificently the

1 Much that follows is printed in "Worship" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 239, 240).

Merchants meet in State Street. Every Bank and Insurance Office is a palace, and Literature has not a poor Café, not a corner even of Mrs. Haven's shop in which to celebrate its unions. By a little alliance with some of the rising parties of the time, as the Socialists, and the Abolitionists, and the Artists, we might accumulate a sufficient patronage to establish a good room in Boston. As Ellery Channing says, there is not a chair in all Boston where I can sit down.

Ancients and moderns. The ancients brought the fire, the moderns collect coal.

[Here follow many sentences used in "The Superlative" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*)].

Police. Nature has taken good care of us. She knew what rowdies and tigers she was making, and she created a police, first, in the conscience; then, in the preaching propensity, which she gave indifferently to the worst and to the decent; and, lastly, in the terror of gossip with which she cowed the boldest heart.

Scholar, Centrality. "Your reading is irrelevant." Yes, for you, but not for me. It makes no difference what I read. If it is irrelevant, I

read it deeper. I read it until it is pertinent to me and mine, to Nature, and to the hour that now passes. A good scholar will find Aristophanes and Hafiz and Rabelais full of American history.

I believe in Omnipresence and find footsteps in grammar rules, in oyster shops, in church liturgies, in mathematics, and in solitudes and in galaxies. I am shamed out of my declamations against churches by the wonderful beauty of the English liturgy, an anthology of the piety of ages and nations.

Courage. I have written in different places of the courage pertinent to scholars. The Greeks seem to have had a fine audacity, as in Aristophanes. I remember the saying of Brumoy (?) that the Greeks believed that the gods understood fun as well or better than men, and therefore the comic writers did not hesitate to joke the gods also pretty hardly.

Here is a man who loves fight. "Stranger, will you liquor?" "No." "Then perhaps you will fight." Our Kentuckian cannot see a man of good figure but he thinks he should like to break his back over an iron banister, or give

him a fall that would finish him. But the other man cannot see the sun or stars without the wish to wrestle with them, and here is Descartes, Kepler, Newton, Swedenborg, Laplace, Schelling, who wish to wrestle with the problem of Genesis and occupy themselves with constructing cosmogonies. Nature is saturated with deity; the particle is saturated with the elixir of the Universe. Little men, just born, copernicise. They cannot radiate as suns, or revolve as planets, and so they do it in effigy, by building the orrery in their brain.

"What living Creature slays or is slain? What living Creature preserves or is preserved? Each is his own destroyer or preserver as he follows evil or good." — *Vishnu Purana*.[1]

Mesmerism. We want society on our own terms. Each man has facts that I want, and, though I talk with him, I cannot get at them for want of the clue. He does not know what to do with his facts; I know. If I could draw them from him, it must be with his keys and reserves. Here is all Boston, — all railroads, all manufactures, and trade, in the head of this well-informed

1 Compare "Brahma" in the *Poems*.

merchant at my side: what would not I give for a peep at his rows and rows of facts! Here is Agassiz with his theory of anatomy and nature; I am in his chamber and I do not know what question to put. Here is Charles T. Jackson, whom I have known so long, who knows so much, and I have never been able to get anything truly valuable from him. Here is all Fourier in Brisbane's head; all languages in Kraitsir's; all Swedenborg in Reed's; all the Revolution in old Adams's head; all modern Europe and America in John Quincy Adams's, and I cannot appropriate any fragment of all their experience. I would fain see their picture-books as they exist. Now if I could cast a spell on this man at my side and see his pictures without his intervention or organs, and, having learned that lesson, turn the spell on another, lift up the cover of another hive and see the cells and suck the honey, and then another, and so without limit, — they were not the poorer, and I were rich, indeed. So I think this mesmerism, whereof the fable adheres so pertinaciously to all minds, will one day realize itself. It is for this news, these facts, that I go to Boston, and visit A and B and C. Boston were ten times Boston if I could learn what I go thither for.

The ring of Gyges prefigures this — society on our own terms.

But Osman[1] answered and said, I do not know whether I have the curiosity you describe. I do not want the particulars which the merchant values, or the lawyer, or the artist, but only the inevitable result which he communicates to me in his manner and conduct and in the tone and purpose of his discourse.

Then again said Guy, If he could inspect these experiences, what would it signify? He can, if he wishes, as things are. He can devote himself to brokerage and stocks until he sympathizes practically with the merchant. Then he will have that clue he wants. He can study Humboldt until he can talk with Humboldt. He can read Bettine until he can predict her speech. If he could arrive at their pictures by the short cut you imagine, he must still be imprisoned in their minds by his dedication to their experience, and lose so much career of his own, or so much sympathy with still higher souls than theirs.

Man is a manufacturer. He makes sense out of nonsense, wealth out of rags. There must be chiffoniers.

1 As has been said before, "Osman" stands for a sort of detached, ideal self.

Discontinuity is a vexation, discontinuity of thought or other material.

Nonsense is only sense deranged, chaos is paradise dislocated, poverty is wealth decomposed; spite, apathy, bad blood, frivolity, only dispersed matter and light.

Temperament is fortune, and we must say it so often.[1] . . .

Persistent man works after Nature, whose productions are secular and cumulative. Therein is the grandeur of British intellect.

A man must do the work with that faculty he has now. But that faculty is the accumulation of past days. No rival can rival backwards. What you have learned and done is safe and fruitful. Work and learn in evil days, in insulted days, in days of debt and depression and calamity. Fight best in the shade of the cloud of arrows.

Courage. Can the scholar disentangle the

1 The rest of this passage and several which follow are found in "Aristocracy" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 43–45).

thread of truth through all the confused appearances of the Free Trade facts?

Every man has his own courage, and is betrayed because he seeks in himself the courage of other persons.

When I read Proclus, I am astonished at the vigor and breadth of his performance. Here is no epileptic, modern muse with short breath and short flight, but Atlantic strength, everywhere equal to itself, and dares great attempts because of the life with which it is filled.

We seem to approach an analysis of Burke's wonderful powers by observing the employment of his early years. To a man quite ignorant of mechanic arts, a penknife, a thimble, a pin, seems to be made with inexplicable ingenuity. But, on visiting the shop where it is made and seeing the successive parts of the work, in how simple a manner it is put together, the fabric loses part of its value, the composition is so easy. Something like this disappointment is felt by those who trace that complex product, eloquence, to its elements. We listen with joy to Burke explaining to the House of Commons, on the rise of an unexpected debate, all the intricacy of the Revenue Laws, or the Con-

stitution of a Commission, or reviewing the details of legislation for years. In the midst of accurate details, he surprises us with some deep philosophic remark which, besides its own splendor, astonishes by contrast with the habits of so practical a man of business. But when we explore his youth and find him for years the author of the *Annual Register*, and that in the service of that work he spent his days in the gallery of the House of Commons, and that in those same years he also wrote a philosophical treatise on Taste and the sources of the Sublime and Beautiful, we cease to wonder at the minuteness of his official knowledge or at the loftiness of his speculation.

Where two shadows cross, the darkness thickens: where two lights cross, the light glows.

Milton, Bacon, Gray, are crosses of the Greek and Saxon geniuses.

Journal. 'T is proposed to establish a new Quarterly Journal. Well, 't is always a favorable time, and now is.

Vice of journals, that they contain the second-best.

I think at this moment any journal would

be incomplete that did not admit the Zoroastrian element.

[*Possible Contributors.*] Ward, Lowell, Story, Hill, James, Talbot, Newcomb, John P. Robinson, Benjamin Peter Hunt, Charles T. Jackson, Peirce, Mitchel, Wilkinson, Margaret Fuller. Articles on the State by Charles Sumner and on Disunion by Wendell Phillips in the same number.

An autobiography should be a book of answers from one individual to the many questions of the time. Shall he be a scholar? — the infirmities and ridiculousness of the scholar being clearly seen. Shall he fight? Shall he seek to be rich? Shall he go for the ascetic, or the conventional life? — he being aware of the double consciousness. Shall he value mathematics? Read Dante? — or not? Aristophanes? Plato? Cosmogonies, and scholar's courage. What shall he say of poetry? What of astronomy? What of religion?

Then let us hear his conclusions respecting government and politics. Does he pay taxes and record his title-deeds? Does Goethe's Autobiography answer these questions? So of love, of marriage, so of playing Providence. It should

be a true Conversation's Lexicon for earnest men. Saadi's *Gulistan* is not far from this. It should confirm the reader in his best sentiment. It should go for imagination and taste. It should aspire and worship. Every man prefers something, calling it Art or Music or something else, perhaps a misnomer.

It should contemplate a just metaphysics, and should do justice to the coördinate powers of man, Imagination, Understanding, Will, Sensation, Science.

Novels, Poetry, Mythology, must be well allowed for an imaginative being. You do us great wrong, Henry Thoreau, in railing at the novel reading. [1]. . .

In this circle of topics will come *Education*, and what we have to say of guns as liberalizers, and dancers, and chess. . . .

Travelling is as fit for some men as it is pernicious for others.

[Here follows the first trial for the poem "The Chartist's Complaint."]

Pythagoras cured distempers with music. If

1 Here follows the passage on this subject found in "Books" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 113).

people are grieved, we go over the sorrow in words, and the more cunning the repetition of it in words, the better consoled they are; or we lend them a book, — cure with music still, administer literature, as "Suspiria de Profundis," or Milton.

Longevity. How glad were orchards, if we could make the world-wheels turn a little faster; or, what were the same thing, if life were longer. Orchards should not be squares or quincunxes, but fruit-woods.

The fable of the Wandering Jew is agreeable to men.[1] . . .

How delicious and how rare is literary society!

It is certain that if, for *e*ducation, *in*ducation were possible, and one man could actually impart his talent, instead of its performances, a mountain of guineas would be readily paid for tuition fees.

May 5.

The best feat of Genius is to make an audience of the mediocre and the dull.[2] . . .

1 The rest of the passage is printed in "Immortality" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 339).

2 The rest is found in "Aristocracy" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 53).

Dr. James Jackson said, the whole art of medicine lay in removing and withdrawing the cause of irritation.

Boston respectable by its Academy, its Warren Club of twenty-five members, and its Natural History Society. The Academy offers to print gratuitously, with plates, any original matter falling within the scope that is sent to it.

Greatness. To the grand interests a superficial success is of no account.[1] . . .

Why have the minority no influence? If Lycurgus were in the cars, Boutwell would not dare that morning to offer resolutions of homage to Zachary Taylor. Is it not better not to mix or meddle at all, than to do so ineffectually? Better mind your lamp and pen as man of letters, interfering not with Politics, but knowing and naming them justly, than to inculpate yourself in the Federal crime without power to redress the State, and to debilitate yourself by the miscellany and distraction for your proper task.

Our people have no proper expectations in regard to literary men: they expect a practical reformer.

1 What follows is in "Aristocracy" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 59).

Whip. My stories did not make them laugh, my facts did not quite fit the case, my arguments did not hit the white. Is it so? Then warm yourself, old fellow, with hot mince-pie and half a pint of port wine, and they will fit like a glove, and hit like a bullet.

Look at literary New England; one would think it was a national fast.

Transcendentalism says, the Man is all. The world can be reeled off any stick indifferently. Franklin says, the tools: riches, old age, land, health; the tools. . . . A master *and* tools, — is the lesson I read in every shop and farm and library. There must be both. . . . The wise man sees that we cannot spare any advantages, and that the tools are effigies and statues of men also; their wit, their genius perpetuated; and he that uses them becomes a great society of men as wise as himself.

What a tool is money in a skilful hand. What a nuisance in a fool's.

May 15[?].

Yesterday, Theodore Parker, William Henry Channing, Charles Sumner, Alcott, Thoreau, Elliot Cabot, Dwight, Stone, Weiss, J. F. Clarke,

Stetson, and Mr. Arrington of Texas spent the day with me and discussed the project of the journal. George P. Bradford and I made fourteen.

Dyspathy. We are hard to please. It costs me many shrinkings and starts, the remembrance of the virtues of those whom I cannot respect. Lumps of iniquity become missionaries of charity to the starving and houseless; the heady and sentimental become religiously interested in freedom and quietism, and how can we reject their eager offering? yet we cannot overcome our aversation.

Freedom. The proudest speech that free-will ever made is in Hafiz's *Divan:*—

> "It stands written on the Gate of Heaven,
> Woe to him who suffers himself to be betrayed by Fate!"

I have heard that they seem fools who allow themselves easily to be engaged and compromised in undertakings, but that at last it appears quite otherwise, and to the gods otherwise from the first. I affix a like sense to this text of Hafiz; for he who loves is not betrayed, but makes an ass of Fate.

One more good fable I have concerning Freedom in the Edda, that the god Freya has a sword

so good that it will itself strow a field with carnage whenever the owner ordered it. But Freya could slay Bela with a blow of his fist, had he had a mind to it; yet the dwarves killed him.

Reality. The way to make our rhetoric and our rites and badges sublime is to make them real. Our flag is not good because it does not represent the population of the United States, but the Baltimore Caucus. Not union and sentiment, but selfishness and cunning. If we never put on the liberty-cap until we were freemen by love and self-denial, the liberty-cap would mean something.

(From CD)

[Mr. Emerson was invited to give a course of six lectures, probably "Representative Men," on the island of Nantucket and accordingly did so, spending the first two weeks of May there. The recompense was ten dollars a lecture and all expenses paid. He found his stay there very interesting. On Sunday he read from the pulpit his discourse on "Worship."]

May 23.

On the seashore at Nantucket I saw the play of the Atlantic with the coast. Here was wealth; every wave reached a quarter of a mile along

shore as it broke. There are no rich men, I said, to compare with these. Every wave is a fortune. One thinks of Etzlers and great projectors who will yet turn this immense waste strength to account and save the limbs of human slaves. Ah, what freedom and grace and beauty with all this might! The wind blew back the foam from the top of each billow as it rolled in, like the hair of a woman in the wind. The freedom makes the observer feel as a slave. Our expression is so slender, thin, and cramp; can we not learn here a generous eloquence?

This was the lesson our starving poverty wanted. This was the disciplinary Pythagorean music which should be medicine.

Then the seeing so excellent a spectacle is a certificate that all imaginable good shall yet be realized. We should not have dared to believe that this existed. Well, what does not the actual beholding of a hero or of a finished woman certify?

Nation of Nantucket makes its own war and peace. Place of winds, bleak, shelterless, and, when it blows, a large part of the island is suspended in the air and comes into your face and eyes as if it was glad to see you. The moon

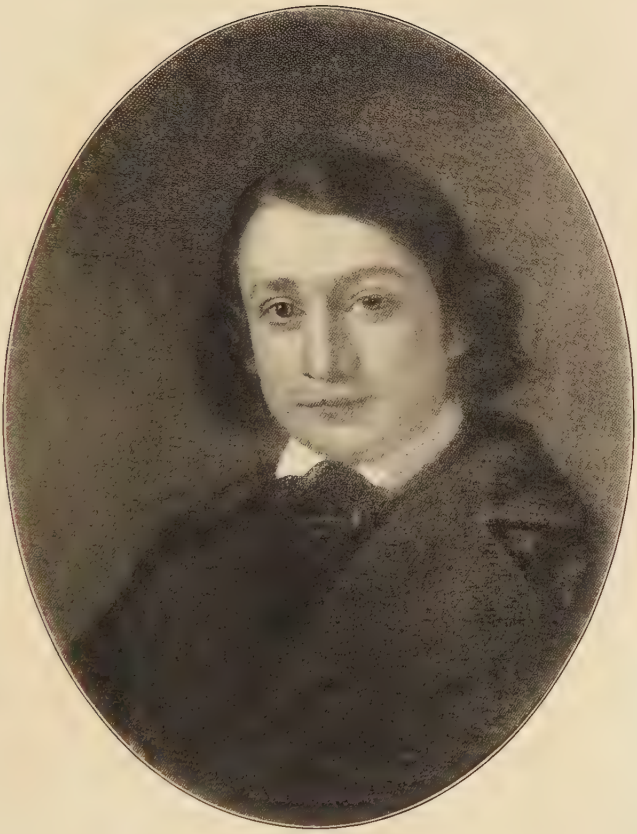
comes here as if it was at home, but there is no shade. A strong national feeling. Very sensitive to everything that dishonours the island, because it hurts the value of stock till the company are poorer.

Fifty persons own five sevenths of all the property on the island. Calashes.[1] At the fire, they pilfered freely, as if, after a man was burnt out, his things belonged to the fire and everybody might have them.

Before the Athenæum is a huge jawbone of a sperm whale, and at the corners of streets I noticed (Chester Street) the posts were of the same material. They say here that a northeaster never dies in debt to a southwester, but pays all back with interest.

Captain Isaac Hussey, who goes out soon in the Planter, had his boat stove by a whale; he instantly swum to the whale and planted his lance in his side and killed him before he got into another boat. The same man, being dragged under water by the coil of his line, got his knife out of his pocket and cut the line

1 An old-fashioned light hood for women, made usually of silk, wadded. It was distended by hoops of light cane, so that it could be pulled forward over the face like a chaise-top, or pushed back.



SAMUEL GRAY WARD

and released himself. Captain Brayton was also dragged down, but the whale stopped after a short distance and he came up. I saw Captain Pollard. The captains remember the quarter-deck in their houses.

Fifty-five months are some voyages. Nine thousand five hundred people, eighty ships. New Bedford has three hundred ships.

I saw Captain Isaac Hussey in the steamboat and asked him about that penknife. He said, No, he felt in his pocket for his knife, but had none there, then he managed to let down his trousers and get the line off from his leg, and rose. At last he saw light overhead and instantly felt safe. When he broke water his men were a quarter of a mile off, looking out for him; they soon discovered him and picked him up.

Captain Brooks told me that the last whale he killed was seventy-two feet long, fifty-two feet in girth, and he got two hundred barrels of oil from him.

The young man sacrificed by lot in the boats of the ship Essex was named Coffin, nephew of Captain Pollard and a schoolmate of Edward Gardner.

"Grass Widows" they call the wives of these people absent from home four or five years.

Walter Folger has made a reflecting telescope and a clock which is now in his house and which measures hours, days, years, and *centuries*. In William Mitchell's observatory I saw a nebula in Cassiopeia, the double star at the pole, the double star Zeta Ursi.

At Nantucket every blade of grass describes a circle on the sand.

Community. At Brook Farm, one man ploughed all day, and one looked out of the window all day and drew his picture, and both received the same wages.

Aunt Mary went out to ride horseback in her shroud.[1]

(From CD)

Henry Truman Safford (born at Royalston, Vermont, January 6, 1836) in 1846 was examined for three hours by Rev. H. W. Adams, of Concord, New Hampshire, and Rev. C. N. Smith, of Randolph, Vermont, and at last was bidden, "Multiply in your head 365,365,365,365,365,-

1 See "Mary Moody Emerson" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 428).

365 by 365,365,365,365,365,365," — eighteen figures by eighteen. "He flew around the room like a top, pulled his pantaloons over the top of his boots, bit his hand, rolled his eyes in their sockets, sometimes smiling and talking, and then seeming to be in agony, until in not more than one minute, he said, 133,491,850,208,566,-925,016,658,299,941,583,225. The boy's father, Rev. C. N. Smith, and myself had each a pencil and slate to take down the answer, and he gave it us in periods of three figures each as fast as it was possible for us to write them. And what was still more wonderful he began to multiply at the left hand and to bring out the answer from left to right giving first 133, 491, etc. Here, confounded above measure, I gave up the examination. The boy looked pale and said he was tired. He said it was the largest sum he ever did."

Safford. "His infant mind drinks in knowledge as the sponge does water. Chemistry, botany, philosophy, geography, and history are his sport." — H. W. Adams.

[*Trumannus Henricus Safford* graduated at Harvard College, 1854. (Note written in, years

later, by Mr. Emerson, evidently taken from the Triennial Catalogue. What follows seems to be the statement of young Safford's father.)]

"He has found a new rule to calculate eclipses. He told me it would shorten the work nearly one third. When finding this rule, for two or three days he seemed to be in a sort of trance. One morning very early he came rushing downstairs, not stopping to dress him, poured on to his slate a stream of figures, and soon cried out in the wildness of his joy, 'Oh! Father, I have got it! I have got it! it comes, it comes!'"

"In the spring of 1845, Henry began to be much engaged with the idea of calculating an almanac, — every old almanac in the house was treasured up in his little chest, — and sun's declination, rising and setting, moon southings, risings and settings, seemed to occupy all his thoughts.

"His almanac was put to press in the autumn of 1845, and was cast when Henry was nine years and six months old, the most accurate of any of the common almanacs of New England."

Mr. Knowall, the American, has no concentration: he sees the artists of fame, the Raffaelles

and Cellinis with despair. He is up to Nature and the First Cause in his consciousness; but that wondrous power to collect and swing his whole vital energy into one act, and leave the product there for the despair of posterity, he cannot approach.

Eighteen or twenty centuries of European and Asiatic men have been trained to check their actions by regard for a Judgment Day. Now it begins to look to the knowing ones as if life were more correctly an affair for *Punch*.

May 24.

The days come and go like muffled and veiled figures sent from a distant friendly party, but they say nothing, and if we do not use the gifts they bring, they carry them as silently away.[1]

> Who gave thy cheek the mixed tint
> Of tulip and rose
> Is also in state to give
> Patience and rest to me poor.
> Who taught cruelty

1 It would seem that, on the eve of Mr. Emerson's forty-fourth birthday, he wrote this sentence, later embodied in his poem "Days." In his latter years he said that, while he held it as perhaps his best, he could not recall the writing of it.

To thy dark hair
Is also in state to give
Me right against myself.
I gave up hope of Ferhad
Once for all, on the day
When I learned he had given
His heart to Schirin.
Surely I have no treasure,
Yet am I richly satisfied;
God has given that to the Shah,
And this to the beggar.
The bride of the world is truly
Outwardly richly dressed;
Who enjoys her must give
His soul for a dowry.
At the cedar's foot by the brook
Lift I freer my hands
When now the blowing of the East
Gives tidings of May, etc., etc.

Hafiz.

When I see my friend after a long time, my first question is, Has anything become clear to you?

Loose the knot of the heart, says Hafiz. At the Opera I think I see the fine gates open which are at all times closed, and that to-morrow I shall find free and varied expression. But

to-morrow I am mute as yesterday. Expression is all we want: not knowledge, but vent: we know enough; but have not leaves and lungs enough for a healthy perspiration and growth. Hafiz has: Hafiz's good things, like those of all good poets, are the cheap blessings of water, air, and fire, the observations, analogies, and felicities which arise so profusely in writing a letter to a friend.[1] . . . But my fine souls are cautious and canny, and wish to unite Corinth with Connecticut. I see no easy help for it. Our virtues, too, are in conspiracy against grandeur, and are narrowing. Benvenuto Cellini — he had concentration and the right rage.

The true nobility has flood-gates, — an equal inlet and outgo. Thus the name of Sappho inspires; the expressive person; not that Casella or Corinne or Simonides has better thoughts than we, but that what we all have shall not be pent and smouldered and noxious in the possessor, but shall pass over into new forms.

"Keep the body open," is the hygeian precept, and the reaction of free circulations on growth and life. . . . Large utterance! . . .

1 Most of what follows, as well as a sentence above given, may be found in "Persian Poetry" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 247).

The jockey looks at the chest of the horse, the physician looks at the breast of the babe, to see if there is room enough for the free play of the lungs. Arteries, perspiration. Shakspeare sweats like a haymaker, — all pores.

Has the Creator put some valve between the hand and the brain of wisest men?

Oriental Superlative. The life of the Arabian a perpetual superlative. Khoja Yakub brings Kurroglou the miniature of the handsome Ayvaz.[1] He orders Khoja to be instantly chained by neck and legs; "if the youth justify thy praises, I will gild thy head with a shower of gold; if not, I will tear the root of thy existence from the soil of life." . . .

On the way he asks the shepherd for a slice of bread: —

Shepherd. "I have, but no son of man will eat it."

Kurroglou. "If it be but a trifle softer than stone, give it me."

1 The book from which these extracts are taken (*Specimens of Ancient Persian Poetry*, translated by Chodzko) is so rare that the editors include Mr. Emerson's copy in the Journal of the greater part of the story of Kyrat, the beautiful horse of Kurroglou, which Longfellow tells briefly in "The Leap of Roushan Beg."

Shepherd. "It is made of barley and millet. I have baked it for my dogs. It will break thy teeth."

Kurroglou broke and minced it all into a tub of milk until the spoon stood in it motionless in a vertical position; then, he twisted aside his long mustachios, he opened a mouth similar to the entrance of some cavern, and thrusting his hands under the tub he devoured its contents to the very bottom. The shepherd said, "He is the ghost of the Wilderness, he is a famine." . . .

[Kurroglou finds and carries away the beautiful youth Ayvaz upon his horse. His way home is beset by Reyhan Arab and his men. Kurroglou rides up on to a mountain which is then surrounded by his enemies, and a wide chasm cuts off his escape.]

There was a ravine at the foot of one of the sides of the mountain twelve yards broad. Kurroglou sat before it three days and then encouraged his horse with a song, "On! on! my Soul, Kyrat, carry me to Chamly Bill. Alas! my horse, let me not look upon thy shame. I will have thee wrapped in velvet trappings. I will shoe thy fore and thy hind legs with pure gold. O my Kyrat, my chosen one of five hundred

horses . . . thou shalt have a bath in a river of red wine."

Reyhan Arab, meantime, with his band, watched him from below with a telescope.

"Kurroglou, with Ayvaz in the saddle, continued to walk Kyrat until the foam appeared in his nostrils. At last he selected a spot where he had room enough for starting, and then, giving his horse the whip, pushed him forward. The brave Kyrat stood on the very brink of the precipice; the whole of his four legs were gathered together like the leaves of a rosebud; he struggled a while, then gave a spring, and leaped to the other side of the ravine, nay, he cleared two yards farther than was necessary. As for Kurroglou, even his cap did not move on his head, nor did he even look behind as if anything extraordinary had happened. He then rode quietly away with Ayvaz. . . .

"Without Kyrat life and the world is but a sin to me. He has cleared a broad river. I have recognized his foot-marks. Oh, I shall kiss every one of his hoofs; I shall kiss each of his burning eyes. This horse can run in one day from Ardebil to Koshem. What cares he for the Sultan who is mounted on this horse?"

"Napoleon, who lived wholly in the ideal, yet could not consciously comprehend it; he denies all the ideal throughout, denies to it all reality, whilst he eagerly strives to realize it. Such an inner perpetual contradiction, however, can his clearer, incorruptibler understanding not endure, and it is of the highest importance when he, as if necessitated, expresses himself thereupon quite originally and agreeably." — GOETHE, *Sprüche.*

[The following passage, found copied into the later journal ED, is from a letter written by Mr. Emerson to Margaret Fuller in Rome. It is introduced here because of its date.]

To Margaret Fuller at Rome, June 4, 1847.

Old cities. Rome is keeping its old promise to your eyes and mine; Rome, which always keeps its promise, and which, like Nature, has that elasticity of application to all measures of spirit. These millennial cities, in their immense accumulations of human works, find it easy to impress the imagination, by gradually dropping one piece after another of whim, blunder, and absurdity, nay, stubble and bladders, until nothing but necessity and geometry remains.

Yesterday, June 5, saw Hedge sail in the Washington Irving; the mariners sung their cheeriest song in heaving the anchor and hoisting the sail. It was the opera by daylight.

They say there is in America no thought, no delineated form, no heading. But who ever saw Metaphysics passing into history? Who ever stood so high and so near as to detect the transition, which yet no one doubts?

What beauty in the mythology of Arabia, the Anka or Simorg, the Kaf mountain, the fountain Chiser, the tree of Paradise, Tuba; the mirror of Jamschid, the seal of Solomon, . . . Well, is it less in Greece? . . . Is it less in India, with its colossal and profuse growth, like a giant jungle in which elephants and tigers pass, the adventures of Hari, the metamorphosis, the Fate? Or less in Danish and Scaldic,—Thor, Freya, Loki, Asgard, Yggdrasil, and Balder, where Sea, Fire, Old Age, and Thought are the mead, the eater, the wrestler, and the runner; Valhalla thatched with shields for shingles?

"Festus" [1] and Shelley have both this merit

1 Bailey's poem.

of timeliness; that is the only account we can give of their imposing on such good heads. Yet Bailey is a brilliant young man who has got his head brimful of *Faust*, and then pours away a gallon of ink. But no secondary inspiration, as on Milton, on Shakspeare, or on Goethe, is permitted; only an inspiration direct from the Almighty.

Scholar wishes that every book and chart and plate belonging to him should draw interest every moment by circulation.

Why should men complain of stupid people, as if a man's debt to his inferiors was not at least equal to that to his superiors?[1] . . .

In Carlyle, as in Byron, one is more struck with the rhetoric than with the matter. He has manly superiority rather than intellectuality, and so makes good hard hits all the time. There is more character than intellect in every sentence, herein strongly resembling Samuel Johnson.

How is it that the sword runs away with

1 The rest of the passage is on the last page of "Greatness" (*Letters and Social Aims*).

all the fame from the spade and the wheel?[1] . . . Courage forever, and this is the proof.

My only secret was that all men were my masters; I never saw one who was not my superior, and I would so gladly have been his apprentice if his craft had been communicable.

Alas for America, as I must so often say, the ungirt, the diffuse, the profuse, procumbent,—one wide ground juniper, out of which no cedar, no oak will rear up a mast to the clouds! It all runs to leaves, to suckers, to tendrils, to miscellany. The air is loaded with poppy, with imbecility, with dispersion and sloth.

Eager, solicitous, hungry, rabid, busy-bodied America attempting many things, vain, ambitious to feel thy own existence, and convince others of thy talent, by attempting and hastily accomplishing much; yes, catch thy breath and correct thyself, and failing here, prosper out there; speed and fever are never greatness; but reliance and serenity and waiting.

America is formless, has no terrible and no beautiful condensation. Genius, always anthro-

1 The rest of the passage appears in "Aristocracy" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 37).

pomorphist, runs every idea into a fable, constructs, finishes, as the plastic Italian cannot build a post or a pump-handle but it terminates in a human head.

How attractive is land, orchard, hillside, garden, in this fine June! Man feels the blood of thousands in his body, and his heart pumps the sap of all this forest of vegetation through his arteries. Here is work for him and a most willing workman. He displaces the birch and chestnut, larch and alder, and will set oak and beech to cover the land with leafy colonnades. Then it occurs what a fugitive summer-flower papilionaceous is he, whisking about amidst these longevities. Gladly he could spread himself abroad among them; love the tall trees as if he were their father; borrow by his love the manners of his trees, and with Nature's patience watch the giants from the youth to the age of golden fruit or gnarled timber, nor think it long.

It seems often as if rejection, sturdy rejection were for us: choose well your part, stand fast by your task, and let all else go to ruin if it will. Then instantly the malicious world changes itself into one wide snare or temptation, — escape it

who can. With brow bent, with firm intent, I go musing in the garden walk.[1] . . .

In history, the great moment is when the savage is just ceasing to be a savage,[2] . . . that moment of transition, — the foam hangs but a moment on the wave; the sun himself does not pause on the meridian; literature becomes criticism, nervousness, and a gnawing when the first musical triumphant strain has waked the echoes.

Civilization is symbolized (how wittily) by a cake, in the hierological cipher of the Egyptians.

Worship of the dollar. I may well ask when men wanted their bard and prophet as now? They have a Quixote gallery of old romances and mythologies, Norse, Greek, Persian, Jewish, and Indian, but nothing that will fit them, and they go without music or symbol to their day labor. Channing proposed that there should be a magnified dollar, say as big as a barrel-head, made of silver or gold, in each village, and Colonel Shattuck or other priest appointed to take care

1 Here follows the passage on the snare of weeding, printed in "Wealth" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 115).

2 Much of what follows is printed in "Power" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 70, 71).

of it and not let it be stolen; then we should be provided with a local deity, and could bring it baked beans, or other offerings and rites, as pleased us.

Rocking stones. It is said that when manners are licentious, a revolution is always near: the virtue of women being the main girth or bandage of society; because a man will not lay up an estate for children any longer than whilst he believes them to be his own. I think, however, that it is very difficult to debauch society. This chastity, which people think so lightly lost, is not so. 'T is like the eye, which people fancy is the most delicate organ, but the oculist tells you it is a very tough and robust organ, and will bear any injury; so the poise of virtue is admirably secured. Unchastity with women is an acute disease, not a habit; . . . Men are always being instructed more and more in the chastity of women.

"In March, many weathers," said the proverb; and in life, many. If anything were but true two days.[1] . . . We are the Angel Gabriel

1 Much of the substance of what follows is printed in "Montaigne" (*Representative Men*, p. 176).

and the Archangel Michael, . . . our sword or spade or pencil or pen is to open the secret caverns of the Universe. Who but we? and where is the bondman of the Parcæ? Well, next day, we whistle and are speculative, and have a profusion of common sense, . . . Resistance is good, and obedience is good, but who under Heaven knows how to mix the two? Our approval of one or another is all retrospective.

Then we look over into George Minott's field and resolve to plough and hoe by old Cause and Effect henceforward. Life is a puzzle and a whirl, and the cards beat the best players.

Dr. Van Mons, at Louvain, in Belgium, had in his nurseries in 1823 no less than two thousand seedlings of merit (Beurré Diel, etc.) "from among the eighty thousand seedlings raised by himself," etc., . . . Some of Roman pears were called *proud*, would not keep: and Pliny says, "All pears are but a heavy meat unless they are well boiled or baked." "Tree must be in a state of variation." "Older the tree, nearer will seedlings raised from it approach a wild state, without, however, ever being able to return to that state."

Van Mons counsels: "Sow, resow, sow again, sow perpetually; in short, do nothing but sow."[1]

Kurroglou. "Serdar, hear me, I am wont to sing some verses in the heat of battle. A song has just come into my mind. Listen to it first and we shall fight afterwards."

Criticism should not be querulous and wasting, all knife and root-puller, but guiding, instructive, inspiring, a south wind, not an east wind.

Orientalism is Fatalism, resignation: Occidentalism is Freedom and Will. We Occidentals are educated to wish to be first.

Orientalist. Says Goethe, "The English translator of the Cloud-Messenger, Megad-

1 Mr. Emerson breathed himself by going every morning after breakfast, during the growing season, into his orchard, where he paid much affectionate if unskilled attention to his pear trees. He liked to take his children with him. He had in his library Downing's thick volume on fruit culture, and took especial interest in the account therein given of Van Mons's theories and practice, from which his optimism was reinforced. (See *Representative Men*, p. 9, *Natural History of Intellect*, pp. 76 and 173.)

huta, is likewise worthy of all honour, since the first acquaintance with such a work always makes an epoch in our life."

In an evil hour I pulled down my fence and added Warren's piece to mine; no land is bad, but land is worse.[1] . . .

Everything hastens to its Judgment Day. The merriest poem, the sweetest music, rushes to its critic. From Calvinism we shall not get away. See how sedulously we plant a pair of eyes in every window to overlook our own goings and comings. And I know my Parcæ through all the old hats, pea-jackets, and blue farmer's frocks which they wear on every road I walk in.

I cannot live as you do. It is only by a most exact husbandry of my resources that I am anybody.

What a spendthrift you are, O beautiful Corinne! What needless webs you weave, what busy arts you ply. It costs you no exertion to

1 The rest of this long passage occurs in "Wealth" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 115, 116).

paint the image of yourself that lies on any retina. Yet how splendid that benefit! — and all your industry adds so little and puts in peril so much. . . . And every one can do his best thing easiest.

Garden. Do you not understand values? said Sylvan. I economize every drop of sap in my trees as if it were wine. A few years ago these trees were whip-sticks. Now every one of them is worth a hundred dollars. Look at their form. Not a branch nor a twig is to spare. They look as if they were arms and hands and fingers holding out to you the fruit of the Hesperides.

June 22.

An Orientalist, who was a Hercules among the bugs and curculios, recommended to me a Persian experiment of setting a lamp under the plum tree in a whitewashed tub with a little water in it by night. But the curculio showed no taste for so elegant a death. A few flies and harmless beetles perished, and one genuine Yankee spider instantly wove his threads across the tub, thinking that there was likely to be a crowd and he might as well set up his booth and win something for himself. At night in the gar-

den all bugdom and flydom is abroad. This year is like Africa or New Holland, all surprising forms and masks of creeping, flying, and loathsomeness.

June 27.

Irresistibility of the American; no conscience; his motto, like Nature's, is, "Our country, right or wrong." He builds shingle palaces and shingle cities; yes, but in any altered mood, perhaps this afternoon, he will build stone ones, with equal celerity; tall, restless Kentucky strength; great race, but though an admirable fruit, you shall not find one good, sound, well-developed apple on the tree. Nature herself was in a hurry with these hasters and never finished one.

Happy blending of advantages in this climate. We get in summer the splendour of the equator and a touch of Syria, with enormous natural productiveness; goes into the genius, as well as into the cucumbers. Whilst the poor polar man only gets the last of it. Nature in this climate ardent, rushing up after a shower into a mat of vegetation.

Mythology. We do not understand in old Biblical history the idol business; but we have

a plenty of sub-gods ourselves. Who is not an idolater? I remember being at a loss to know why those Israelites should have such a passion for the idols.

Alcott says, Why is an arbor ornamental, and intellect is not surely so regarded? I reply, Because an arbor remains an arbor; but the man of intellect is will-of-the-wisp and fantastical, a bird, a bat. It should have reverence enow if it remained itself.

The Solitude. All intellectual men are believers in an aristocracy, that is, a hierarchy. But I think them honest; because it is the prerogative of genius to melt every many-ranked society into one company, merging distinction in their sincere curiosity and admiration.[1]

Dreadful to sit on the dais, happy to sit near the salt. Happy who is never seen except rightly seen! Happy whose dress no man ever could remember to describe.

Ah! who has society? — people to talk to? —

1 Compare in "Aristocracy" the passage really describing a village lecture by Agassiz, though there only called "a man of teeming brain." (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 53, 54.)

people who stimulate? Boston has 120,000 and I cannot now find one: and elsewhere in the world I dare not tell you how poor I am, how few they are.

Of the strange scepticism of the Intellect. It will not speak to the Intellectual on the platform of Ethics, and that out of a true integrity. It has strange experience. It knows that it is a debtor to sin and degradation. Certainly let it do homage in silence to the Soul. But in speech I think it should bravely, as it certainly will with the Intellectual, own the actual. That is sublime — to abandon one's self, against all experience, to the Absolute and Good.

> But God will keep his promise yet,
> Trees and clouds are prophets sure,
> And new and finer forms of life
> Day by day approach the pure.

The mysterious laws of Poetry, the natural history of a poem are not known; no practical rules, no working-plan was ever given. It is miraculous at all points. The state given, a little more or a good deal more or less performance seems indifferent. There is much differ-

ence in the stops, but the running time need be but little increased to add great results. As we say, one master could so easily be conceived as writing all the books of the world. They are all alike.

Railroads are to civilization what mathematics were to the mind. Their immense promise made the whole world nervous with hope and fear, and they leave society as they found it. The man gets out of the railroad car at the end of five hundred miles in every respect the same as he got in. But a book or a friend opens a secret door at his side that may lead to Parnassus.

My young friend believed his calling to be musical, yet without jewsharp, catgut or rosin. Yes, but there must be demonstration. Look over the fence yonder into Captain Abel's land.[1] There 's a musician for you, who knows how to make men dance for him in all weathers, and

1 Captain Abel Moore, a neighbor of Mr. Emerson's on the Boston Road, an admirable farmer, as was his son John who followed him. Captain Moore was sheriff and jailor, — Concord then being a shire town, — and, after the easy-going fashion of those days, employed the prisoners on his farm, an arrangement beneficial and not disagreeable to them.

all sorts of men, — Paddies, felons, farmers, carpenters, painters, yes, and trees and grapes and ice and stone, hot days, cold days. Beat that, Ménétrier de Meudon,[1] if you can! Knows how to make men saw, dig, mow, and lay stone wall, and how to make trees bear fruit God never gave them, and grapes from France and Spain yield pounds of clusters at his door. He saves every drop of sap as if it were his own blood. His trees are full of brandy. You would think he watered them with wine. See his cows, see his swine, see his horses; and he, the musician that plays the jig which they all must dance, — biped and quadruped and centipede, — is the plainest, stupidest-looking harlequin in a coat of no colors. But his are the woods and the waters, the hills and meadows. With a stroke of his instrument he danced a thousand tons of gravel from yonder blowing sand-heap on to the bog meadow beneath us where now the English grass is waving over countless acres; with another he terraced the sand-hill, and covered it with peaches and grapes; with another he sends his lowing cattle every spring up to Peterboro' to the mountain pastures.

1 The fiddler in Béranger's poem, who could even make the mourners in a funeral procession dance.

Nesmith, of Lowell, a little gnarled man, as Abel Adams says, projected the City of Lawrence; persuaded Samuel Lawrence to work with him, and he interested Abbott Lawrence. The two received, I think, $30,000 each for their services.

The Ogdensburg speculators of Boston sent up Billy Kendrick to bond the land at Ogdensburg of the farmers. And he went talking and gossiping about, with his "trees to sell," and actually bonded nine hundred acres. He had a Judge Hall of the place behind him to execute the papers. A man named Bigelow at Brighton first came there from Vermont, barefoot, seventeen years old boy, to help a man drive his sheep down; and he thought he would stay there a little while, "his father would n't find no fault"; then he drove a butcher's cart; now he was one of these Ogdensburg speculators.

An American in this ardent climate gets up early some morning and buys a river; and advertises for twelve or fifteen hundred Irishmen; digs a new channel for it, brings it to his mills, and has a head of twenty-four feet of water; then, to give him an appetite for his breakfast, he raises a house; then carves out, within doors, a quarter

township into streets and building lots, tavern, school, and Methodist meeting-house — sends up an engineer into New Hampshire, to see where his water comes from, and, after advising with him, sends a trusty man of business to buy of all the farmers such mill-privileges as will serve him among their waste hill and pasture lots, and comes home with great glee announcing that he is now owner of the great Lake Winnipiseogee, as reservoir for his Lowell mills at midsummer.

They are an ardent race, and are fully possessed with that hatred of labor, which is the principle of progress in the human race, as any other people. They must and will have the enjoyment without the sweat. So they buy slaves, where the women will permit it; where they will not, they make the wind, the tide, the waterfall, the steam, the cloud, the lightning, do the work, by every art and device their cunningest brain can achieve.

The one event which never loses its romance is the alighting of superior persons at my gate.

My Pear. This noble tree had every property which should belong to a plant. It was hardy and almost immortal. It accepted every species of

nourishment, and could live almost on none. It was free from every species of blight. Grubs, worms, flies, bugs, all attacked it. It yielded them all a share of its generous juices, but when they left their eggs on its broad leaves, it thickened its *liber* and suffered them to dry up, and shook off the vermin. It grows like the ash Yggdrasil.

One thing is to be remarked concerning the law of affinity. Every constitution has its natural enemies and poisons, which are to be avoided, as ivy and dogwood are by those whom those plants injure. There are those who, disputing, will make you dispute; and, nervous and hysterical and animalized, will produce a like series of symptoms in you; though no other persons produce the like phenomena in you, and though you are conscious that they do not properly belong to you, but are a sort of extension of the diseases of the other party into you. I have heard that some men sympathize with their wives in pregnancy, as, for example, in the nausea with which women are affected, a ridiculous and incredible circumstance, but it, no doubt, grew out of this observation, which Liebig has discovered, a law of bodies — "the contagious influence of chemical action." . . . "A substance, which would not of itself

yield to a particular chemical attraction, will nevertheless do so if placed in contact with some other body which is in the act of yielding to the same force."

Rich and poor. He is the rich man who on every day more than answers the demands of the day.

There is a contest between the demands of the poor and the demands of the rich; the demands of the rich, — are they not legitimate also? Thus, I have never seen a man truly rich, that is, with an adequate command of Nature. But men are stimulated incessantly from the ideal to acquire the command over Nature. It is the interest of the universe of men that there should be Dukes of Devonshire, Crœsuses, Karuns, and King Solomons.

Yes, Dumas has doubtless journeymen. In Paris they can be procured, and why not he have journeymen, as well as Thorwaldsen or Upjohn? How much better, really better, would he not write for having the less vigorous, but yet original vein of another man put entirely under his command, with that man's honest experience and imagery?

July 10.

Ellery Channing has written a lively book on Rome, which certifies that he has been there. He has the reputation of being a man of genius and this is some guarantee of it; he has approached sometimes the lightness and pungency of his talk, but not often. He has used his own eyes, and many things are brought to notice here that had not been reported, as the fountains, the gardens, lively charcoal sketches of the *café* the *trattoria* and the bacon-dealer's shop, the *vettura* and postilion, the agriculture in the Campagna. It was a lucky thought to introduce Montaigne in Rome, and the tribute to Raffaelle over his tomb in the Pantheon, and to Michael Angelo, are warm and discerning. A very catholic spirit.

Thoreau sometimes appears only as a *gendarme*, good to knock down a cockney with, but without that power to cheer and establish which makes the value of a friend.

Goethe in this third volume Autobiography, which I read now in new translation, seems to know altogether too much about himself.

Luther, according to Mr. Blecker, advises, in one of his letters, a young scholar, who cannot get rid of his doubts and spiritual fears, to get drunk.

Edda. "The gods have erected a bridge from earth to heaven which is called Bifrost or Rainbow."

I also find it significant, what is said of Thor's house (Bilskirnir), that "it has five hundred and forty floors." [1]

Poet. Significant again that "Balder the good dreamed dreams great and perilous for his life: but he told the Asa the dreams." So the whole fable [of Balder's slaying].

Conversation that would verily interest me would be those old conundrums which at Symposia, the seven or seventy wise masters were wont to crack — What is intellect? What is time? What are the runners and what the goals? But now there is no possibility of treating them well. Conversation on intellect and scholars becomes pathology. What a society it needs! I think you could not find a club at once acute

1 Compare the fragment in "Nature" (Appendix to the *Poems*, p. 341) beginning, "Day by day, for her darling," etc.

and liberal enough in the world. Bring the best wits together and they are so impatient of each other, so worldly, or so babyish, there is so much more than their wit, so many follies and gluttonies and partialities, so much age and sleep and care, that you have no academy. The questions that I incessantly ask myself, as, What is our mythology? — which were a sort of test object for the power of our lenses — never come into my mind when I meet with clergymen; and what academy has propounded this for a prize?

But of what use to bring the men together, when they will torment and tyrannize over each other, and play the merchant and the statesman? Conversation in society is always on a platform so low as to exclude the Saint and the Poet after they have made a few trials. Ah, we must have some gift of transcending time also, as we do space, and collecting our club from a wider brotherhood. Crier, call Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Proclus, Plotinus, Spinoza, Confucius and Menu, Kepler, Friar Bacon.

Insufficient forces. We have experience, reading, relatedness enough, oh, yes, and every other weapon, if only we had constitution enough.

But, as the doctor said in my boyhood, — "You have no *stamina*."

Cyrus Stow wanted his bog-meadow brought into grass. He offered Anthony Colombe, Sol Wetherbee, and whoever else, seed and manure and team, and the whole crop; which they accepted, and went to work, and reduced the tough roots, the tussocks of grass, the uneven surface, and gave the whole field a good rotting and breaking and sunning, and now Stow finds no longer any difficulty in getting good English grass from the smooth and friable land. What Stow does with his field, what the Creator does with the planet, the Yankees are now doing with America. It will be friable, arable, habitable, to men and angels yet.

Tools. Mechanic Powers. Shall a man see wheels every day of his life on every cart, car, and loom, and not learn the value of manners as wheels or currency to himself? Shall he, in his garden, cut down the spindling shoots of his pear tree, or pinch off the redundant buds of his grapevine, to give robustness to the stock, and not learn the value of rejection in his own spiritual economy?

Shall he see that all his gardening is a selection, and then a new, and then a newer selection, and not apply that lesson to his life?

Or shall he see in chemistry that law of superinducing and contagion (mentioned above) and not see that Plato Platonizes and Napoleon Napoleonizes men; that a merchant sets everybody on edge for stocks; Spurzhein fills America with plaster skulls, and Agassiz makes anatomists where he goes?

"*Corpora non agunt nisi soluta.*" [1]

Thursday, *July* 15.

Alcott, Thoreau, and I went to the "island" in the Walden woodlot, and cut down and brought home twenty hemlocks for posts of the arbor. And these have been growing when I was sleeping, fenced, bought, and owned by other men, and now, in this new want of mine for an ornament to my grounds, their care and the long contribution of the great agents, sun and earth, rain and frost, supply this rich botanic wonder of our isle.

A rather aristocratic book is the history of the Cid. Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar (born A.D. 1026,

1 Bodies only act when freed.

Southey's Chronicle). "My Cid, my Fortunate, he who never was conquered, he of good fortune, my Cid Ruy Diaz, he who in a happy hour first girt on his sword."

The horse Bavieca, like Kurroglou's horse, Kyrat, is the sub-god in the poem, and then the swords Colada and Tizona, like Arthur's Excalibur.

Books. Oh day of days, when we can read! The reader and the book. Either without the other is naught.

July 24.

Pear trees this morning in high prosperity. Hardly a tough, dry, wormy dwarf in all the garden but is forced to show a bud or a shoot to-day. Flemish Beauty meanwhile and the Golden Beurré of Bilboa, and the Green Princesses who keep their incognito so well near the plum trees, show a foot and a half of growth respectively.

The divine man. Alexander the Great emitted from his skin a sweet odor, and Henry More believed the same thing of himself, and who does not remember the south wind days when he was a boy, when his own hand had a strawberry scent?

July 25.

Of Alcott it is plain to see that he never loses sight of the order of things and thoughts before him. The thought he would record is something, but the place, the page, the book in which it is to be written are something also, not less than the proposition. So that usually in the attention to the marshalling, the thing marshalled dwindles and disappears. One thing more. I used to tell him that he had no senses. And it is true that they are with him merely vehicular, and do not constitute a pleasure and a temptation of themselves. We had a good proof of it this morning. He wanted to know "Why the boys waded in the water after pond lilies?" Why, because they will sell in town for a cent apiece and every man and child likes to carry one to church for a cologne bottle. "What!" said he, "have they a perfume? I did not know it." See also the account of Chaucer's Canon.

In *Gorgias. Callicles.* "Tell me, Socrates, whether we must say that you are now in earnest or in jest? For, if you are in earnest and these things which you say are true, is not our human life subverted, and are not all our ac-

tions, as it seems, contrary to what they ought to be?"

See also the diatribe against philosophers in *Gorgias*.

The distinction between speculative and practical seems to me much as if we should have champions appointed to tilt for the superiority respectively of each of the Four Elements — except in so far as it covers the difference between seeming and reality. In this world of dreamers, it makes small difference whether the men devote themselves to nouns or to laying stone walls, but whether they do it honestly or for show. In the neighborhood of the new railroad the other day, in Westminster, I found two poor English or Irish men playing chequers on a little board where the spots were marked with ink, and the *men* were beans and coffee berries. They played on, game after game, one sure of beating the other, the other indignant at defeat, and I left them playing. Why not? And what difference? All the world is playing backgammon, some with beans and coffee, and some with Texas and Mexico, with States and Nations.

Eyes outrun the feet, and go where the feet and hands can never follow. So Plato the practicalists.

Compensation. In the Essay should have been adduced the fable of Faust as the contribution of Christian mythology to the dogma; and Balder's blessing by Frigga from all harms but the mistletoe; and the eye left in pledge by the Allfadir when he drank of Mimir's spring. The wolf Fenris is not chained except at the expense of the hand of Tyr.

Beattie is an example of successful poetic expression. What can be finer than

> "See in the rear of the warm summer shower
> The visionary boy for shelter fly."

Aristocracy. But the day is darkened when the golden river runs down into mud,[1] . . . There is no individual trait that will not, with a little self-indulgence, grow to a fanaticism, as the artistic or the stoical humor, and then beauty is deformity, and our delightful Image of Grace and Friendship is a mournful chasm; . . . henceforth a subject of tedious explanation.

(From GH)

Concord River in July 25 and August 2 is decorated with the nymphæa, the cardinal

1 The rest of the passage beginning thus is in "Aristocracy" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 57).

flower, and the button-bush, asclepias and eupatoriums; especially the willow adorns it with a sort of green smoke. At Cambridge the succory.

Aristocracy. The astronomers are eager to know whether the moon has an atmosphere. Cambridge telescope seems to think it has. I am only concerned that every man have one.[1] . . .

The highest value of natural history, and mainly of these new and secular results, like the inferences from geology, and the discovery of parallax, and the resolution of nebulæ, is its translation into an universal cipher applicable to Man viewed as Intellect also. All the languages should be studied abreast, says Kraitsir. Learn the laws of music, said Fourier, and I can tell you any secret in any part of the universe, in anatomy, for instance, or in astronomy. Kepler thought as much before.

Ah, that is what interests me; when I read in a true History what befals in that kingdom where a thousand years is one day, and see that it is true through all the sciences, in the laws of

1 The substance of what follows is in "Aristocracy" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 55, 56).

thought as well as of chemistry. No Marseillaise is sung in that high region.

Whip for our top. The young scholar buys an alarm-clock, he invents a clepsydron, he plants a dial in his garden, he reads Greek by candlelight before breakfast. When this fury is first over, he tries travelling with book and pen, and relishes his Greek poet in country bar-rooms, or in sea-beaches and lighthouses, or in a cabin in the woods.

Later, a public occasion, an expecting audience, or the pride of printing a book, flagellate the drowsy muse.

Theâtre des Variétés. There are many mansions in my Father's house: Poetry is one, Gardening is one, Chemistry is one, Geology is one, Engineering is one. They are all intertranslateable language.

Metamorphosis. The interest of the gardener and the pomologist has the same foundation as that of the Poet, — namely, in the metamorphosis: these also behold the miracle, the guided change, the change conspicuous, the guide invisible; a bare stick studs itself over with green

buds, which become again leaves, flowers, and, at length, delicious fruit.

Though dwarfs built Skidbladnir, as soon as its sails are unfurled a favorable gale arises and carries it of itself to whatever place it is destined. It will hold them all with all their war gear on, and when they have no mind to sail, they can fold it up like a cloth in their pocket.

[The new journal (called the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*), considered at meetings in the spring, and especially urged by Theodore Parker and Dr. S. G. Howe, had been now decided on with the former as editor. Mr. Emerson refused to be an associate editor, but consented to write the initial address to the public. The following paragraph is, in substance, in that address, but is so much more local in expression that it is here given. (See *Miscellanies*, pp. 383, 384.)]

I read the fabulous magnificence of these Karuns and Jamschids and Kai Kans and Feriduns of Persia, all gold and talismans; then I walk by the newsboys with telegraph despatches; by the Post Office; and Pedding's shop with English steamers' journals; and pass the Maine

Depot; and take my own seat in the Fitchburg cars, and see every man dropped at his estate, as we pass it; and see what tens of thousands of powerful and armed men, science-armed, society-armed men, sit at large in this ample land of ours, obscure from their numbers and the extent of territory, and muse on the power which each of these can lay hold of at pleasure, — these men who wear no star nor gold-laced hat; you cannot tell if they be poor or rich, — and I think how far these chains of intercourse and travel go, what levers, what pumps, what searchings, are applied to Nature for the benefit of the youngest of these exorbitant republicans, and I say, What a negrofine royalty is that of Jamschid and Solomon; what a real sovereignty of Nature does the Bostonian possess! — caoutchouc, steam, ether, telegraph, — what bells they can ring! . . .

Value of a servant. The New Englander is attentive to trifles, values himself on a sort of omniscience, knows when the cars start at every depot; feels every waterpipe and furnace-flue in his house; knows where the rafters are in the wall, — how can he be absorbed in his thought? how can he be contemplative?

He must have a servant, he must call Tom to ask prices and hours; what day of the month it is, and when the mail closes? who is governor of the state, and where is the police office? But Tom does not come at a call. Nothing is so rare in New England as Tom. Bad for the New Englander. His skin is ocular. He is afflicted with the second thought. Not for an instant can he be great and abandoned to a sentiment. Let the countrymen beware of cities. A city is the paradise of trifles; and the current sets so strong that way that the city seems a hotel and a shop, a gigantic clothes-mart, toy-shop; and if one, perchance, meet in the street a man of probity and wisdom, an accomplished and domestic soul, we are taken by surprise, and he drives the owls and bats, that had infested us, home to their holes again.

Aristocracy. What is it that makes the nobleman? — loyalty to his thought.[1] . . .

Boston divides itself into factions on Dr. Jackson's discovery of ether; and London and Paris contest the priority of having found Nep-

1 The rest of the passage is printed in "Aristocracy" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 55).

tune in the skies. It is not that Dr. Jackson or Mr. Morton, that Leverrier or Mr. Adams, will be in the least enlarged or ameliorated by conceding to them the coveted priority, — but there is evidently a feeling of an awful power in this creative saliency, this saliency of thought, this *habit of saliency*, of not pausing but going on, which is a sort of importation and domestication of the Divine Effort in a man.[1]

Originality. I heard old John Keyes[2] say, "that it was a story (that of importing the stone of the Stone Chapel) which he had told so often that he now firmly believed it himself"; so is it, no doubt, with many of my originalities. I have a good many commonplaces which often turn up in my writing and talking, which I have used so often that I have the right of the strong hand unto; but that they are indigenous in my brain, I do not know nor care.

The Superstitions of our Age:
The fear of Catholicism;
The fear of pauperism;

1 This last sentence occurs in *Natural History of Intellect* (p. 59).

2 A lawyer and leading citizen of Concord, father of the late Judge John Shepard Keyes.

The fear of immigration;
The fear of manufacturing interests;
The fear of radicalism or democracy;
And faith in the steam engine.

Nemesis takes care of all these things, balances fear with fear, eradicates nobles by upstarts, supplants one set of nobodies by new nobodies.

I am always reminded, and now again by reading last night in Rousseau's *Confessions*, that it is not the events in one's life, but in the faculty of selecting and reporting them, that the interest lies. Mrs. Marshall, over the way, if she could write, would make as interesting a life as *Robinson Crusoe*. And this because poetry needs little history — it is made of one part history and ninety-nine parts music; or — shall I say? — fact and affection.

"This machine," said my friend, "must be far from perfect; see how complex it is." The highest simplicity of structure is the last and requires the most composite.

In England, Landor, De Quincey, Carlyle, three men of original literary genius; but the

scholar, the catholic, cosmic intellect, Bacon's own son, the Lord Chief Justice on the Muse's Bench is Wilkinson.

Education should leave the child obscure in his youth; protected so, as the green apple in its crude state.

Life consists in what a man is thinking of all day.

If a man read a book because it interests him, and read in all directions for the same reason, his reading is pure, and interests me; but if he read with ulterior objects, if he reads that he may write, we do not impute it to him for righteousness. In the first case he is like one who takes up only so much land as he uses; in the second, he buys land to *speculate* with.

I have that faith in the necessity of all gifts that to implore writers to be a little more of this or that were like advising gunpowder to explode gently, or snow to temper its whiteness, or oak trees to be less profuse in leaves and acorns, or poplars to try the vinous habit and creep on walls. They do as they can, and

they must instruct you equally by their failure as by their talent, that is, they must teach you that the world is farmed out to many contractors, and each arranges all things on his petty task, sacrifices all for that.

Aristocracy may study *Hamlet;* it is the literature and manual of that. Aristocracy is the moral and independent class. Polk and Webster must have power, and must truckle for it. With patrician airs, they can never be gentlemen. We understand very well what they mean when they say "patriotism," and unless we are very tired we do not laugh. . . . The prerogatives of the Teacher are determined, as one of my friends said, not by his profession, but by the health he restores to the body and mind of his patient and the faith he insures by actual cure.

Wealth. The difference between riches and poverty, as I so often say, is reverence for superiority; it makes not much difference what kind that is, but health requires the upward eye. He is beautiful in face, in port, in manners, who is loyal to his thought, absorbed in objects which he thinks superior to himself.

Henry Thoreau says that twelve pounds of Indian meal, which one can easily carry on his back, will be food for a fortnight. Of course, one need not be in want of a living wherever corn grows, and where it does not, rice is as good.

Henry, when you talked of art, blotted a paper with ink, then doubled it over, and safely defied the artist to surpass his effect.

Charles K. Newcomb, the fathomless sceptic, was here August 8th. Thought he defies, he thinks it noxious. It makes us old, harried, anxious. Yes, but it is no more to be declined than hands and feet are. We must accept our functions, as well as our organs. Thought is like the weather, or birth, or death: we must take it as it comes. Then this is work which, like every work, reacts powerfully on the workman: out of this anxiety flows a celestial serenity.

Aristocracy. One word more for a real aristocracy, that, namely, in which each member contributes something real. Every member commits himself, imparts without reserve the last results of intellect, because he is to receive an equivalent in virtue, in genius, in talent, from each other member. None shall join us but on

that condition. No idler, no mocker, no counterfeiter, no critic, no frivolous person whatsoever, can remain in this company. I propose this law with confidence, because I believe every substantial man has somewhat to contribute.

I talked with Mr. W. of Alcott. W. said, he is impracticable. I said, Yes, as our thoughts are. He said, I do not think it will do to say that our thoughts are quite impracticable. I replied, Nor do I think that any man is quite impracticable. Nor do I feel at liberty to decline the thoughts or the men that go by, because they are not quite easy to deal with and conformable to the opinions of the Boston *Post*.

Hamlet was prophecy.

"Nothing is more indicative of the deepest culture and refinement than a tender consideration of the ignorant," said my friend A.— Yes, and what is agreeable in it is the wealth of nature it indicates; enough has he and to spare.

Individualism has never been tried. All history, all poetry deal with it only, and because now it was in the minds of men to go alone, and

now, before it was tried, now, when a few began to think of the celestial enterprise, sounds this tin trumpet of a French phalanstery, and the newsboys throw up their caps and cry, Egotism is exploded; now for Communism! But all that is valuable in the phalanstery comes of individualism. You may settle it in your hearts that when you get a great man, he will be hard to keep step with. Spoons and skimmers may well enough lie together; but vases and statues must have each its own pedestal.

Laws of the World. The fish in the cave is blind; such is the eternal relation between power and use.

The fable of Zohak, of whom Eblis asked as the reward of his services that he might kiss the king's naked shoulder, and from the touch sprang two black serpents, who were fed daily with human victims; — it is easy to see how fast a figurative description of luxury becomes a legend. The peasant sees that a pound of meal is a day's food, and costs a penny, but that the courtier drinks a cup of wine, or eats a fowl, which costs fifty or one hundred prices of his day's provisions; nay, which costs the wages of

a man for ten days. Of course, ten men must toil all day, that this trifler may dine at ease. When this is much exaggerated, he says, The children of the courtier are corrupted from the mother's womb; if their father ate up ten men, they twenty,—and with wrath and contempt beside. Two snakes have sprung from his shoulder who feed on human brains.

Realism. Idealism. "We have no land to put our words on, yet our words are true," said my Sacs and Ioways: the philosopher may say the same.

Every agent is a reagent. What are governments but awkward scaffoldings by which the noble temple of individual genius is reared? In Greece one must see that the facility of intercourse (arising out of peculiar geography) combined with the absence of a massive priesthood, and the discussion of all political business in the open air, by all persons, gave that opportunity, that "easy state of transmission," that "state of amelioration" (which the seedling pear of Van Mons requires), so essential to the best genius. If the spark were struck out, it would be fanned to flame.

August 24.

Mem. M. Alexandre Vattemare brings me compliments, etc., from M. Ravaisson, *maître des requètes*, etc., *au ministère de l'instruction publique*, — to which address I am to send copies of two books.

Boston. "The arrivals at the port of Boston on Saturday last (21 August) were 147 coastwise and 22 foreign, — total, 169; by far the largest number that ever came into this port in one day. In this number are not included a large number of vessels bringing wood, sand, etc., Cape packets and small craft; but such as arrive from a considerable distance and are booked at the Merchants Exchange." — Boston *Daily Advertiser* of Tuesday, August 24.

[The following note added, September 14.]

I read in to-day's *Post* that, according to the new valuation lists, Boston has increased within one year by the amount of 1034 polls, by $7,644,900 real; and by $5,875,900 personal estate.

Transition. οἱ ῥέοντες. Intellect detaches in the most decided manner.

We touch crimes, depths, mischance, and are yet safe.

Also with heights, virtues, heroes, we find an interval.

Intellect detaches the person. In any and every low company he is always salvable. He turns his Gyges ring and disappears from them at will. 'T is a patent of nobility. Ali. Bonaparte.

We go to Europe to see aristocratic society with as few abatements as possible. We go to be Americanized, to import what we can. This country has its proper glory, though now shrouded and unknown. We will let it shine. Patriotism is balderdash. Our side, our state, our town, is boyish enough. But it is true that every foot of soil has its proper quality, that the grape on either side of the same fence has its own flavor, and so every acre on the globe, every group of people, every point of climate, has its own moral meaning whereof it is the symbol. For such a patriotism let us stand.

"What is a foreign country to those who have science?"

The fever, though it groweth in my body, is my enemy: the febrifuge, though it groweth in the distant forest, is my friend.

How simple is the problem which Watts or Hyde or Coombs, these laborers, have to solve; merely to secure a subsistence, and every part of their action in this work, cutting peat, sawing wood, mowing hay, digging potatoes, is comely and solid. Whilst they occupy themselves in this matter they are pyramidal, a cubic solidity: the farmer, the merchant, makes Nature responsible for his performance.

Not so the idealist, as the poet, the saint, the philosopher; they must be to a certain extent farmers and merchants, and they propose to themselves an impossible aim. The farmer has the conquest of Nature to the extent of a living; practicable: the poet the conquest of the Universe; impracticable.

Why can we not let the broker, the grocer, the farmer, be themselves, and not addle their brains with sciolism and religion?

But the spiritualist needs a decided bias to the life of contemplation, else what prices he pays! poor withered Ishmaelite, Jew in his Ghetto, disfranchised, odd one; what succors, what indemnities, what angels from the celestial side must come in to make him square.

We wish to get the highest skill of finish, an

engraver's educated finger, determination to an aim, — and then — to let in mania, ether, to take off the individual's interference and let him fly as with thunderbolt.

Hafiz characterized by a perfect intellectual emancipation, which also he provokes in the reader. Nothing stops him. He makes the dare-god and dare-devil experiment. He is not to be scared by a name, or a religion. He fears nothing.[1] He sees too far; he sees throughout; such is the only man I wish to see and to be. The scholar's courage is as distinct as the soldier's and the statesman's, and a man who has it not cannot write for me.

Reading. The culture of the Imagination, how imperiously demanded, how doggedly denied. There are books which move the sea and the land, and which are the realities of which you have heard in the fables of Cornelius Agrippa and Michael Scott.

Sweetness of reading: Montaigne; Froissart; Chaucer.

Ancient: the three Banquets [Plato, Xenophon, Plutarch].

1 Sentences to the same purpose differently expressed occur in "Persian Poetry" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 249).

Oriental reading: [not filled out.]

Grand reading: Plato; Synesius; Dante; *Vita Nuova;* Timæus (weather, river of sleep); Cudworth; Stanley.

All-reading: Account of Madame de Staël's rule; Rabelais; Diderot, *Marguerite Aretin.*

English reading: Clarendon; Bacon; Milton; Johnson; Northcote.

Manuals: Bacon's *Essays;* Ben Jonson; Ford; Beaumont and Fletcher.

Favorites: Sully; Walpole; Evelyn; Walton; Burton; White's *Selborne;* Aubrey; Bartram's *Travels;* French Gai Science, Fabliaux.

Tonic books: Life of Michael Angelo; Gibbon; Goethe; Coleridge.

Novels: Manzoni.

Of Translation: Mitchell.

Importers: Cousin; De Staël; Southey.

Go to mountains and you may find you had better have stayed at home. You cannot find your mountain. Yet from your lowland window there still is the carbuncle visible again.[1] Moun-

1 Not from his study window, but from the hill-top opposite his house, Wachusett and Watatic in Massachusetts and Monadnoc and the Peterborough and Temple mountains can be clearly seen. (See "Monadnoc from afar," in the *Poems,* and Thoreau's poem on these same mountains.)

tains are haunted. But they would be dull spirits indeed who could not run away from a pair of climbing, sweltering cockneys.

Nathaniel L. Frothingham twenty years ago found me in his parlor, and looking at the form of my head, said, "If you are good, it is no thanks to you."

September 5.

Channing wished we had a better word than *Nature* to express this fine picture which the river gave us in our boat yesterday. *Kinde* was the old word, which, however, only filled half the range of our fine Latin word. But nothing expresses that power which seems to work for beauty alone, as Channing said, whilst man works only for use. The *mikania scandens*, the steel blue berries of the cornel, the eupatoriums, enriched now and then by a well-placed cardinal, adorned the fine shubbery with what Channing called judicious, modest colors, suited to the climate, nothing extravagant, etc.

If an age that is to come would know the history of this it will seek certainly to know what idea we attached to the word.

"Give us peace in our boarders," wrote Aunt Mary, and when shown the misspelling, said, "it would do as it was."[1]

What is the effect of thoughts. Certainly of single thoughts a limited and often an illusory effect: but of those elemental, organic thoughts which we involuntarily express in the very mould of our features, in the tendency of our characters, there is no measure known to us. What differences the men and actions of 1847 from those of 1747?

Horoscope. Aristocracy. Not the phrenologist but the philosopher may well say, Let me see his brain and I will tell you if he shall be poet, king, founder of cities, etc.[2] . . . People think it fortune that makes one rich and another poor. Is it? Yes; but the fortune was earlier in the balance or adjustment between devotion to the

1 Miss Emerson's eccentricities made her, in spite of her genius, a difficult boarder, though an actively interesting one. First and last during her ninety years of life she was domiciled for short periods in a great many households. See "Mary Moody Emerson" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 405, 432).

2 The rest of this long passage is in "Aristocracy" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 44–46).

present good and a forecast of the good of to-morrow. G. lives for the moment, praises himself for it, and despises E., that he does not. G., of course, is poor, and E., since he is providing, is provided. The odd circumstance is, that G. thinks it a superiority in himself, this improvidence which ought to be rewarded with E.'s property.

All biography autobiography. I notice that the biography of each noted individual is really at last communicated by himself. The lively traits of criticism on his works are all confessions made by him from time to time among his friends and remembered and printed.

Present and Future. Do not imagine that I should work for the future, if my services were accepted or acceptable in the present. Immortality, as you call it, is my *pis aller*.

Remarkable trait in the American character is the union, not very infrequent, of Yankee cleverness with spiritualism. Thus, my Wall Street cotton-broker, Thomas Truesdale; and William Green of Boonton, New Jersey, iron manufacturer; and Rebecca Black, living by slop-

work from the tailors; and Sampson Reed, druggist; and Hermann, toyseller; and Edward Stubler, druggist in Alexandria, were all prospering people who knew how to trade and how to pray. William Green's wagon always met Thomas Truesdale and Rebecca Black at the ferry when they went, moved by the spirit, to visit him, though he had no notice of their coming.

The Present. The present moment is a boat in which I embark without fear; boat and pilot at once.

The modern architecture is ship-building; and the modern art is music; and the new power, steam.

A man is measured by the angle at which he looks at objects. I am reckoned a better man than Mr. O'Shaughnessy, because I am found to see things at a larger angle than he; that is, not to be quite so much of a trifler or a fly, as he. Well; here is Alcott looks at everything in larger angles than any other, and, by good right, should be the greatest man. But here comes in another trait: it is found, though the lines of his

angles are of so generous contents, the apex of the angle is not quite defined, which "takes from the pith of nature the noblest attribute." This he does not understand, and puts another construction on it, "that mankind are best served indirectly, the divine spark loving to insinuate itself through mediators to the minds of the multitude, he feels that he has the freest access to the minds of the people through the peoples' teachers," etc., etc.

A tool is that which is used purely for my benefit without any regard to its own. But all love is of that nature that it instantly respects the instrument also, and, though it be a ship or a wheel or bootjack, raises it instantly into personality and seeks to give it an interest of its own and to treat it as if it had.

Good writing is a kind of skating which carries off the performer where he would not go, and is only right admirable when to all its beauty and speed a subserviency to the will, like that of walking, is added.

(From JK)

Aristocracy. Is the ideal society always to be only a dream, a song, a luxury of thought, and

never a step taken to realize the vision for living and indigent men, without misgiving within, and wildest ridicule abroad? Between poetry and prose must the great gulf yawn ever, and they who try to bridge it over be lunatics or hypocrites? And yet the too dark ground of history is starred over with solitary heroes who dared to believe better of their brothers and who prevailed by actually executing in some part the law (the high ideal) in their own life, and though a hissing and an offence to their contemporaries, yet they became a celestial figure to all succeeding souls as they journeyed through nature. How shine the names of Abraham, Diogenes, Pythagoras, and the transcendent Jesus in antiquity.

In our best moments society seems not to claim equality, but requires to be treated like a child, to whom we administer camomile and magnesia, on our own judgment, without consultation. What we can do is little enough for the other. And we glance for sanction at the historical position of scholars in all ages, whom we commend in proportion to their self-reliance. But when our own light flickers in the socket, suddenly the pupil seems riper, and more forward, and even assumes the mien of a patron whom we must court.

Do you say that all the good retreat from men, and do not work strongly and lovingly with them? Well, it is fit and necessary that they should treat men as ghosts and phantoms, here for our behoof, here to teach us dramatically, as long as they have not attained to a real existence in their own right, that is to say, until the uprise of the soul in them. Then we shall, without tedious degrees, treat them as ourselves: they will be ourselves. Now they are not ourselves: why should we say they are?

Aristocracy. Heroic dreams taught us that the Golden Table never lacks members:[1] . . .

[Mr. Emerson sailed from Boston for Liverpool in the packet ship Washington Irving, Captain Caldwell, on October 14.

He had left his loyal and in every way capable friend, Henry Thoreau, in his home to man the wall during his absence. Those persons who have been led to believe that Thoreau was hard and undomestic are referred to his letters to Mr. Emerson in England telling of the home doings from week to week. For Mrs. Emerson

1 For the rest of the passage, see "Aristocracy" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 60–61).

he felt a reverential and sympathetic regard, as of a younger brother, and the children found in him the most delightful of companions. (See the *Familiar Letters of Thoreau*, edited by Mr. F. B. Sanborn.)

Through the friendly offices of Mr. Alexander Ireland, with whom Mr. Emerson had the kindest relations on his first visit to England in 1833, (at this time editor of the *Manchester Examiner*), Mr. Emerson found himself engaged to lecture before many Mechanics' Institutes in Lancashire and Yorkshire, associated into a Union and rapidly extending into the midland counties and northward into Scotland.]

At Sea, *October* 14.

The good ship darts through the water all night like a fish, quivering with speed, sliding through spaces, sliding from horizon to horizon.[1] . . .

It occurred, in the night watches, that the true aristocrat is at the head of his own order, and that disloyalty is to mistake other chivalries for his own. Let him stop at the hotel of *his*

1 For an account of the voyage, see *English Traits* (pp. 26–31).

fashion: and, whatever he does or does not, let him know and befriend his friends.

Perhaps a scholar should carry with him a little trunk of specimens also, and be able to wile his lowest company from their meat and lowness by the new charms of romance and of reason.

Coals to a Market. Can you not fancy that, after all your elections, you are still carried in some degree by the genius and habit of your countrymen, of your profession? There is less of this which you have and know and are, where you are going than you left at home. Ah! is it so? — then an idea leads you, and outcalculates your calculations. Well; is there no insurance in that? Can you not say, then, By the leave of God we will arrive?

October 18.

In reading last night this old diary of Joseph Emerson of Malden,[1] ending in the year 1736,

1 Rev. Joseph Emerson (born, 1700; A. B. Harvard, 1717; married Mary Moody of Agamenticus (York), Maine, 1767; died, 1775), Emerson's great-grandfather, and father of William Emerson, minister of Concord. Much of the following extract from the diary of this pious and scholarly man is printed in the sketch of Rev. Ezra Ripley (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 384, 385).

one easily sees the useful egotism of our old Puritan clergy. The minister *experienced* life for his flock. He gave prominence to all his economy and history for the benefit of the parish. His cow and horse and pig did duty next Sunday in the pulpit. All his haps are providences. If he keeps school, marries, begets children, if his house burns, if his children have the measles, if he is thrown from his horse, if he buys a negro, and Dinah misbehaves, if he buys or sells his chaise — all his adventures are fumigated with prayer and praise — he improves next Sunday the new circumstance, — and the willing flock are contented with this consecration of one man's adventures for the benefit of them all, inasmuch as that one is on the right level and therefore a fair representative.

Thus, in his diary the minister notes, January 27, 1735: —

"Some talk about buying a shay. How much reason have I to watch and pray against inordinate affection for things of this world.

"January 31. Bought a Shay for £27,10s. The Lord grant it may be a comfort and blessing to my family!

"February 5. Remarked smilingly upon my being drawn in a Shays. The Lord Jesus has the

entire government of the Church, and to his favour I am indebted for such a smile of Providence, so very unexpected."

In the following March, he has "a safe and comfortable journey" to York. But, on April 24, we find, "Shay overturned with my wife and I in it, yet neither of us much hurt. Blessed be our gracious Preserver. Part of the Shay, as it lay upon one side, went over my wife, and yet she was scarcely anything hurt. How wonderful the preservation!"

Then again, May 5, "Went to the Beach with three of the children. The Beast being frightened, when we were all out of the Shay, overturned and broke it. I desire (I hope I desire it) that the Lord would teach me suitably to resent this Providence, to make suitable remarks upon it, and to be suitably affected with it.[1]

"Have I done well to get me a Shay? Have I not been proud or too fond of this convenience? Do I exercise the faith in the divine care and protection which I ought to do? Should I not be more in my study, and less fond of diver-

1 This obsolete though correct use of "resent" in a good sense occurs also in the diaries of his son, Rev. William Emerson, in 1775.

sions? Do I not withhold more than is meet from pious and charitable uses?"

Well, on 15 May, we have this, "Shay brought home: mending cost 30 shillings. Favoured in this respect beyond expectation."

"16 May. My wife and I rode together in the Shay to Rumney Marsh. The Beast frighted several times."

And at last we have this record:—

"June 4. Disposed of my Shay to the Rev. Mr. White."

Another circumstance appears from all the names in the diary: that the leading families in New England seem chiefly descended from some clergyman of that time, as, Hancock, Lowell, Sewall, Bulkeley, Chauncy, Forbes, Walter, Parsons, Greenleaf, Thacher, Oxenbridge, Barnard, Colman, Green, Foxcroft, Tappan.

Religion. The Catholic religion respects masses of men and ages. If it elects, it is yet by millions, as when it divides the heathen and Christian. The Protestant, on the contrary, with its hateful "private judgment," brings parishes, families, and at last individual doctrinaires and schismatics, and, verily, at last, private gentlemen into play and notice, which to the gentle

musing poet is to the last degree disagreeable. This of course their respective arts and artists must build and paint. The Catholic Church is ethnical, and every way superior. It is in harmony with Nature, which loves the race and ruins the individual. The Protestant has his pew, which of course is only the first step to a church for every individual citizen — a church apiece.

ENGLAND

(From GH, ED, LM, and London)

Toto divisos orbe Brittannos.

Virgil, *Æneid*, I, 67.

Ich dien.

Quid vult valde vult.

"'L'Angleterre est un vaisseau. Notre île en a la forme; la proue tournée au nord, elle est comme à l'ancre au milieu des mers, surveillant le continent. Sans cesse, elle tire de ses flancs d'autres vaisseaux faits à son image, et qui vont la représenter sur toutes les côtes du monde. Mais c'est à bord du grand navire qu'est notre ouvrage à tous. Le roi, les lords, les communes sont au pavillon, au gouvernail, et à la boussole; nous autres, nous devons tous avoir la main aux cordages, monter aux mâts, tendre les voiles, et charger les canons. Nous sommes tous de l'équipage, et nul

n'est inutile dans la manœuvre de notre glorieux navire.'

" ' Mais, mon garçon,' cria le gros Beckford, ' que diable peut faire le poète dans la manœuvre ? '

" Il dit, ' Le poète cherche aux étoiles quelle route nous montre le doigt du Seigneur.' " —

ALFRED DE VIGNY.

[During the visit to England and the voyages to and fro, Mr. Emerson, as far as travel, engagements and hospitalities allowed, recorded, as usual, in his journal the thoughts which the days brought. But among these he jotted down notes of travel and of the acquaintances and friends, old and new, that he met, — mechanics, manufacturers, men of letters and science, noblemen; — also of the events of that period of unrest in England and revolution in France. Unfortunately for the editors, these entries were scattered through four books with little regard to chronology, and sometimes repeated with more detail and different connection. We have selected and arranged the matter as best we could.

It should be said that some extracts from these journals were incorporated by Mr. Cabot in his Memoir, and that some were used in the notes to the Centenary Edition of the Works. Yet it seemed best to us to keep them here.

Of his friend, Mr. Ireland, who came from Manchester to welcome him as he stepped on the dock at Liverpool, on Saturday, October 22, Mr. Emerson said, — "Alexander Ireland approves himself the king of all friends and helpful agents; the most active, unweariable and imperturbable. His sweetness and *bonhommie* in an editor of a polemic and rather influential newspaper is surpassing. I think there is a pool of honey about his heart which lubricates all the parts of his system, all his speech and expression with fine jets of mead. His good humor is absolutely comic." Mr. Emerson rested in Liverpool over Sunday, heard James Martineau preach, and took tea with him. Mr. Ireland put a welcome missive into his hands: —]

I found at Liverpool, after a couple of days, a letter which had been seeking me, from Carlyle, addressed to "R. W. E. on the instant when he lands in England," conveying the heartiest welcome and urgent invitation to house and hearth. And finding that I should not be wanted for a week in the lecture rooms, I came down to London, on Monday, and at ten at night the door was opened to me by Jane Carlyle, and the man himself was behind her with

a lamp in the hall. They were very little changed from their old selves of fourteen years ago (in August) when I left them at Craigenputtock. "Well," said Carlyle, "here we are, shovelled together again!" The floodgates of his talk are quickly opened, and the river is a plentiful stream. We had a wide talk that night until nearly one o'clock, and at breakfast next morning again. At noon or later we walked forth to Hyde Park, and the palaces, about two miles from here, to the National Gallery, and to the Strand, Carlyle melting all Westminster and London into his talk and laughter, as he goes. Here in his house, we breakfast about nine, and Carlyle is very prone, his wife says, to sleep till ten or eleven, if he has no company. An immense talker, and, altogether, as extraordinary in that as in his writing; I think even more so. You will never discover his real vigor and range, or how much more he might do than he has ever done, without seeing him. My few hours' discourse with him, long ago, in Scotland, gave me not enough knowledge of him; and I have now, at last, been taken by surprise by him.

He is not mainly a scholar, like the most of my acquaintances, but a very practical Scotchman, such as you would find in any saddler's

or iron-dealer's shop, and then only accidentally and by a surprising addition the admirable scholar and writer he is.[1] . . .

Carlyle and his wife live on beautiful terms. Their ways are very engaging, and in her bookcase all his books are inscribed to her, as they come from year to year, each with some significant lines.

His brother, Dr. John Carlyle, has ended his travels as a physician to the families of the Duke of Buccleugh (?) and Countess Clare, has retired on some sort of pension, and lives near them, in lodgings, a bachelor, and is a good scholar on his own account.

I see that I shall not readily find better or wiser men than my old friends at home, and, though no mortal in America could pretend to talk with Carlyle, yet he is as unique here as the Tower of London; and neither would he, in any manner, satisfy them or begin to answer the questions which they ask.[2] . . .

1 The long paragraphs descriptive of Carlyle which follow are found in the first two pages of the sketch "Carlyle" in *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, which was printed after Mr. Emerson's death.

2 The rest of the passage, thus beginning, is found in "Carlyle" (p. 490).

I had a good talk with Carlyle last night. He says over and over, for months, for years, the same thing, yet his guiding genius is his moral sense, his perception of the sole importance of truth and justice; and he, too, says that there is properly no religion in England. He is quite contemptuous about "*Kunst*," also, in Germans, or English, or Americans.

Carlyle's realism is thorough. He is impatient of a literary trifler. . . . Actors and actresses all mad monkeys. He saw Rachel in an impossible attitude, and learned that she could stand so because her dress was loaded with lead, and he despises her ever since. The English Parliament, with its babble, he denounces.[1] . . .

His sneers and scoffs are thrown in every direction. He breaks every sentence with a scoffing laugh, — "windbag," "monkey," "donkey," "bladder," and let him describe whom he will, it is always "poor fellow." I said, "What a fine fellow are you to bespatter the whole world with this oil of vitriol!" "No man,"

1 What follows about Parliament, the idle young noblemen, Cobden, Free Trade, his admiration of the Czar, and of Chadwick, the hydraulic engineer, the Universities, and Architecture is printed in the short sketch of Carlyle above mentioned.

he replied, "speaks truth to me." I said, "See what a crowd of friends listen to and admire you." He said, "Yes, they come to hear me, and they read what I write, but not one of them has the smallest intention of doing these things."

I said, on one occasion, "How can you undervalue such worthy people as I find you surrounded with, — Milnes, and Spedding, and Venables, and Darwin, and Lucas, and so forth?" He replied, "May the beneficent gods defend me from ever sympathizing with the like of them!"

I begin to understand that this arrogance and contempt of all people around him is brought to the genius by numerous experiences of disappointments in the promise of characters in a great population.

London, *October* 26.

Mrs. Bancroft presented me to Samuel Rogers, Esq. Mr. Rogers invited us to breakfast with him on Friday. Just before ten o'clock, I attended Mrs. Bancroft, in company with her son,[1] and young Butler, of New York, to

1 Alexander Bliss.

Rogers's. I suppose no distinguished person has been in England during the last fifty years who has not been at this house; so that it has the prestige of a modern Pantheon. Mr. Rogers received us with cold, quiet, indiscriminate politeness, and entertained us with a store of anecdote, which Mrs. Bancroft knew how to draw forth, about such people as we cared most to hear of. Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, Wellington, Talleyrand, Madame de Staël, Lafayette, Fox, Burke, and crowds of high men and women had talked and feasted in these rooms, which are decorated with every precious work. The mantelpiece was carved by Flaxman. An antique marble head Canova had brought with his own hands and set down in the place which it now occupies. Sir Francis Chantrey, dining one day with our host, asked him if he remembered the workman who made a cabinet for him (which was now in the apartment). "I was that man," continued the sculptor. Here are vases from old Rome; and some of the best pictures in England; casts of the Elgin Marbles are judiciously let into the walls (near which a flying staircase mounts) so as to be examinable at every angle. Mr. Rogers showed us Milton's autograph, Pope's original bust, autograph let-

ters of Washington, Franklin, Mozart, Fox, Burke, Dr. Johnson, etc. He read letters of Byron to himself, and I saw original manuscript of pages of *Waverley*, and so on, to any extent. This man's collection is the chief private show of London. Rogers's sentences are quoted almost as much as Sydney Smith's, for their satirical point. It was he who said of Croker's article on Macaulay in the *Edinburgh*, "that he had attempted murder, and committed suicide." When Miss Cushman asked him whether he should not go to America, he replied, "It was always my intention to visit America before I died; but now that I have seen *you*, I have no longer any desire to do so."

Rogers told us of Talleyrand's visit to him with the Duchess of Orleans, blazing with beauty, and Pamela (afterwards Lady Fitzgerald), who was more attractive by the sweet seriousness of sixteen. He repeated Talleyrand's answer to Madame de Staël, who asked him, which he should save on a plank, in a shipwreck, Madame Récamier, or herself, "*Mais, madame, vous pouvez nager.*"

When this Princess of Orleans was on her way to England, and the question rose, If you could only know one English word, one said,

"You could get along with Yes!" But the Princess said, "If I knew but one, it should be *No;* because No sometimes means Yes, but Yes never means No."

To an Englishman who said to the Persian ambassador, "They worship the sun in your country," he replied, "So would you, if you ever saw him."

Sydney Smith said, "Macaulay has improved; he has flashes of silence."

Of the giraffe, he said, "He would take cold; and think of having two yards of sore throat!"

"The two styles, the Antediluvian and Postdiluvian: men, nowadays, have not time to lounge seventy years over a pamphlet."[1]

Hogg wrote, "Scott's Novels," on the back of *Waverley*, etc. Walter Scott said, "Jamie, do you spell Scots with twa *t*s?"

Mr. Upcott, who lived in Autograph Cottage, had the writing found in Felton's hat, and a page of the diary of Princess Charlotte, and the death warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots.

1 These witticisms of Sydney Smith and the two next sentences were probably parts of Rogers's table talk.

[After returning to Liverpool from his four days' visit in London, Mr. Emerson found himself engaged to lecture nearly every evening in that city or in Manchester for three weeks.]

LIVERPOOL, *October* 30.

Everything in England bespeaks an immense population. The buildings are on a scale of size and wealth out of all proportion to ours, the colossal masonry of the docks and of all the public to be accommodated by them, and to pay for them. So the manners of the people,[1] . . . The Englishman has thus a necessary talent of letting alone all that does not belong to him. They are physiognomically and constitutionally distinct from the Americans. They incline more to be large-bodied men; they are stocky, and especially the women seem to have that defect to their beauty; no tall slender girls of flowing shape, but stunted and stocky. . . .

Englishman. A manly ability, a general sufficiency, is the genius of the English. They have not, I think, the special and acute fitness to their employment that Americans have, but a man is

1 Omitted sentences are printed in the chapter "Manners" (*English Traits*, pp. 104, 105).

a man here, — a quite costly and respectable production, in his own, and in all other eyes.

The Englishman is cheerful, and his voice is. Their nationality is intense.

Englishman is clean, methodical, veracious, proud, obstinate, comfort-loving, industrious, accumulative, nautical.

Englishman must have foothold. Security is in his face and manners, because he has solidity in his foundations and method in his procedure. The English secure the essentials, according to their light, and it falls, at present, on bodily good health and wealth. The Cyclops operative cannot subsist on food less solid than beef, and the masters cannot understand that there is any way to success but on capital and economy.

The Englishman is aboveboard and direct; he disdains, in fighting, to strike a foul blow, he disdains secret ballot. It is "out of his nature to assassinate even property."

"Considering the abject respect which Truth meets with in England, from persons of all politics." — Sir Francis Head.

England. "Lord Clarendon has pluck like a cock, and will fight till he dies" — "but Peel has that damned smile."

Patience an eminent English virtue.

"I bequeath my Patience to Mr. R. Peel," and Peel, the sublime of mediocrity, has come to be the model man of England.

All we ask of any man is that he should thoroughly like his own way of life.

That gew-gaw of a tournament, when Cœur de Lion appeared under an umbrella, cost £100,000.

Two styles of dress, the tortoise style,[1] and the supple or becoming. But the former, wherein the man speaks out of his building, suits English manners well.

My little Edie cost me many a penny.[2]

Woman is cheap and vile in England.[3]

1 This was probably written after Mr. Emerson had seen the armor of the ancestors of the Englishmen of to-day. In the Journal for 1833 he speaks of the suits in the Tower as reminding him of crustaceans.

2 That is, when he saw some little begging girl no bigger than she in the streets.

3 The sad sights of drunken and degraded women in the streets of the manufacturing towns moved him. (See letters to Mrs. Emerson in Cabot's *Memoir*, pp. 506, 507.)

It rains at every tide at Manchester.

Only three or four per cent of this population are idle. Everybody works in England, said Mr. Rawlins.

In Manchester they attribute the better character of this people for prudence and industry to the universal habit here of dining at one o'clock. If they are to go to business again in the afternoon, they say, we shall not eat so much.

I wish I had remarked who it was they said uttered the quite English sentence, "So help me God, I will never listen to evidence again."

England. Among the local objects are horses and hounds *clothed all over*, and postilions in livery on every span of horses; and mourning coaches covered with nodding plumes; and gigs and carts with little horses of the Canadian (?) breed; and dogs; and sedan-chairs; and men dressed in shawls; and they turn their horses to the left hand when they meet, and in Manchester lately there is an order for foot passengers to turn to the right; and escutcheons on the walls for one year after death.

All life moves here on machinery, 't is a various mill. . . .

Most of the differences between American and English, referable to dense population here, and will certainly be lost as America fills up.

What a misfortune to America that she has not original names on the land, but this whitewash of English names. Here every name is history.[1]

[During December Mr. Emerson read lectures in Derby, Sheffield (visiting Newstead Abbey), Nottingham, Birmingham, Preston, Leicester, Chesterfield, and Worcester.

At first, he followed his instinct and his almost invariable custom in America of being independent of private hospitalities. Soon, however, he wrote to his wife, "I find many kind friends and have given up my caprice of not going to private houses, and scarcely go to any other. At Nottingham, I was the guest, on four nights, of four different friends. At Derby, I spent two nights with Mr. Birch, Mr. Alcott's friend, and at towns which I have promised to visit I have accepted invitations from unknown hosts."]

December 10.

I visited from Derby with Mr. W. Birch and Mr. Thomas Tunaley, Kedleston Hall,

1 Examples given in *English Traits* (p. 179).

seat of Lord Scarsdale. At Derby, All Saints Church tower; and bells. At Nottingham, the Castle and Mortimer's Hole.

December 11.

I visited Wollaton Hall, seat of Lord Middleton. Willoughby built in Elizabeth's time.

In the road between Manchester and Sheffield I passed through a tunnel of three and a quarter miles to Dunsford Station. One man drives the engine there all day through it.

Beautiful desolations are these houses.

This morning more than ever I believed the world is wise; the world, and not the individual. Wordsworth knows very little about his "Ode," has as little to do with that as any reader. If you see the man, you would say, he is not the writer; and would warmly advise him to read that poem. In Plutarch's *Placita Philosophorum*, I remember some one found the soul in the air circulating, respired and expired by all alike. Yes, Wisdom is in the air, and good health gets it all.

Ellen Tucker's poetry was very sweet, and on the way to all high merits and yet as easy as breathing to her who wrote.

Rich and poor. The insurance of the first-class carriages in the railway is the Parliamentary carriage which goes with them; and the telegraph lines which convey the messages of Rothschild and Lloyd would be surely cut if it were not known that tidings also of interest to the million were vibrating along the same wires.

I met Philip Bailey,[1] and Henry Sutton, at Joseph Neuberg's, Nottingham.

December 23.

Dined at Mr. Swanwick's, Chesterfield, with George Stephenson.[2] One quarter of a pound of coke will carry one ton one mile.

December 24.

Met T. H. Gill at Mr. Matthews', Birmingham. Mosely writes the articles in the *Times*

1 The author of the poem *Festus.* Mr. Neuberg was a scholarly German who gave Carlyle much assistance in his literary work.

2 Of this occasion Mr. Emerson wrote to his wife: "Dined in company with Stephenson, the old engineer who built the first locomotive, and who is, in every way, the most remarkable man I have seen in England. I do not know but I shall accept some day his reiterated invitations 'to go to his home and stay a few days and see Chatsworth and other things.'"

on the bishops. Alsiger wrote the City articles. Jones Lloyd, the banker, writes on trade.[1]

No dissenter rides in his coach for three generations; he infallibly falls into the Establishment.

Wealth. "*La nation animée de la faveur de paraître. Paraître quoi? Riche, au dessus du rang qu'on occupe réellement.*" — Jules Le Comte.

"To be thought more opulent and tasteful, and on a footing of intimacy with a larger number of distinguished persons than they really are, is the great and laborious pursuit of four families out of five, the members of which are exempted from the necessity of daily industry." — Lord Jeffrey.

"In this country, where poverty is infamous." — Sydney Smith.

In Leicester, the conversion of the letter *h* remarkable; an Act of Parliament is a Hact.

Use of words. "The bishops show such a nasty temper." "He never uses those nasty phrases, 'Blood of Christ,' 'Atoning Cove-

1 See the chapter on "The Times" in *English Traits.*

nant,'" etc. "I had one or two nasty tumbles in riding."

At Preston I saw sedan-chairs carried about the streets, and at Birmingham a kind of cab drawn by a man, and a milk-cart, or something like it, drawn by two dogs.

At Leicester (Leir-castra) the river "Leir," now "Soar"; a Roman pavement; part of the "temple of Janus"; a stockinger at work at his frames; and the remains of the old castle of John of Gaunt.

England—it is the Times Newspaper. The *Times* newspaper suddenly changed its tone on free trade one morning, about a week before the secret was out that Peel would adopt it, and begun its article "The League is a great fact." Peel gave it the information; for the support of the *Times* was wanted, and that paper would appreciate the importance to its interests of the early intelligence, mortifying all the other prints which fancied themselves the ministerial organs.

The one rule to give to the traveller in England is, Do not sneak about diffidently, but make up your mind and carry your points.

The only girth or belt that can enable one to

face these Patagonians of beef and beer is an absorbing work of your own. Otherwise, with their excessive life they hustle you out of their world.

December 30.

I went over Worcester Cathedral, part of which has stood nine hundred years (?). I saw the tomb of King John; of Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII; and especially, and with most delight, some old tombs of crusaders with their mailed legs crossed in marble, and the countenances, handsome and refined as the English gentlemen of to-day, and with that uncorrupt youth in the face of manhood, which I often see here. From the tower I had the fine picture of the Severn for many a mile, and the Malvern Hills.

But the reason why any town in England does not grow is, that it is a cathedral town. If Birmingham had been a cathedral town, they say it would have been no larger than Worcester.

English aristocracy. It is curious to see the overflowings of aristocratical manners and culture in the inferior classes, especially in the coachmen, who see and hear so much from their superiors. My omnibus driver from Worcester, with

his quotations from Shakspeare and his praise of his horses, and his condescending humor and his account of the visit of his relations to him with a little boy, were deserving of Dickens, or Ellery Channing.

Public schools. "In their playgrounds and in their rooms courage is universally admired; cowardice or meanness universally despised. Manly feelings, noble sentiments, and generous conduct are fostered and encouraged; the spoiled child of rank, whose face had been most obsequiously smoothed downwards, by the rough hand of the school is rubbed upwards, until his admiration of himself, of his family, and of the extraordinary talents of his maiden aunt, are exchanged for a correcter estimate which continually makes him a better, a wiser, and a happier man. In short, the unwritten code of honour which, like a halo, shines around the playgrounds of our public school, ever has done and ever will do all that can be performed to make those who have the good fortune to exist under it, gentlemen." — Sir F. Head.

Their university system, which makes Greek and Latin alive, galvanizes Greek and Latin and unnecessary mathematics into the creation of a

university aristocracy. So much of their literature and journalism is antiquarian and manufactured.[1] . . .

The Greenwich Observatory and Ephemeris, the British Museum; the Lycian Marbles, the excavations and monuments from Nineveh; the Crystal Palace; the Arctic Voyages; Herschel's Catalogue of Southern Stars, are other national monuments of the genius of this singular people. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall;* the translations of the Greek Drama.

Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses* is a proper ornament for this England; it is a pasture oak, and Hakluyt and Purchas and Fuller. William of Wykeham.

Worthies. Sir Henry Wotton is a good model Englishman and equal to business or to study, able in both, yet had been as good in any other of twenty ways. Ask him for a counsel, he can give one. He portrays a man as if he had seen many, and as good as Homer had. Earl of Essex, Duke of Buckingham, were men, and equal to their high fortunes. They were no presidents of

1 The conclusion of this passage is printed in "Literature" (*English Traits,* p. 251) in a condensed form.

the United States. Sir Kenelm Digby; Nelson; Wellington; Samuel Johnson.

Never country had so many good citizens. The worthies of England. Never had country so many good fellows going about the world and each one bringing home something useful. Sir H. Wotton brought home melon seeds; Raleigh, tobacco and potatoes. Hargraves invented the spinning-jenny and died in Nottingham Workhouse.

Earl Grey (of the Reform Bill).

Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick (1381–1439), at a joust in France, fighting with Sir Collard Fines, he so bore himself, the French thought he was tied to the saddle; and to confute their jealousies, he alighted and remounted. At the Council of Constance, his retinue amounted to eight hundred horse. "Our success in France lived and died with him." Crossing into Normandy, the ship was tossed with such a tempest that Warwick caused himself and lady and infant son to be bound to the mainmast with his armor and coat of arms upon him, that he might be known and buried aright. Yet he died in his bed.

Camden (266) quotes this tetrastich, made in commendation of Queen Maud (of Henry I):—

"Prospera non lætam fecere, nec aspera tristem;
Aspera risus ei, prospera terror erant.
Non decor effecit fragilem, non sceptra superbam,
Sola potens humilis, sola pudica decens." [1]

And of Sir Francis Drake one (Cowley?) wrote: —

"Drake, pererrati novit quem terminus orbis,
Quemque semel mundi vidit uterque polus:
Si taceant homines, facient se sidera notum,
Sol nescit comitis immemor esse sui." [2]

Of Empress Maud, daughter of Henry I, wife of Henry IV, Emperor of Germany, and mother of Henry II of England: —

"Magna ortu, majorque viro, sed maxima partu,
Hic jacet Henrici filia, sponsa, parens."
(Well-born, still better wedded, childed best,
The bones of Henry's daughter, wife, and mother rest.)

1 This may be freely rendered: —

Good days did not make her joyous, nor evil days mournful;
She laughed at the rugged days, smooth ones she dreaded.
Beauty did not make her frail, nor the sceptre proud,
Alone humble in power, beautifully formed alone modest.

2 Drake, whom the ends of Earth through which he wandered knew,
Whom once either pole saw,
If men are silent, the stars shall speak thy fame;
The sun knows not how to forget his comrade.

"But in a Protestant nation, that should have thrown off these tattered rudiments long ago, after the many strivings of God's spirit, and our fourscore years' vexation of him in this our wilderness, since reformation began, — to urge these rotten principles, and twit us with the present age, which is to us an age of ages, wherein God is manifestly come down among us to do some remarkable good to our church or state, is, as if a man should tax the renovating and reingendering spirit of God with innovation, and that new creature for an upstart novelty." — John Milton, *Animadversion* (Jenks, vol. i, p. 200).

"The house of chivalry decayed,
Those obelisks and columns broke down
That shook the stars, and raised the British crown
To be a constellation.
Once to the structure went more noble names
Than to the Ephesian temple lost in flames,
Where every stone was laid by virtuous hands."

These made-up people I see everywhere, but as soon as I come upon an intellectual person, I fancy a resemblance to the Americans. But truly intellectualists are of no country.

Here is the English reputation of Carlyle. Is it founded on wit? No, but on his revolutionary character, or his setting himself against the mountainous nonsense of the life; and purer and higher had it been, if it had not weaved into it brag and conceit.

Ruskin, again, and a great school of protestants have perceived the natural beauty over the conventional, and that which is forever.

Carlyle again. Like all men of wit and great rhetorical power, he is by no means to be held to the paradox he utters to-day. He states it well, and overstates it, because he is himself trying how far it will bear him. But the novelty and lustre of his language makes the hearers remember his opinion, and would hold him to it long after he has forgotten it.

Carlyle gave me a list of books which he advised me to buy, as follows: —

Kennett's *History of England;* Lowth's *Life of William of Wykeham;* Camden's *Britannia*, translated by Holland; Britton's *Beauties of England and Wales;* Hainault, *Abrège Chronologique de l'Histoire de France;* Bede's *Chronicle;* Collins's *Peerage*, 1745.

Margaret Fuller writes concerning J. H. Green's *Vital Dynamics*, "What a fuss these English make about presenting thoughts to an audience. What tedious prelude of apology for taking liberty to utter anything beyond the poorest truisms," etc.

To Margaret Fuller [*in Italy*]

December, 1847.

Yet I hear nothing lately of our friends F. and W. and E. and A. The goods of that country (America) are original and incommunicable to this (England); I see that well. It would give me no pleasure to bring valued persons thence, and show them to valued persons here, but lively pleasure to show to these last, those friends at home, in their own place.

Shall we not yet — you also — as we used to talk — build up a reasonable society in that naked, unatmospheric land, and effectually serve one another?

I observe that many young men here look wishfully to America: I never dare say to them, Go, though I might go in their position. I observe that the idea of owning woodlands, etc., is very attractive to the English imagination.

Yet our young men find it all but impossible to live in the great continent.

Authors or Books quoted or referred to in Journal for 1847

[As in previous volumes, a few of Mr. Emerson's favorite authors from his youth, as Homer, Plutarch, Montaigne, Ben Jonson, Swedenborg, Wordsworth, and others are not given in the list of authors.]

Institutes of Menu; Bhagavat-Geeta; Vishnu Purana; Confucius; Zoroaster; Pythagoras; Simonides; Aristophanes; Xenophon; Aristotle;

Plotinus; Synesius; Proclus;

Firdusi (Abdul Kasim Mansur); Ferradeddin;

Snorri Sturlason, *Younger Edda; Fablieux* of Trouveurs;

Roger Bacon; Dante, *Vita Nuova;* Saadi; Hafiz; Chaucer; Froissart; Machiavelli; Polidore Virgil, *Historia Anglica;* Luther; Latimer; Rabelais; Descartes; Kepler;

Vasari, *Lives of the Painters;* Giordano Bruno; Kepler; Sully, *Mémoires;* Burton; Grotius; Ford; Izaak Walton; Descartes; *A Relation, or rather a True Account, of the Island of England by a Venetian Traveller;*

Aubrey; Clarendon, *History of England;* Spinoza; Pascal; Evelyn; Kennett, *A Compleat History of England;* Spence, *Anecdotes;*

Franklin; Robert (?) Lowth, *Life of William of Wykeham;* Hume; Walpole; Diderot; Gilbert White; Rousseau; Burke;

John Adams; Bartram, *Travels;* Laplace; Goethe, *Autobiography, Sprüche;* Gifford (in *Edinburgh Review*); Schiller; Jamieson, *Collection of Ballads;*

John Quincy Adams; Humboldt; Von Hammer-Purgstall; O'Connell, *Letter to Stevenson on Disraeli;* Hazlitt, *Conversations with James Northcote;* Hallam; Brougham; Moore; Béranger, *Le Ménétrier de Meudon;*

Southey, *Chronicle of the Cid;* De Quincey; Manzoni; Shelley; Herschel; Spence, *Entomology;* Sir Francis Head (in *Edinburgh Review*); Lockhart;

Eugene Scribe, *Le Mariage d'Argent;* Cousin; Mrs. Hemans, *Poems;* Mrs. Jameson; Grote, and Thirlwall, *Histories of Greece;* Sydney Smith; Alfieri; Hugh S. Legaré;

W. H. F. Talbot; Chodzko, *Specimens of Ancient Persian Poetry;* Macaulay; Dumas; James and Harriet Martineau; Charles Kraitsir; George Sand;

Van Mons *apud* Downing, *Fruit and Fruit Trees of America;* Henry D. Rogers, and Charles T. Jackson, *Geological Reports;* Benjamin Peirce; Agassiz;

J. J. Garth Wilkinson, on *Swedenborg;* Philip Bailey, *Festus;* Charles Sumner; Theodore Parker; Wendell Phillips; W. W. Story; Henry James; Alcott; Thoreau; William Ellery Channing.

JOURNAL

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CARLYLE, OWEN, TENNYSON
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RETURN

CONCORD WALKS

JOURNAL XXXIX

1848

(From Journals GH, LM, ED, "London" and RS)

January.

I TRACE, then, the peculiarities of English manners to their working climate; their dense population; the presence of an aristocracy or model class for manners and speech; their diet, generous and orderly taken; and their force of constitution. Their manners betray real independence, and they are studiously inoffensive. They are castles compared with our men. . . . An American feels like some invalid in their company.

January 13.

At York, I saw the skull of a Roman centurion. I saw the tree planted by George Fox; I saw the prison, the pews in which the prisoners are locked up; the scales with which they can weigh their own food.

In the minster, I heard "God save the King," of Handel, played by Dr. Camidge on the grand organ. It was very great. I thought

I had never heard anything so sublime. The music was made for the minster, and the minster for the music.[1] . . .

The architects of York Minster are not known; yet what brains were those! It is beautiful beyond belief.

In Bridlington, I was received one evening at the house of Mr. Potter, a saddler, with a very cordial hospitality, and the next day he accompanied me to Flamborough Head, to show me the cave, the "Danes' Dyke," the castle, the lighthouse, etc. All the objects interested me, but my conductor more. He had waited on me in the morning at my hotel, with his apron tucked up under his coat, and very likely it was on still, under his surtout; but he told so well the story of his life, and that he saves two hundred pounds every year, and means by and by to devote himself principally to the care of the Mechanics' Institute, and of the Temperance Society, of both of which he is the ardent friend.

He is sent, however, by these institutions to

1 The rest of the passage is found in the chapter "Religion," in *English Traits*.

wait on Yarborough Graeme, Esq., on Sir —— Prichett, and other gentlemen of the county families, and is always kindly received by these gentlemen.

I saw a young man yesterday whose body is in greatest part covered over with a hard scale like that of the armadillo. He was naked, or nearly so, and I had the nearest view of him, though I declined touching him. There are a great many talents in a drop of blood, and a little suppression or retardation would unchain and let out what horns and fangs, what manes and hoofs, what fins and flippers, what feathers and coats of mail, which are now subdued and refined into smooth and shapely limbs, into soft white skin, into the simple, erect, royal form of man.

It was at Bridlington (pronounced Burlington) that one of the company asked me if there were *many* rattlesnakes in the city of New York? And another whether the Americans liked to call their country *New England?*

I remember the sensation at Mr. Mayor Elgie's table, at Worcester, when our host an-

nounced that the port we were now to draw was from the Duke of Buckingham's cellar.

[Here follow several amusing quotations from *A Relation, or rather a True Account, of the Island of England, etc., about the year* 1500 (translated from the Italian, by Charlotte Augusta Sneyd, printed for the Camden Society. Lond. 1847), but two of which are here given.]

"How many hours the sun might be above the horizon I cannot say, he is so rarely to be seen in winter, and never but at midday."

"They have an antipathy to foreigners, and imagine that they never come into their island but to make themselves masters of it, and to usurp their goods: neither have they any sincere and solid friendships among themselves — I have never noticed any one, either at court or among the lower orders, to be in love; — very jealous, — though anything may be compensated in the end by the power of money."

January.

In Halifax (England) Mr. Crossley employs in his carpet mills fifteen hundred operatives. Beautiful tapestry carpets at 7/6 per yard: saw the pattern sent to the Queen. Vista made

by the looms resembled a church aisle. Mr. Acroyd's stuff-mills employ five or six thousand operatives. In one hall I saw eight hundred looms. In many they were making ponchos. Here was a school spaciously built and well furnished for the children. In England, the manufacturers are not joint-stock companies, but individuals.

The Piece-Hall in Halifax was built in better times, and held twenty thousand children and teachers on a festival a few years ago, in its quadrangle.

[LIVERPOOL?]

Remains of the old gibbet. By the local law, theft to the amount of 13½ pence was death by the gibbet, till the law was abrogated one hundred and sixty years since. As we were returning down "Gibbet Lane," a respectable old lady accosted Mr. Stansfeld to pray him to get the name altered, as she owns a house here, which she cannot rent, as tenants do not wish to live in Gibbet Lane.

LEEDS.

Near Leeds and Bradford, I observed the sheep were black, . . . begrimed by the smoke. . . . The hopelessness of keeping clothes

white leads to a rather dowdy style of dress, I was told, among the ladies; and yet they sometimes indemnify themselves; and Leeds in the ball-room, I was assured, is a very different creature from Leeds in Briggate.

Mr. Marshall's mill covers two acres of ground. The former owner, James Marshall, presided in this immense hall at a dinner given to O'Connell; and the Chartists having threatened an attack, Mr. Marshall had a water-pipe under his chair which was supplied by a steam engine, and which he was ready to direct on the mob, if they had ventured to disturb him.

I spent one night here with Rev. Mr. Wicksteed; one night with Mr. Carbutt the Mayor; of whom Mrs. Carbutt told me some excellent anecdotes; one night with George Hyde, Esq.; and one with Joseph Lupton, Esq.

Everywhere anecdotes of the London *Times*, . . . Its readers are disappointed if there is not a great public event in each day's paper. Mr. Mosely named as the writer of these papers on the Bishops; Mr. Bailey, as a young Cambridge man who wrote and offered a paper to the *Morning Chronicle*, and was refused; sent it to the *Times* and received ten guineas, and request

for more communications; and is a regular contributor. Mr. Jones Lloyd writes often on financial matters. Old Walter[1] wrote on Poor-Laws.

The grand feature which recommends the *Times* is its independence.

I hear it said that the sense which the manufacturers have of their duties to the operatives, and the exertions they have made in establishing schools and "Mechanics' Institutions" for them, is recent, and is, in great part, owing to Carlyle. At Huddersfield, I was told that they have over-educated the men in the working-class, so as to leave them dissatisfied with their sweethearts and wives; and the good Schwann and Kehls there were now busy in educating the women up to them.

Mr. Kehl thought that my lecture on Napoleon was not true for the operatives who heard it at Huddersfield, but was true only for the commercial classes, and for the Americans, no doubt; that the aim of these operatives was to get twenty shillings a week, and to marry; then they join the "Mechanics' Institute," hear lec-

1 Originally the printer of the *Times*. (See *English Traits*, pp. 264, 266.)

tures, visit the news-room, and desire no more. I thought it despair.

At Rawdon, I inquired, how much the men earned who were breaking stone in the road, and was told twenty pence; but they can only have work three days in the week, unless they are married; then they have it four days.

The Chartists, if you treat them civilly, and show any good will to their cause, suspect you, think you are going to *do* them.

January.

At Manchester, William Staley showed me over the whole warehouse of Messrs. Watts, in which one hundred and fifty persons are employed in selling all manner of "dry goods." The arrangement was excellent. On the upper floor, I found ribbons, and was told their stock of this kind was never less in value than £20,000.

Use of words. "*A good time*" is an Americanism. In England it is a phrase only applied to a woman after childbirth. Also "fix" in the sense of arrange.

MANCHESTER, *January*.

The battery. The stable figure in novels is the man of *aplomb*,[1] . . .

History is the group of the types or representative men of any age at only the distance of convenient vision. We can see the arrangement of masses, and distinguish the forms of the leaders. Mythology is the same group at another remove, now at a pictorial distance; the perspective of history. The forms and faces can no longer be read, but only the direction of the march, and the result; so that the names of the leaders are now mixed with the ends for which they strove. Distance is essential. Therefore we cannot say what is our mythology. We can only see that the industrial, mechanical, the parliamentary, commercial, constitute it, with socialism; and Astor, Watt, Fulton, Arkwright, Peel, Russell, Rothschild, George Stephenson, Fourier, are our mythologic names.

January 25.

Cameron and all the rest of this company are too deeply indebted to Carlyle, and would

1 The rest of this paragraph is printed in "Social Aims" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 80).

be better, like wine, for a voyage to India or to Nootka Sound. Espinesse, who is really a man of wit and capacity, writes unmitigated Carlylese, and when I told Carlyle that he ought to interfere and defend that young man from him, Carlyle, he appeared piqued, and said, "He must write as he could, and be thankful."[1]

Aristocracy, Traits.[2] A soul so much more drawn to itself than to others that it comes through and out of any events or companies

1 In a letter Mr. Emerson wrote: "Last night I heard a lecture from Mr. Cameron. . . . He talked without note or card or compass, for his hour, on Readers and Reading; very manly, very gaily; not quite deeply enough, — it did not cost him enough, — yet what would I not do or suffer to buy that ability. 'To each his own.'"

2 Mr. Emerson wrote to his wife from Manchester on January 26, "I am writing in these very days a lecture which I will try at Edinburgh, on Aristocracy." It was given in London in the course at the Portman Square Literary and Scientific Institute, in the following June, as the concluding lecture before a distinguished audience under the title *Natural Aristocracy*. Later given with variations in America, its original form was lost and from the mass of sheets on this subject Mr. Cabot made the best selection and arrangement possible for the posthumous volume, *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*.

the same; like metals and the nobler chemical compounds whose particles have that strong affinity for each other that no solvent can be found.

These distinctions are in man, and as flagrant in democracies as in oligarchies.

Beauty no reasoning, no legislation could impart. It will not only remain a potent, but a differencing and aristocratic quality. . . .

Nor will it at all be foreign to my purpose if it should appear that I am describing that which is the theoretic peerage, and not one recognized and actualized in any kingdom on earth. It would be ignoble, would it not? to draw our sketch from any body necessarily so impure as any that can contrive to exist amidst so much vice, injustice, and imbecility as we all confess in our times. I have no compliments to pay, and no tenderness to one or other renowned name, and really, therefore, no interest for their sake but is my own and all men's; none but a regard for the behoof of the race that there should be model men, that we should all have true pictures of such, and, if possible, living standards. I write of a nobility always existing, but its members so scattered, so heedless of badges, so rarely convened, so little in sympa-

thy with any favorite measure that it is not acknowledged in any newspaper or in any Peerage.[1]

For the particular of Nature's adopting peculiarities, I think it a sublime hint or beckoning from the outward universe to man to hive and insert as many virtues and superiorities as he can into this web which is to be a fossil. . . .

Thus it will be seen that, one after the other, all the material badges are dropped, like so much tattoo and heraldry, and those powers only worn which subjugate Nature.[2]

Charles Newcomb remarked, as Ellery Channing had done, the French trait in Henry Thoreau and in his family. Here is the precise *voyageur* of Canada sublimed, or carried up to the seventh power. In the family the brother and one sister preserved the French character of face.

February.

Sea-line. As we see the human body or one of its limbs undraped, so here Nature shows us a limb of our planet in undress, and we see the

1 The substance of the last two sentences occurs in the opening pages of "Aristocracy."

2 Compare *English Traits* (pp. 197, 198).

nakedness of the sea-line. 'T is a sublime curve, yet causes an uncomfortable feeling. To Nature, as to man, we say, Still be drest! Still hide a poverty even so grand under the ornamented details of a broken landscape.

February 8.

Duke of Cleveland's land extends from the point where we first entered it, coming from Darlington, toward Barnard Castle, twenty-three miles to High Force, where the Tees falls two hundred and twelve feet. After passing Raby Castle, we met the Duke returning from hunting with his hounds, the horses and dogs very much blown and spent. The huntsman, as he passed us, told our coachman that they had had a desperate run of two hours, twenty-five minutes, without check. Beside him, rode the whipper-in, and, a little behind, the Duke and a gentleman, in red hunting-coats.

Newcastle, *February* 9.

At Newcastle, saw at Mr. Crawshay's[1] iron works the Nasmith hammer, which will strike

1 In a letter to Miss Hoar Mr. Emerson said he was bidden as a guest by "Mr. Crawshay, who refused the tests [i. e. religious tests] at Cambridge after reading my essays! as he writes me. And so with small wisdom the world is moved, as of old."

with a weight of six tons, yet so manageable that Nasmith will put his hand under it if one of his own men directs the stroke. Crawshay put his new hat under it and received a slight damage. Then an old hat was exploded [i. e., crushed to atoms by the triphammer].

Read *Natural Aristocracy* at Edinburgh, February 11.

At Edinburgh, *February 12*, saw Wilson. Lord Jeffrey told me in his visit to Boston he saw Edward Everett, then a boy, and Everett accompanied him to the Cambridge library, etc.[1]

Wilson said, "I know, but I will not tell De Quincey's age, for it is my own.[2] We were at Oxford together, but not acquainted."

February 13.

Thomas De Quincey. At Edinburgh, I dined at Mrs. Crowe's with De Quincey, David Scott, and Dr. Brown. De Quincey is a small old man of seventy years, with a very handsome face, — a face marked by great refinement, — a very

1 For interesting extracts from Mr. Emerson's letters telling about his friends and entertainment in the Scottish capital, see Cabot's *Memoir*, vol. ii, p. 519, ff.

2 Both were in their sixty-third year.

gentle old man, speaking with the utmost deliberation and softness, and so refined in speech and manners as to make quite indifferent his extremely plain and poor dress. For the old man, summoned by message on Saturday by Mrs. Crowe to this dinner, had walked on this rainy, muddy Sunday ten miles from his house at Lasswade and was not yet dry, and though Mrs. Crowe's hospitality is comprehensive and minute, yet she had no pantaloons in her house. He was so simply drest, that ten miles could not spoil him. It seemed, too, that he had lately *walked home*, at night, in the rain, from one of Mrs. Crowe's dinners. "But why did you not ride?" said Mrs. C.; "you were in time for the coach." Because, he could not find money to ride; he had met two street girls; one of them took his eight shillings out of his waistcoat pocket, and the other his umbrella. He told this sad story with the utmost simplicity, as if he had been a child of seven, instead of seventy. Here De Quincey is serene and happy, among just these friends with whom I found him; for he has suffered in all ways and lived the life of a wretch, for many years; and Samuel Brown, Mrs. C., and one or two more, have saved him from himself, and from the bailiff, and from a

fury of a Mrs. MacBold, his landlady, and from opinion; and he is now clean, clothed, and in his right mind. He might remind you of George P. B. or Elfery C. He talked of many things easily, — chiefly of social and literary matters, and did not venture into any voluminous music.

De Quincey has never seen Landor, but grieves over the loss of a finely bound copy of *Hellenics* sent him by Landor. He has also lost *five* manuscript books of Wordsworth's unpublished poems. He loses everything. His simplicity is perfect. He takes Dr. Brown into the middle of the street, to tell him where his lodgings are. Yet, on reckoning, it did not appear that all his debts exceeded a hundred pounds. He estimates *Paradise Regained* very highly, thinks the author always knows which is his best book. He said Wordsworth appropriates whatever another says so entirely as to be angry if the originator claimed any part of it.

Festus was mentioned, and I said I did not esteem him[1] a true poet. David Scott, in answer to my challenge for one good line, recited

"Friendship hath passed me like a ship at sea."

De Quincey said that tautology of "ship" and "friendship" would ruin any verse.

1 Philip James Bailey.

De Quincey said that Blackwood pays him twelve guineas the sheet; pays to others, ten; to Wilson, twenty; the Quarterlies pay sixteen, that is, a guinea a page. *Blackwood's* once reached a circulation of eight thousand copies.

(When they first agreed, at my request, to invite De Quincey to dine, I could fancy that some figure like the organ of York Minster would appear.) In a *tête-à-tête*, I am told, he sometimes soars and indulges himself, but rarely in company. He invited me to dine with him on the following Saturday, at Lasswade, where, since the death of his wife (from whom he was separated for many years), he lives with his three daughters.

[During his stay in Edinburgh Mr. Emerson was the guest of Dr. Samuel Brown, brother of Dr. John Brown the author of *Rab and his Friends* and *Marjorie Fleming*. Of his host he wrote to Mrs. Emerson: "What I chiefly regret is that I cannot begin on the long chronicle of our new Paracelsus here, Samuel Brown, who is a head and heart of chiefest interest to me and others, and a person from whom everything is yet to be expected." Mr. Cabot, in his Memoir, notes that "Dr. Brown was expect-

ing to reduce several elements — perhaps all matters — to one substance, a line of speculation always interesting to Emerson." Compare "Xenophanes" in the *Poems*.]

Carlyle said of Samuel Brown "that he was that kind of a man, that if God Almighty wished to hang a new constellation in the sky, he would give him an estimate for the same."

H. C. vowed to adhere to Dr. Brown when all means failed them to pursue an experiment and they had nothing to pawn. C. came triumphantly with the article wanted from the druggist. "How did you get it?" "I sold two old pair of breeches."

[In his first days in Edinburgh Mr. Emerson became acquainted with David Scott the painter, who insisted on painting his portrait. This was a proposition anything but agreeable to Mr. Emerson, who always said he "was no subject for art," but he was so much interested in the man that he consented. In a letter to his wife he says of Scott, "The man is a noble stoic, sitting apart here among his rainbow allegories, very much respected by all superior persons." After the death of Mr. Emerson and the painter,

the picture was brought to this country for sale, and was bought and presented to the Concord Public Library by three of his friends. Though hard in drawing and color, and showing a much older man than the daguerreotype of Mr. Emerson taken the same year, some of his early friends found much to like in it. A rainbow appears in the dark background.]

February 15.

Glasgow the rapidest growth in Britain after Liverpool. As soon as you cross the border at Berwick and enter Scotland, the face of things changes, the grass is less green, the country has an iron-gray look, it is cold and poor; the railways are ill-served; no well-trained porters: you must carry your own luggage; the ticket-master weighs your sovereign (it is a rare piece) and finds it light: you can pay in copper now for what always cost silver in England. Nobody rides in first-class carriages: and the manners become gross and swainish in some observed particulars.

Glasgow has 320,000 people. Students in scarlet cloaks. Americans here, and a consul. Dr. Hudson tells me some strange stories about the Foundation at Eton, and that the subscription made previous to entering declares that the

signer is a beggar, yet is signed by noblemen. It confounds my understanding. Glasgow adds 1000 a month to its population. At Glasgow I spoke in a cavern called City Hall to two or three thousand persons.

The Scotch speech has a most unnecessary superfluous energy of elocution and of rolling the r. Great talkers, very fond of argument. Scotch are plainer drest, plainer mannered than the English, not so clean, and many of them look drunk when they are sober.

Scotch are intelligent reading and writing people, but Edinburgh is still but a provincial city; the tone of society is incurably provincial.

William Chambers, at Edinburgh, speaking of American copyright, said, "As long as you do not grant copyright, we shall instruct you." Ferrier, son-in-law of Wilson, helps on *Blackwood's*, in which Aytoun, Smith, Moir (Δ), and others write. Theodore Martyn is *Le Bon Gualtier*.

[After his first lecture in Glasgow, Mr. Emerson returned to Edinburgh, dined with the brothers Robert and William Chambers, heard a

lecture by Wilson and one by Sir William Hamilton, then returned to Glasgow to lecture and spend the night of February 17 with Professor Nichol in the Observatory. On the 18th he returned to Edinburgh and visited Lord Jeffrey. (See Cabot's Memoir for the fuller account of his days in Scotland, pp. 519–524.)]

At Edinburgh, I was introduced to Professor Wilson, and the next day went up to the University to hear him lecture. Before the lecture, we called on him in his private room and sat ten or fifteen minutes with him. He was good-natured and affable, but nothing important was said. I thought of our dear fat Stetson, but it was S. without the wit. *Perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, yes, but heavy as a speaking ox. He foamed at the mouth with physical exertion, and not a ray of wit or thought. It was in the course on Moral Philosophy.

Two gentlemen shot two dogs of Wilson's that had belonged to his wife. They came and made their apology. But Wilson carried it to the law. Their friend came to Wilson and hoped he would have the magnanimity to forgive them. "Magnanimity, sir! was there ever any so enormous as mine? Those two men stood where

you now stand, and I did not pitch them out of the window."[1]

Tholuck said to Chalmers,[2] that he was astonished that none of the theologians here had had the candour to read Strauss. "Sir," said Chalmers, "I will read it on your recommendation; but is it a big book? for I am old."

I find here a wonderful crop of mediocre and super-mediocre poets, they lie three, six, or ten

1 This anecdote served Mr. Emerson years later. The meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society held in the Tremont Temple, Boston, on January 24, 1861, was broken up by a well-dressed mob of "Union-at-any-price" citizens of Boston and the suburban towns. Hearing of the probable danger, Mr. Emerson felt bound to go, and sat upon the platform. The jeers and howls of the mob drowned his attempt at earnest speech, but he begged the disturbers to be a little quiet, for he had a very good story to tell them, of which their action reminded him. Their curiosity quieting them a little, he told them, as illustrating the patience of this Society, the above story, but the tumult arose again and the meeting was broken up. Within two years many of the young men of conservative families who took part in the mob were in the army, and even converting their fathers to anti-slavery views.

2 Friedrich August Gottreu Tholuck, Professor of Theology at Halle, who had written an answer to Strauss's *Life of Jesus*. Rev. Thomas Chalmers, Professor at the University of St. Andrews and Edinburgh.

deep, instead of single as in America. But, as at home, the merchants seem to me a greatly superior class to the clerisy, and they have a right to a great contempt of these.

February 19.

Dined with De Quincey at Lasswade. He lives with his three daughters Margaret, Florence, and ——. Thither I went, with Mrs. Crowe and Dr. Brown, in Mrs. C.'s carriage. The second daughter, Florence, had a pleasing style of beauty. His son, Francis, was also present, who is a medical student in the University. De Quincey told us how his acquaintance with Wilson began ; for, though they were at Oxford together, they had never met, but De Quincey, travelling in Wales, had arrived at an inn, where he learned that a gentleman lay sick and sore with his wounds. For Wilson, in some of his mad pranks, had paid attention to a country girl at a theatre, and, after the play was over, her lover and his friends had waylaid him and most ignominiously mauled him. And De Quincey, learning who it was who was in the house, sent up his card and made his acquaintance.

Of Turnbull (whom I had seen with Dr.

Brown) it was told that he had said "he would go to hell for Sir William Hamilton."

Mrs. Crowe insisted that De Quincey should go back to Edinburgh with us in the coach and should go to my lecture, a proposition to which he somewhat reluctantly assented, as, I think, he said he had never attended a public lecture, — or not for a good many years. But the victorious lady put him into the carriage. As we entered Edinburgh, he grew very nervous, and Dr. Brown saw the reason, and assured him that his old enemy (Mrs. MacBold) had removed to another quarter of the city. "Ah," said De Quincey, "if one of the Furies should arrive in Edinburgh, it would make little difference at what hotel she put up."

Dr. Brown and Mrs. Crowe told me in detail the story of his rescue from the hands of this Mrs. MacBold, who was his evil genius, and had exercised a reign of terror over him for years, — a very powerful and artful, large-limbed, red-haired beldame, from whom flight to Glasgow and concealment there was the only help, whilst his friends, with Wilson, contrived the extrication of his valuable papers and literary manuscripts from her custody. The woman followed him to Glasgow, met Dr. Nichol's daughter in

the street (a child), and asked her pleasantly if she knew where Mr. De Quincey lived. The child said Yes, and, at her request, conducted her to his retreat! He fled again. At Edinburgh she sent a little girl to Professor Wilson (with a napkin of his own by way of token) "with Mr. De Quincey's compliments," asking him to send him back by the bearer the bundle of papers he had left with him, — and he sent them!

February 21.

In seeing old castles and cathedrals I sometimes say, as to-day at Dundee church tower (which is eight hundred years old), this was built by another and a better race than any that now look on it. And, at other times, I say, if idealists will work as well as these men wrought, we shall see a new world apace.

[In the last week of his stay in Scotland Mr. Emerson visited Dundee and Perth, and probably lectured at both towns. He crossed the border southward on February 25 and lectured again at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Thence he went to make a promised visit to Miss Martineau at Ambleside.]

Harriet Martineau said, in her trance, that there

was no ultimate atom, only forces; and this, she learned, was the stupendous discovery of Faraday.

P. T. visited Harriet Martineau at N. with Richard Cobden and on departing came back to say that Cobden said, that 't was a sad business, this agitation, for his own little boy thought him, when he went home, a gentleman who visited his mother.

[Miss Martineau took her guest to visit Wordsworth, who lived near by. The conversation with the old man was not very satisfactory and is not here given, as Mr. Emerson printed the notes in his journal in the "Personal" chapter in *English Traits*.]

The Americans are sun-dried, the English are baked in the oven. The upper classes have only birth, say people here, and not thought. Yes, but they have manners, and 't is wonderful how much talent runs into manners. Nowhere and never so much as in England. And when they go into America and find that this gift has lost its power, the gold has become dry leaves, no wonder they are impatient to get away.

Every man in the carriage is a possible lord.

Yet they look alike, and every man I meet in London I think I know.[1] . . .

Toughness. Among the men made for work, *dura ilia*, seemingly not of flesh and blood, but of brass and iron, Coke, Mansfield, Gibbon, Johnson. Strong body, vast memory. De Quincey says he wishes "the morals of the middle classes of England, combined with the manners of the highest, — or — the morals of the gentry with the manners of the nobility." "No morality which is built less on the mere amiableness of quick sensibilities, or more entirely on massy substructions of principle and conscience, than the morality of the British middle classes."

Traits. In England the understanding rules, and materialistic truth; the becoming, the fit, the discreet, the brave, the advantageous; but they could not produce such a book as the *Bhagavat Geeta.* Dr. Johnson is liked for his courage; "a man who is afraid of anything is a scoundrel."

LONDON

"Spatium est urbis et orbis idem."

"I believe the parallelogram between Oxford

1 Here follows much that is printed in "Manners," in *English Traits.*

Street, Piccadilly, Regent Street, and Hyde Park, encloses more intelligence and human ability, to say nothing of wealth and beauty, than the world has ever collected in such a space before." — Sydney Smith.

[In London Mr. Emerson arrived March 1, and took lodgings. He dates his letters 142 Strand. He saw much of Carlyle, probably walking with him, for he would have been unwilling to trespass on his working hours. His friends, Mr. and Mrs. George Bancroft, then living in London, with a wide acquaintance, did all they could to make his stay interesting. In Mr. Cabot's Memoir several letters are printed telling of the people he met and how his days were spent.]

Carlyle thought the clubs remarkable signs of the times; that union was no longer sought, but only the association of men who would not offend one another. There was nothing to do, but they could eat better.

He was very serious about the bad times. The Chartists were then preparing to go in a procession of two hundred thousand to carry their petition, embodying the six points of Chartism, to the House of Commons, on the

10th April, 1848. He had seen this evil coming, but thought it would not come in his time. But now it is coming, and the only good he sees in it is the visible appearance of the Gods. He thinks it "the only question for wise men — instead of art and fine fancies, and poetry, and such things as Tennyson plays with — to address themselves to the problem of society. This confusion is the inevitable end of such falsehood and nonsense as they have been embroiled with."

Of course, this French Revolution is the best thing he has ever seen and the teaching this great swindle, Louis Philippe, that there is a God's justice in the Universe after all, is a great satisfaction.[1]

He values Peel as having shown more valor as a statesman than any other of these men. Wellington he esteems real and honest; he will not have to do with any falsehood. Chalmers he valued as a *naïf*, honest, eloquent man, who, in these very days, believed in Christianity, and though he himself, when he heard him, had

1 The sketch of Carlyle in the *Lectures and Biographical Sketches* was mostly taken from this London Journal with some changes. Some sentences which appear there were difficult to separate from their connection, and so are given here.

long discovered that it would not hold water, yet he liked to hear him.

Tennyson dined out every day for months; then Aubrey de Vere, a charitable gentleman, thirty miles from Limerick, on a beautiful estate, came up and carried him off. Tennyson surrendered on terms: that he should not hear anything of Irish distress; that he should not be obliged to come down to breakfast; and that he should smoke in the house. So poor Tennyson, who had been in the worst way, but had not force enough to choose where to go, and so sat still, was now disposed of.

Since the new French Revolution, Carlyle has taken in the *Times* newspaper, the first time he has ever had a daily paper.

If such a person as Cromwell should come now it would be of no use; he could not get the ear of the House of Commons. You might as well go into Chelsea graveyard yonder, and say, *Shoulder Arms!* and expect the old dead churchwardens to arise.

It is droll to hear this talker talking against talkers, and this writer writing against writing.

Jane Carlyle said that the rich people whom she knew had occasion for all the shillings they

could find. The spending is, for a great part, in servants. Thirty-five servants in Lord Ashburton's house.

An Englishman is *aplomb*.

Henry Thoreau thought what we reckon a good Englishman is in this country a stage-proprietor.

The people have wide range, but no ascending range in their speculation. An American, like a German, has many platforms of thought. But an Englishman requires to be humoured or treated with tenderness as an invalid, if you wish him to climb.

Let who will fail, England will not. She could not now build the old castles and abbeys, but the Nineteenth Century loves club-houses, railways, and docks and mills, and builds them fast enough.

Mr. Joshua Bates,[1] the best informed man, one would say, hesitates to testify before the House of Commons to the advantage of the

1 An American member of the great banking firm of Baring Brothers.

proposed abolition of Navigation Laws, because he thinks the English shipowners and shipmasters cannot compete with those of America, here in their own ports.

Plural London. Immeasurable London, evidently the capital of the world, where men have lived ever since there were men. Yet it seems deliberately built. An aggregation of capitals.

There are several little nations here. A German quarter in Whitechapel, a French quarter where they still carry on a silk business in Spitalfields.

In London only could such a place as Kew Gardens be overlooked. Wealth of shops bursting into the streets; piles of plate breast-high on Ludgate Hill. In a London dock Mr. Bates said he had seen nineteen miles of pipes of wine piled up to the ceiling.

Many of the characterising features of London are new. Such as gaslight, the omnibuses, the steam ferries, the penny-post, and the building up the West End.

One goes from show to show, dines out, and lives in extremes. Electric sparks six feet long; light is polarized; Grisi sings; Rothschild is your banker; Owen and Faraday lecture; Ma-

caulay talks; Soyer cooks. Is there not an economy in coming where thus all the dependence is on the first men of their kind?

Englishman has hard eyes. He is great by the back of the head.

LONDON, *March.*

In the new Parliament House, great poverty of ornament, the ball and crown repeated tediously all over the grand gate, near the Abbey, and *Vivat Regina* written incessantly all over the casements of the windows in House of Lords. Houses of Parliament a magnificent document of English power and of their intention to make it last. The Irish harp and shamrock are carved with the rose and thistle over all the house. The houses cover eight acres, and are built of Bolsover stone. Fault, that there is no single view commanding great lines; only, when it is finished, the Speaker of the House of Commons will be able with a telescope to see the Lord Chancellor in the Lords. But mankind can so rarely build a house covering eight acres that 't is pity to deprive them of the joy of seeing a mass and grand and lofty lines.

In House of Commons, when a man makes his first speech, there is a cry of "New member!

new member!" and he is sure of attention. Afterwards, he must get it if he can. In a body of six hundred and forty-eight members every man is sure to have some who understand his views on whatever topic. Facts they will hear, and any measure proposed they will entertain, but no speculation, and no oratory. A sneer is the habitual expression of that body. Therefore Cobbett's maiden speech, "I have heard a great deal of nonsense, since I have been sitting here," was quite in their vein, and secured their ear.

Stand at the door of the House of Commons, and see the members go in and out, and you will say these men are all men of humanity, of good sense.

March.

They told me, that now, since February, Paris was not Paris, nor France France, everything was *triste* and grim. All the members of the Provincial Government had become aged since February, except only Arago.

Immortality. Of Immortality, the Soul, when well employed, is incurious.[1] . . .

Nobody should speak on this matter polemic-

1 The rest of the passage is printed in "Worship" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 239).

ally, but it is the *Gai Science* and only to be chanted by troubadours.

In dreams, the ordinary theory is that there is but one person; the mystical theory is that there are two or more.

There 's a great affinity between wit and oxygen; with the oxygen in these crowded parlours my wit always departs.

England is the country of the rich. The great Poor Man does not yet appear. Whenever he comes, England will fall like France. It would seem that an organizing talent applied directly to the social problem, to bring, for example, labor to market, to bring want and supply face to face, would not be so rare. A man like Hudson, like Trevelyan, like Cobden, should know something about it.

France. The French Revolution just now has surprised everybody (themselves included) who took any thought on the matter. No Guizot, no Thiers, no Barrot, no *Times* newspaper, no party that could remember and calculate, but was baulked and confounded. Only the simple workmen, porters, shoeblacks, and women, and

the few statesmen who, like Lamartine, could afford through riches and energy of nature to let themselves go without resistance whither the explosion was hurling them, found themselves suddenly right and well. One would say, as Sam Ward said of the young collegians who drove a gig down his hill, "If they had known how to drive, they would have broken their necks."

The French are, to a proverb, so formidable in explosions that every boy sees the folly of Guizot and his master in bearding that lion. It had been plain to them a great while that just by dodging an explosion you might lead the monster quietly into a cage.

This revolution has a feature new to history, that of Socialism. The American Revolution was political merely.

It is not a good feature, the rhetoric of French politics. The manifestoes read like Buonaparte's proclamations, instead. It strikes one, too, the identity of the nation through all these changes. I ask myself, what makes it? it is like the identity of an individual.

The King and his party fell [in February, 1848] for want of a shot; they had not conscience to shoot, so entirely was the heart and spirit of monarchy eaten out.

In Germany, said N.,[1] the former revolution collapsed for want of an idea. Now, all goes well, for they know what they want.

The delegate who had carried congratulations to the French Republic said, that "they had determined not to wait even till they knew whether it was a boy or a girl." Mr. Van der W. said that Louis Philippe has not now £800 a year. Louis Philippe could not be received publicly, but he went privately to the Queen, and made her and her company laugh very heartily by his account of his escapade, and the incidents of his disguise, voyage, and landing in England.

March.

At Lady Harriet Baring's dinner, Carlyle and Milnes introduced me to Charles Buller, "reckoned," they said aloud, "the cleverest man in England"—"until," added Milnes, —"until he meddled with affairs." For Buller was now Poor-Laws Commissioner, and had really postponed hitherto to make good the extraordinary expectation which his speeches in Parliament had created.

1 Probably Neuberg, a German of culture, who rendered much good service to Carlyle.

Religion. Dr. Arnott told a story of a very evangelical young lady who wanted the company to subscribe to send a missionary to India. "The people," she said, "believed in devils, and worshipped devils." "Yes," said her uncle, "I tell you, my dear, those are no jokes of devils, those in India. They actually eat or cause to be destroyed one per cent of the population. But, niece, they worship devils, too, in Europe, and news were just brought that this is creeping into England, and instead of one per cent, they say their devil sends to eternal damnation nineteen out of every twenty." The niece, who had expected a contribution to her missionary purse, shut her eyes and her mouth.

Macaulay[1] said that he had arrested on its progress to be printed a bill for civilizing and Christianizing the natives of —— in Africa, appropriating a thousand pounds, first for an expense of £—— for adjusting pipes, etc., on

1 Mr. Emerson met Macaulay, Milman, Lord Morpeth, Bunsen, and Lyell at dinner at Mr. Bancroft's, and Macaulay again and Hallam at Milman's. See letter to Mrs. Emerson in Cabot's *Memoir*, vol. ii, pp. 528, 530. He says: "Macaulay is the king of diners-out. I do not know when I have seen such wonderful vivacity. He has immense memory, fun, fire, learning, politics, manners, and pride, and talks all the time a steady torrent."

the paddle-wheels of steamboats for squirting hot water on the natives.

I have never heard, I believe, but one man in England speak of "Our Saviour." At the dinner of the Geological Club, I sat between Sir Henry De la Bèche and Lord Selkirk. When I remarked, what I understood the accepted view of the creation of races to be, that many individuals appeared simultaneously, and not one pair only, Lord Selkirk replied that there was no geological fact which is at variance with the Mosaic History.

"Decent debility," said Sydney Smith of the clergy.

'T is a long step from the cromlechs to York Minster.

Two seasons every night in which the House of Commons was ferocious, at the dinner hour by hunger and at two o'clock by sleep.

Englishwomen wear their grey hair.[1] In the

1 Women in America, at this period, when their hair began to turn grey wore "frisettes" or "false fronts," often of a singular warm chocolate-brown which heightened the unreality. Almost all matrons, however young, wore caps.

rain, they tuck up their gown about the waist and expose their skirt.

England a little top-heavy still, though she keeps her feet much better since the Corn Laws were thrown overboard.

March 9.

I attended a Chartist meeting in National Hall, Holborn. It was called to hear the report of the Deputation who had returned after carrying congratulations to the French Republic. The *Marseillaise* was sung by a party of men and women on the platform, and chorused by the whole assembly: then the *Girondins*. The leaders appeared to be grave men, intent on keeping a character for order and moral tone in their proceedings, but the great body of the meeting liked best the sentiment, "Every man a ballot and every man a musket." Much was whispered of the soldiers, — that "they would catch it," i. e., the contagion of Chartism and rebellion.

In the *Times*, advertisement of literary assistance. T—— R—— sold his name to a book. T—— D—— sells his book to a name of Mr. Cunningham, bookseller.

March 14.

It is a proof of the abundance of literary talent here that no one knows, or, I think, asks the name of the writers of paragraphs and articles of great ability. It seems strange that literary power sufficient to get up twenty such reputations as Quinet or Michelet, and a hundred Prescotts or Sparkses, is here wasted in some short-lived paper in the *Christian Remembrancer* or the *Foreign Quarterly*, or even in a few leaders in the *Times* newspaper. The papers surprise me, for I do not meet anywhere the fine-tempered talent that could write them, but only such literary men as I have known before. I read this morn the excellent critique on Carlyle's Cromwell in the *Christian Remembrancer* for April, 1846.

Nature. The oceanic working of Nature which accumulates a momentary individual as she forms a momentary wave in a running sea.

Englishman talks of politics and institutions, but the real thing which he values is his home, and that which belongs to it, — that general culture and high polish which in his experience no man but the Englishman possesses, and which

he naturally believes have some essential connection with his throne and laws. That is what he does not believe resides in America, and therefore his contempt of America only half concealed. This English tenacity in strong contrast with our facility. The facile American sheds his Puritanism when he leaves Cape Cod, runs into all English and French vices with great zest, and is neither Unitarian, nor Calvinist, nor Catholic, nor stands for any known thought or thing; which is very distasteful to English honour. It is a bad sign that I have met with many Americans who flattered themselves that they pass for English. Levity, levity. I do not wish to be mistaken for an Englishman, more than I wish Monadnock or Nahant or Nantucket to be mistaken for Wales or the Isle of Wight.

Appleton[1] spends so much wit, anecdote, good nature, on every conversation, that it is impossible with the ordinary economies of Nature that he can have any stores, any winter, any ulterior views. He is like a broker who lends such sums that you would infer that he

1 Thomas Gold Appleton, of Boston, then travelling in Europe.

was rich; but no, he turns all his capital every day.

"Our rivers have their sources in their dominions," says the German (East Prussian) placard reproachfully of Russian dominion.

"And other grain," Mr. Austin said, were words introduced by Franklin into a provision bill in Pennsylvania to cover *gunpowder*.

"I rise in the dignity of conscious virtue," said Roebuck in his first speech in the House of Commons.

Dined at Lord Ashburton's, at Lady Harriet Baring's, attended Lady Palmerston's *soirée;* saw fine people at Lady Morgan's and at Lady Molesworth's, Lord Lovelace's, and other houses. But a very little is enough for me, and I find that all the old deoxygenation and asphyxia that have in town or in village existed for me in that word "a party," exist unchanged in London palaces. Of course the fault is wholly mine, but I shall at least know how to save a great deal of time and temper henceforward.

You will wish to know what Mr. Bull really

says to me and is to me. I confess I am, much of the time, in that unhappy state which evening parties throw me into, — the parlor Erebus; — and that solitary infirmity of mine, Mr. Bull is the last person to forgive. English society, of course, requires vigour of health to shine in it. As we say, You must be a bruiser for Congress. The novice fancies that the gladiators say something better than he; no, but they say it better.

Macaulay has the strength of ten men. "A Unitarian will presently be shown as a Dodo, an extinct race" [was his remark]. That Macaulay should be voted a *bore* in some high aristocratic companies is pathetic example of the impossibility of pleasing all.

Not only Christianity is as old as the creation, not only every sentiment and precept of Christianity can be parallelled in other religious writings, but a man of religious susceptibility and, at the same time conversant with men, — say a much travelled man, — can find the same height in numberless conversations. The religious find religion wherever they associate. When I find in people narrow religion, I find narrow reading.

Nothing is so expansive as thought. It cannot

be confined or hid. 'T is easily carried; it takes no room.

I travelled, as I said, for a whip for my top. I had noticed that to every person are usually sent six or seven priests, in the course of their (impressible) life, and, to find one of these, he may well cross to Asia, or the Antarctic Zone. It was to be expected that I might find the seventh of mine in England.

Every Englishman is a House of Commons. As that expects that every speech will propose a measure, so the man of letters here is never contemplative; a stanza of the Song of Nature he has no ear for.

Grievous amount of dross about men of wit, they are so heavy, so dull, so oppressive with their bad jokes, and monstrous conceit, and stupefying individualism. Avoid the great man as one who is privileged to be an unprofitable companion. As a class the merchants are out of all comparison manlier and more sensible, and even the farmers are more real and agreeable. But this is babyish; I hate that a scholar should be an old goody. If excellence as scholars has cost too much and spoiled them for society, let

religion, let their homage to truth and beauty, keep them in chambers or caves, that they may not by personal presence deface the fair festival which their reason and imagination have dressed.

The most agreeable compliment that could be paid W. was to say that you had not observed him, in a house or in a street where you had met him.[1] . . .

I see that the Londoner is also, like me, a stranger in London. I have a good deal to tell him of it, and there is no man who at all masters or much affects this self-arranging mass.

The Englishman is proud; yes, but he is admirable. He knows all things, has all things, can do all: how can he not be proud?

Colonel Thompson's theory of Primogeniture is, that it is to make one son strong enough to force the public to support all the rest.

[Last week in March.]

Richard Owen. Mr. Richard Owen was kind enough to give me a card to his Course of Lec-

1 The rest of the passage with a similar beginning is printed in *Society and Solitude* (p. 4).

tures before the Royal College of Surgeons, and I heard as many of the lectures as I could. He is an excellent lecturer. His vinous face is a powerful weapon. He has a surgical smile, and an air of virility, that penetrates his audience, a perfect self-command and temperance, master of his wide nomenclature, and stepping securely from stone to stone. But there was no need that he who thinks lightly of the accumulation of facts should run counter to his own genius, and attack the "transmutationists"; for it is they who obey the idea which makes him great.

Mr. Owen told the story of Dean Buckland's objection to the gigantic Rat which pulled down the trees of the elder world, namely, that he would get killed by their fall; and, when the fossil skull of one was examined, it was found to be double and of an immoderate thickness, and also with great fractures healed over.

The Jerboa Rat and other animals of that kind are in enormous numbers, and prolific; have their function to destroy corrupt animal matter and are like the infusoria in that office.

The Bat analogous to the Cetacea; one is a mammal adapted to swim and one a mammal adapted to fly — then again analogous to the

mole and the shrew, one moving by displacing air and the other by displacing earth.

Sleep is the hybernation of the day. Hybernation is the sleep of the year. Light is not the exciting cause always, for some animals wake in the dark and sleep in the day. Light was thought the exciting cause in reference to sleep, and heat in reference to hybernation. And yet there are animals who sleep during the hottest and driest part of the equatorial year. The hybernation is determined by the season of food. The bat living on insects would die when the insects died; but now, he sleeps through this long fast, without respiration.

If I stay here long, I shall lose all my patriotism and think that England has absorbed all excellences. My friend Alcott came here and brought away a couple of mystics and their shelf of books from Ham Common, and fancied that nothing was left in England;[1] and I see that Kew Gardens and so many great men and things are obscure.

I look at the immense wealth and the solid

1 Messrs. Lane and Wright, who joined in the Fruitlands Community, already mentioned in the Journals of 1843 and 1844. The School at Ham Common had been named Alcott House.

power concentrated, and am quite faint: then I look in the street at the little girls running barefoot through the rain, with broom in hand, to beg a halfpenny of the passenger at the crossing, and at so many Lascars, and pitifullest trades, and think of Saadi, who, barefooted, saw the man who had no legs, and bemoaned himself no more.

[On the invitation of Arthur Hugh Clough, then a Fellow of Oriel College, and also of Dr. Daubeny, the botanical professor, Mr. Emerson went to Oxford, "and spent something more than two days very happily," meeting, among others, "Palgrave and Froude," as told in Cabot's Memoir.]

March 31.

At Oxford, in the Bodleian Library Dr. Bandinel showed me the manuscript Plato of the date of A.D. 896, brought by Dr. Clarke from Egypt.[1] . . .

[On April 1 Mr. Emerson went to a *soirée* at the Marquis of Northampton's, and in a letter tells of the company he met there, among others Prince Albert, Sir Charles Fellows, Dr. Buck-

1 Here follows the narrative of what he saw in this library printed in *English Traits* (pp. 203, 204).

land, and Crabbe Robinson, who in his *Diary* mentions his meeting with Emerson. Later, the same evening, he went to Lord Palmerston's, and there met Disraeli, Bunsen, Macaulay, and Baron Rothschild.]

Mr. Neuberg said that the Rothschilds make great fortunes, but they really do a certain important service to society; they are the cashiers of the world: and it is a public mischief when any calamity befalls them. People at Nottingham are carried into crime, because Rothschild does not accept bills at Paris; it is quite obvious to him: he can trace it all the way. So when a bank discounts freely in any district, immediately an impulse is given to population, and new men are born.

See the account Rothschild gave of himself in Fowell Buxton's Life, especially in regard to luck.

Agassiz made lectures on anatomy popular by the aid of an idea: homology, analogy, did that for him, which all the police of Boston could not have done, in holding the crowd together at the Odéon, when Wyman lectured on the same subject.

The New Religion. Yes, there will be a new Church founded on Moral Science, at first cold and naked, a babe in a manger again.[1] . . .

It was necessary that this roaring Babylon should fall flat, before the whisper that commands the world could be heard. It seems to every youth that he is alone, and left to fall abroad with too much liberty, when he is left with only God. He does not yet begin to see and to hear.

The English Church, being undermined by German criticism, had nothing left but tradition, and flung itself into the Roman Church, distrusting the laws of the Universe. The next step is now the ruin of Christendom.[2]

Wisdom always lays the emphasis of reform in the right place, on tendency, on character, and not on some absurd particular, as on the knife and fork, which is sure to produce dislocation and ridiculous jangle. A monk must live in a monastery; an ascetic in Thebais; he cannot get such puddings as he likes in Nottingham or Concord.

1 The passage thus beginning is printed in "Worship" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 241).

2 A part of the above passage is printed in the chapter "Religion" (*English Traits*, p. 228).

I had rather have a good symbol of my thought, or a good analogy, than the suffrage of Kant or Plato.[1] . . .

Every soul is sent into Nature accompanied by its assessors or witnesses. They are attached to it by similarities which keep them through all changes in the same stratum or plane, and within the same sphere; as the bodies of one solar system never quit their respective distances, but remain, as the foot of an animal follows its head. To his astonishment the man finds that he can never think alone, his thought is always apprehended by equal intellect; that he can never hide his action, but witnesses, and those his intimate acquaintance, look out of the dark of every cave, in an Asiatic desart, in an Arabian Sahara.[2]

Everything connected with our personality fails.[3] . . .

People interest as long as there is some re-

1 The rest of the passage is found in "Poetry and Imagination" (*Letters and Social Aims*, p. 13).

2 The same idea and some of the same expressions occur in "Worship" (*Conduct of Life*, p. 226).

3 The substance of this passage is printed in "Immortality" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 342, 343).

serve about them. Only that mind draws me which I cannot read.

"The belief that Self consists in that which is not self, and that property consists in that which is not our own, is the double fruit of the tree of Ignorance."

The objection, the loud denial, not less proves the reality and conquests of an idea than the friends and advocates it finds. Thus communism now is eagerly attacked, and all its weak points acutely pointed out by British writers and talkers; which is all so much homage to the Idea, whose first inadequate expressions interest them so deeply, and with which they feel their fate to be mingled. If the French should set out to prove that three was four, would British journalism bestir itself to contradict them? The Geologic Society and the Stock Exchange would have no time to spare it.

One sees readily, in the embittered acuteness of the Oxonian reviewer in snuffing heresy from far, how hapless an unbeliever he is, and why he inveighs so angrily against that which he vainly resists in his own bosom.

I was struck, at least in one interview lately, with the mutual timidity of a couple of emi-

nences (of very diverse sorts), each exaggerating the other, and then it appeared that victory was cheap, and lay there waiting for which one first recovered his reason.

At Oxford you may hold what opinion you please so that you hold your tongue.

In going through the street you should be in a state of positive electricity, not negative.

If I should believe the Reviews, and I am always of their opinion, I have never written anything good. And yet, against all criticism, the books survive until this day.

For the matter of Socialism, there are no oracles. The oracle is dumb. When we would pronounce anything truly of man, we retreat instantly on the individual. We are authorized to say much on the destinies of one, nothing on those of many. It seems cruel that every man should be in false position and that, scholar and saint though he be, he should find himself in this most awkward relation to loaves of bread. And the promise of Socialism is to redress this distorted balance. But I think it needs that we

must have the substance in purity which we will analyze, and not only cling to individuals but to angels. We must consider the condition of a youthful soul sent for its education into this University of Nature, and perhaps it must have this drastic treatment of famine and plenty, insult and rapture, wisdom and tragedy, infernal and supernal society, in order to secure that breadth of culture so long-lived a destiny needs.

Oh, were there times that deserved any attention! but how can these convulsions effect any change of mood in any firm Cæsarian scholar? Archimedes buried himself in his geometry . . . when Marcellus was battering down the walls.

April 6 (?).

I fancied, when I heard that the times were anxious and political, that there is to be a Chartist revolution on Monday next,[1] and an Irish revolution in the following week, that the right scholar would feel, now was the hour to test his genius. His kingdom is at once over and under

1 In a letter to his wife on April 10, Mr. Emerson wrote: "A good deal of time is lost here in their politics, as I read the newspapers daily, and the revolution, fixed for the 10th instant, occupied all men's thought until the Chartists' petition was actually carried to the Commons."

these perturbed regions. Let him produce its Charter now, and try whether it cannot win a hearing, and make felt its infinite superiority to-day, as, in the arts, they make winter oil on the coldest, and spermaceti candles on the hottest, day of the year.

People here expect a revolution. There will be no revolution, none that deserves to be called so. There may be a scramble for money. But as all the people we see want the things we now have, and not better things, it is very certain that they will, under whatever change of forms, keep the old system. When I see changed men, I shall look for a changed world. Whoever is skilful in heaping money now will be skilful in heaping money again.

Power. There must be a relation between power and probity. . . . We seem already to have more power than we can be trusted with. And this preparation for a superior race is a higher omen of revolution than any other I have seen. Except to better men, the augmented science is a mere chemic experiment of the quickest poison.

What wrong road have we taken that all the improvements of machinery have helped every-

body but the operative? Him they have incurably hurt.

A curious example of the rudeness and inaccuracy of thought is the inability to distinguish between the private and the universal consciousness. I never make that blunder when I write, but the critics who read impute their confusion to me.

In the question of Socialism, which now proposes the confiscation of France, one has only this guidance; — you shall not so arrange property as to remove the motive to industry. If you refuse rent and interest, you make all men idle and immoral. As to the poor, a vast proportion have made themselves so, and in any new arrangement will only prove a burden on the state. And there is a great multitude also whom the existing system bereaves forever of all culture and of all hope. The masses — ah, if you could read the biographies of those who compose them!

The word *Pay* is immoral.

Now we will work, because we can have it all to our snug selves; to-morrow we will not,

because it goes to the community, and we all stand on a pauper's footing.

The wonder of the Science of Intellect is that the substance with which we deal is of that transcendent and active nature, that it intoxicates all who approach it.[1] . . . Everything is mover or moved, and we are admonished of omnipotence when we say, let us have intellect on our own terms.

Happy is he who gets early in life (or not too late) a good hobby. What happiness and fortune for Charles Fellows was in that ruin at Xanthus.[2] . . . Owen by his fixed idea penetrates all courts, and sees all distinguished men. Morgan's village is his key to Pope, and prelate, author, and foreigner. Dr. Tuckerman with his Ministry-at-large. So Perez Blood with his telescope.[3] Sir

1 This and what follows is printed in "Powers and Laws of Thoughts" (*Natural History of Intellect*, pp. 10, 11). Mr. Emerson wrote, April 20, to his wife: "My newest writing is a kind of Natural History of Intellect; very unpromising title, is it not?"

2 See "Education" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 145, 146).

3 A Concord farmer, referred to in an earlier journal, who used his small inheritance of money from his father to buy a telescope and celestial globe.

Joshua Reynolds (Fox said) had no pleasure in Richmond; he used to say the human face was his landscape.

Guidance and determination to an aim, — yes, certainly, the book must have these, were the author ten times a poet; but it must not be mechanical, not a placing, but a polarity.

April.

The British Museum holds the relics of ancient art, and the relics of ancient nature, in adjacent chambers. It is alike impossible to reanimate either.

The arrangement of the antique remains is surprisingly imperfect and careless, without order, or skilful disposition, or names or numbers. A warehouse of old marbles. People go to the Elgin chamber many times, and at last the beauty of the whole comes to them at once, like music. The figures sit like gods in heaven.

Coventry Patmore's remark was, that to come out of the other room to this was from a roomful of snobs to a room full of gentlemen.

There are 420,000 volumes in the library, as Mr. Panizzi assured me, and fifty or sixty thousand manuscripts. In the Bodleian Library prob-

ably not more than 120,000 books. Five libraries have the right to a copy of every book that is printed: this, the Bodleian, the Advocates' at Edinburgh, the Dublin University (?), and Trinity College, Cambridge (?). The King's Library at Paris is much larger than this — 1,500,000, said Colman. Here the line of shelves runs twelve miles. It is impossible to read from the glut of books. I looked at some engravings in the print-room with Mr. Patmore, who is connected with this Library.

Ah! there is a nation completely appointed, and perhaps conveniently small.

St. Paul's is, as I remember it, a very handsome, noble architectural exploit, but singularly unaffecting. When I formerly came to it from the Italian cathedrals, I said, "Well, here is New York." It seems the best of show-buildings, a fine British vaunt, but there is no moral interest attached to it.

It is certain that more people speak English correctly in the United States than in Britain.

The Government offers free passage to Australia for twenty-five thousand women. In Aus-

tralia are six men to one woman. Miss Coutts has established a school to teach poor girls, taken out of the street, how to read and write and make a pudding and be a colonist's wife. They do very well so long as they are there, but when it comes to embarking for Australia they prefer to go back to the London street, though in these times it would seem as if they must eat the pavement. Such is the absurd love of home of the English race, said Dickens.

April 15.

At the British Museum with the Bancrofts under the guidance of Sir Charles Fellows. Lycian Art. The triumphal Temple plagiarism of the Parthenon. Exact truth and fitness of every particular of Greek work. There are ten statues because ten cities sent aid out of thirteen. Every statue stands on an emblem, as crab, dove, snake, etc., which the coins now show to be the *arms* of the ten cities. The gods are at the eastern end. The friezes describe accurately the siege of the city.

The reconstruction of the Temple, like that of the Dinornis, the most beautiful work of archaic science. History, geology, chemistry, and good sense. The temple itself imitates in stone the old carpentry of the country still visible in

the huts of the peasantry, and is an ark. The women wear the same ornaments, the boys have the same tuft of hair.

Illustration of Homer and Herodotus. England holds these things for mankind and holds them well. Conservative, she is conservator.

Owen said he fell in with a sentinel in crossing the French frontier, who cried out, "Who are you?" Mr. Arnott said he should have replied, "The creature of circumstances."

One power streams into all natures. Mind is vegetable, and grows, thought out of thought, as joint out of joint in corn. Mind is chemical, and shows all the affinities and repulsions of chemistry, and works by presence. . . .

Mind knows the way because it has trod it before. Knowledge is becoming of that thing. Somewhere, sometime, some eternity, we have played this game before. Go through the British Museum and we are full of occult sympathies. I was azote.

It is a little fearful to see with what genius some people take to hunting; what knowledge they still have of the creature they hunt; how lately they were his organic enemy; and the

physiognomies in the street have their type in woods.[1] As in the British Museum one feels his family ties, so in astronomy not less; little men copernicise.

Lud-gate still keeps the hoary memory of Lud's town. Lud, son of Beli, is represented in the romantic chronicles as the elder brother of Cassivellaunus who fought with Julius Cæsar.

Among the trades of despair is the searching the filth of the sewers for rings, shillings, teaspoons, etc., which have been washed out of the sinks. These sewers are so large that you can go underground great distances. Mr. Colman saw a man coming out of the ground with a bunch of candles. "Pray, sir, where did you come from?" "Oh, I've been seven miles," the man replied. They say that Chadwick[2] rode all under London on a little brown pony.

I wonder the young people are so eager to see Carlyle. It is like being hot to see the Mathematical or the Greek professor, before you

1 Some sentences of the above are printed in "Powers and Laws of Thought" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 22).

2 The engineer of the London water system.

have got your lesson. They fancy it needs only clean shirt and palaver. If the genius is true, it needs genius.

The Englishman is finished like a sea-shell. After the spires and volutes are all formed, or with the formation, the hard enamel varnishes every part.[1] Pope, Swift, Jonson, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Gray. It seems an indemnity to the Briton for his precocious maturity. He has no generous daring in this age. The Platonism died in the Elizabethan. He is shut up in French limits. . . .

But Birmingham comes in, and says, "Never mind, I have some patent lustre that defies criticism." Moore made his whole fabric of the lustre: as we cover houses with a shell of inconsumable paint.

April 19.

At Kew Gardens, which enclose in all more than six hundred acres, Sir William Hooker showed us his new glass palm-house . . . which cost £40,000. The whole garden an admirable work of English power and taste. Good as Oxford or the British Museum. No expense spared,

1 These two sentences are printed in "Manners" (*English Traits*, p. 111).

all climates searched. The Echino cactus *Visnasa*, which is a thousand years old, cost many hundred pounds to transport it from the mountains in Mexico to the sea. Here was tea growing, green and black; here was clove, cinnamon, chocolate, lotus, caoutchouc, gutta-percha, kava, upas, baobab, orotava, the papaw, which makes tough meat tender, the *graphtophyllum pictum* or caricature-plant, on whose leaves were several good *Punch* portraits visible to me (lately, there was one so good of Lord Brougham appeared, that all men admire); the ivory nut; the *Strelitzia Regina*, named for Queen Charlotte, one of the gayest flowers in nature; it looked like a bird, and all but sung; the papyrus; the banian; a whole greenhouse or "stove" full of wonderful orchises, which are the rage of England now.

Sydney Smith said of Whewell, that Science was his forte and Omniscience was his foible.

Carlyle thought the clubs remarkable signs of the times. That union was no longer sought, but only the association of men who would not offend one another. There was nothing to do, but they could eat better.

He said, There are about 70,000 of these

people who make what is called "society." Of course, they do not need to make any acquaintance with new people like Americans.

Plato [he found] very unsatisfactory reading, very tedious. The use of intellect not to know that it was there, but to do something with it.

Happy is he who looks only into his work to know if it will succeed, never into the times or the public opinion; and who writes from the love of imparting certain thoughts and not from the necessity of sale — who writes always to *the unknown friend.*

April 25.

Carlyle. Dined with John Forster, Esq., at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and found Carlyle and Dickens, and young Pringle. Forster, who has an obstreperous cordiality, received Carlyle with loud salutation, "My Prophet!" Forster called Carlyle's passion, "musket-worship." There were only gentlemen present and the conversation turned on the shameful lewdness of the London streets at night. "I hear it," he said, "I hear whoredom in the House of Commons. Disraeli betrays whoredom, and the whole House of Commons universal incontinence, in every word they say." I said that when I came

to Liverpool, I inquired whether the prostitution was always as gross in that city as it then appeared, for to me it seemed to betoken a fatal rottenness in the state, and I saw not how any boy could grow up safe. But I had been told it was not worse nor better for years. Carlyle and Dickens replied that chastity in the male sex was as good as gone in our times; and in England was so rare that they could name all the exceptions. Carlyle evidently believed that the same things were true in America. He had heard this and that of New York, etc. I assured them that it was not so with us; that, for the most part, young men of good standing and good education, with us, go virgins to their nuptial bed, as truly as their brides. Dickens replied that incontinence is so much the rule in England that if his own son were particularly chaste, he should be alarmed on his account, as if he could not be in good health. "Leigh Hunt," he said, "thought it indifferent."

Carlyle is no idealist in opinions, but a protectionist in political economy, aristocrat in politics, epicure in diet, goes for murder, money, punishment by death, slavery, and all the pretty abominations, tempering them with epigrams. His seal holds a griffin with the word, *Humili-*

tate. He is a covenanter-philosophe and a sans-culotte-aristocrat.[1] . . .

Yet it must be said of Carlyle that he has the *kleinstadslich* traits of an islander and a Scotchman, and believes more deeply in London than if he had been born under Bow Bells, and is pretty sure to reprimand with severity the rebellious instincts of the native of a vast continent which makes light of the British islands. He is an inspired Cockney.

(When I saw him, in 1848,[2] he was reading Wright's translation of some of Plato's Dialogues with displeasure. I was told by Clough, in 1852, that he has since changed his mind, and professes vast respect for Plato.)

Carlyle is MALLEUS MEDIOCRITATIS. He detects weakness on the instant in his companion, and touches it. . . .

I fancy, too, that he does not care to see anybody whom he cannot eat, and reproduce tomorrow, in his pamphlet or pillory. Alcott was meat that he could not eat, and Margaret Fuller likewise, and he rejected them, at once.

1 A large part of what is written in the next pages of the Journal is printed in the "Carlyle," in *Lectures and Biographical Sketches*.

2 This paragraph, Mr. Emerson wrote into the Journal years later.

He is the voice of London, a true Londoner with no sweet country breath in him, and the instigation of these new Pamphlets is the indignation of the night-walking in London streets. And 't is curious, the magnificence of his genius and the poverty of his aims. He draws his weapons from the skies, to fight for some wretched English property, or monopoly, or prejudice.

He looks for such an one as himself. He would willingly give way to you and listen, if you would declaim to him as he declaims to you. But he will not find such a mate. And a short, plain-dealing and a communication of results, as when Dalton and Dana met, and without speaking, scratched down on scraps of paper chemical formulas, surprising each other with authentic proof of a chemist, — *that* he does not care for.

May 3.

I heard Alboni sing last night in *Cenerentola,* and the *Times* today calls it the best of her triumphs. I found only the noble burst of voice beautiful, and the trills and gurgling and other feats not only not interesting, but, as in all other performers, painful; mere surgical, or rather, functional acts.

[*May 6* ?]

I saw Tennyson, first, at the house of Coventry Patmore, where we dined together.[1] His friend Brookfield was also of the party. I was contented with him, at once. He is tall, scholastic-looking, no dandy, but a great deal of plain strength about him, and though cultivated, quite unaffected; quiet, sluggish sense and strength, refined, as all English are, and good-humoured. The print of his head in Horne's book is too rounded and handsome. There is in him an air of general superiority, that is very satisfactory. He lives very much with his college set,—Spedding, Brookfield, Hallam, Rice, and the rest,—and has the air of one who is accustomed to be petted and indulged by those he lives with, like George Bradford. Take away Hawthorne's bashfulness, and let him talk easily and fast, and you would have a pretty good Tennyson. He has just come home from Ireland, where he had seen much vaporing of the Irish youth against England, and described a scene in some tavern, I think, where a hot young man was flourishing a drawn sword, and swearing that he would drive it to the hilt into the flesh and blood of Englishmen. Tennyson was disgusted,

1 On May 5.

and going up to the young man, took out his penknife, and offered it to him. "I am an Englishman," he said, "and there is my penknife, and, you know, you will not so much as stick that into me." The youth was disconcerted and said he knew he was not an Englishman. "Yes, but I am." Hereupon the companions of the youth interfered, and apologized for him, he had been in drink and was excited, etc.

Tennyson talked of Carlyle, and said, "If Carlyle thinks the Christian religion has lost all vitality, he is wholly mistaken." Tennyson and all Carlyle's friends feel the caprice and incongruity of his opinions. He talked of London as a place to take the nonsense out of a man.

It is his brother, Tennyson Turner, who wrote the verses which Wordsworth praised.

When *Festus* was spoken of, I said that a poem must be made up of little poems, but that in *Festus* were no single good lines; you could not quote one line. Tennyson quoted—

> "There came a hand between the sun and us,
> And its five fingers made five nights in air."

After dinner, Brookfield insisted that we should go to his house, so we stopped an omnibus, and, not finding room inside for all three,

Tennyson rode on the box, and B. and I within. Brookfield, knowing that I was going to France, told me that, if I wanted him, Tennyson would go. "That is the way we do with him," he said. "We tell him he must go and he goes. But you will find him heavy to carry." At Brookfield's house we found young Hallam, with Mrs. Brookfield, a very pleasing woman. I told Tennyson that I heard from his friends very good accounts of him, and I and they were persuaded that it was important to his health, an instant visit to Paris; and that I was to go on Monday, if he was ready. He was very good-humoured, and affected to think that I should never come back alive from France, it was death to go. But he had been looking for two years for somebody to go to Italy with, and was ready to set out at once, if I would go there. I was tempted, of course, to pronounce for Italy; but now I had agreed to give my course in London. He gave me a cordial invitation to his lodgings (in Buckingham Place), where I promised to visit him before I went away.

On [the next day?] I found him at home in his lodgings, but with him was a Church clergyman, whose name I did not know, and there was no conversation. He was sure, again, that

he was taking a final farewell of me, as I was going among the French bullets, but promised to be in the same lodgings, if I should escape alive after my three weeks in Paris. So we parted. I spent a month in Paris, and, when I returned, he had left London.

Carlyle describes him as staying in London through a course of eight o'clock dinners every night for months until he is thoroughly fevered. Then, notice is given to one of his friends, as lately to Aubrey de Vere, who has a fine estate in Ireland (thirty miles from Limerick), to come and carry him off bodily. Tennyson had capitulated, on three conditions: first, that he should not hear anything about Irish distress; second, that he should not come downstairs to breakfast; third, that he might smoke in the house. I think these were the three. So poor Tennyson, who had been in the worst way, but had not force enough to choose where to go, and so sat still, was now disposed of.

Tennyson was in plain black suit and wears glasses. Carlyle thinks him the best man in England to smoke a pipe with, and used to see him much; had a place in his little garden, on the wall, where Tennyson's pipe was laid up. He has other brothers, I believe, besides Tennyson

Turner, the elder; and, I remember, Carlyle told me with glee some story of one of them, who looked like Alfred, and whom some friend, coming in, found lying on the sofa and addressed him, "Ah, Alfred, I am glad to see you," and he said, "I am not Alfred, I am Septimus; I am the most morbid of all the Tennysons." I suppose he is self-indulgent and a little spoiled and selfish by the warm and universal favor he has found. Lady Duff Gordon told me that the first day she saw him he lay his whole length on the carpet, and rolled himself to her feet and said, "Will you please to put your feet on me for a stool." Coventry Patmore described him as very capricious and as once spending the evening with a dozen friends, "not, to be sure, his equals, but as nearly his equals as any that could be collected." Yet Tennyson would not say a word, but sat with his pipe, silent, and at last said, "I am going to Cheltenham; I have had a glut of men." When he himself proposed, one day, to read Tennyson a poem which he had just finished, that Tennyson might tell him of anything which his taste would exclude, Tennyson replied, "Mr. Patmore, you have no idea how many applications of this sort are made to me."

Dr. T. P. Shepherd, of Providence, who trav-

elled in the East with W. Stirling, told me that he met Tennyson at a hotel in Amsterdam, and lived there a fortnight with him, not knowing his name, but riding out with him to see the environs, and meeting at the *table d'hôte*. He set his servant to ascertain from Tennyson's servant his master's name; but the man was only a *valet de place*, and did not know; for Tennyson scrupulously concealed his name, and got into trouble with the police about his passport. Dr. Shepherd thought he must be Carlyle, from the strength and brilliancy of his conversation, until he spoke of Carlyle. One day, however, he recited the "Moated Grange," and inquired of Dr. Shepherd if they liked such verses in America. Dr. Shepherd replied, yes, he knew the verses; they were by Tennyson, and, though he could not say they were widely known, yet they had a very cordial troop of admirers in the United States. "Well," replied the other, "I am Tennyson." And thereafter their acquaintance was intimate, and he made Dr. Shepherd promise to visit him in England. But when Dr. Shepherd was in England, and inquired for him, he found, he said, that he was in a kind of retreat for the sane, which they keep there, and so saw him not.

Mr. Sylvester told me that Mr. Farie could draw a model of any loom or machine after once seeing it, for Rees's Cyclopædia, and did so in the Strutt's mills.

Mr. Hallam asked me, at Lord Ashburton's, "Whether Swedenborg were all mad, or partly knave?" He knew nothing of Thomas Taylor, nor did Milman, nor any Englishman.

FRANCE

[In the first week in May, Mr. Emerson, neglecting the advice of solicitous friends, in his wish to see France especially in days of national crisis, and, incidentally, to gain a better knowledge of the language, crossed the Channel.]

May 6.

From Boulogne to Paris fifty-six leagues, seven and one-half mortal hours.

In approaching Paris, it seemed a nation of soldiers. The climate seemed altered, and 't is incredible that this Syrian capital — all the people poured into the street — should be so near to London.

In Paris, my furnished lodgings, a very comfortable suite of rooms (15 *Rue des petits Augustins*) on the second floor, cost me ninety francs a

month, or three francs a day. . . . The expenses of living for a day, at my rate, are six francs fifteen sous, or seven francs. 'T is true that a breakfast consists of a certain number of mouthfuls. Well, in France they count the number of mouthfuls — say thirty-two or sixty — and put a price on the mouthfuls, three centimes, five centimes a spoonful.

I looked in all the shop windows for toys this afternoon and they are very many and gay, but the only one of all which I really wish to buy is very cheap; yet I cannot buy it, namely, their speech. I covet that which the vilest of the people possesses. French poetry is *peu de chose* and in their character and performance is always prose, *prose ornée*, but never poesy.

Madame de Tocqueville, who is English, tells me that the French is so beautiful a language, so neat, concise, and lucid, that she can never bear to speak English. 'T is a peculiarity of the French that they assimilate all foreign words, and do not suffer them to be pronounced in the foreign manner. . . . Every blouse in the street speaks like an academician; which is not possible in England. I do not distinguish between the language of a blouse, talking philosophy in a group, and that of a Cousin.

After the pair of noble fountains which play all day, the principal ornament of the *Place de la Concorde* is the Obelisk brought from Thebes.

The boulevards have lost their fine trees, which were all cut down for barricades in February. At the end of a year we shall take account, and see if the Revolution was worth the trees.

In Paris, the number of beggars does not compare with that in London, or in Manchester even.

The architecture of Paris compares most favorably with that of London; is far more original, spirited, national. Here is a royal Palace. They have spent a great deal of money, and they have something to show for it. This Tuileries, this Louvre, this Hôtel de Ville, Palais de Justice, and old tower *de la Boucherie* (*St. Jacques*). Efflorescence of France.

I find the French all soldiers, all speakers. The *aplomb* which these need, every Frenchman has; every *gamin* a certain trimness or trigness and a certain fancy cut like a dandy boat at a regatta. A certain ingenuity and verbal clearness of statement they require, and that satisfies them that they have a new and lucid

and coherent statement, though it is artificial, and not an idea; verbally help, and not really. M. Lambert is the servant of his literary theory. But where is the emancipation and joy that comes from new life of an idea?

I find the French intensely masculine. I find them expressive, not reticent. Their heads are not so round as the English head, said Doherty.[1]

Saw Clough,[2] — talked of the inevitable civilization, and how much we owe it; as inevitable as we are the development of inevitable parts. We have got our bread and blood out of it until this hour, and must contrive to get our friction-pump or tap-root still applied to it, nor must we protest in parts, but in system.

I suppose you could never prove to the mind of the most ingenious mollusk that such a creature as a whale was possible.

1 Hugh Doherty, whom Mr. Emerson speaks of later as a Unitarian minister, apparently at Paris at this time.

2 Mr. Emerson took pleasure in Clough s society and valued his poems, especially *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*. His presence in Paris at the time of this visit was also helpful to Mr. Emerson. They dined together daily and often went about together.

When men feel and say, "Those men occupy my place," the revolution is near. But I never feel that any men occupy my place;[1] . . .

I have never met a person superior to his talent, — one who had money in his pocket and did not use it.

May.

The most important word the Age has given to the vocabulary is Blouse.[2] It has not yet got into the Dictionary, and even in America for a year or two it has been of doubtful sound, whether English "blouse," or French "blouse." But, at last, the French Revolution has decided forever its euphony. It is not that it was new for the workman to have ideas and speak in clubs, but new in its proportions to find not five hundred but two hundred thousand thinkers and orators in blouse. Guizot thought they were but a handful.

An orator in the French Club declares that "when the hour arrives for the Second Revolution, and it is not far off, the people (who had

1 For the rest of the passage, see "Aristocracy" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, p. 57).

2 and Humbug (*R. W. E.'s note*).

been too generous at the first revolution in February) will show that it can avenge as well as pardon!"

'T is certain that they are dreadfully in earnest at these clubs. *La vie à bon marché* is the idea of Paris.

"L'inconstance immortelle des Français."

GEORGE SAND.

"*Le Club des conspirateurs c'est l'aristocratie de la démocratie.*

"*Le Club des conspirateurs déclare qu'il reconnaît les droits de l'émeute, et un conspirateur suprême. La Conspiration est en permanence.*

"*Il sera créé au Collège de France une chaire de conspiration.*

"*On chargera le citoyen Blanqui de rédiger dans le silence du cabinet un manuel de conspiration à l'usage des enfans.*"

In the Spanish gallery in the Louvre, it is easy to see that Velasquez and Spagnoletto were painters who understood their business. I fancy them both strong, swarthy men who would have made good soldiers or brigands at a pinch. And in running along the numberless cartoons of

old masters, the eye is satisfied that the art of expression by drawing and color has been perfectly attained; that on that side, at least, humanity has obtained a complete transference of its thought into the symbol.

These Spaniards paint with a certain ferocity. *Zurbaran* who paints monks, especially one monk with a skull in his hands, which seems the reflection of his own head, is a master so far.

It is impossible in a French *table d'hôte* to guess the social rank or the employment of the various guests. The military manners universal in young Frenchmen, their stately bow and salutation through their beards, are, like their beards, a screen, which a foreigner cannot penetrate.

At the *Club des Femmes*, there was among the men some patronage, but no real courtesy. The lady who presided spoke and behaved with the utmost propriety, — a woman with heart and sense, — but the audience of men were perpetually on the lookout for some *équivoque*, into which, of course, each male speaker would be pretty sure to fall; and then the laugh was loud and general.

Le Club des Clubs was one which consisted of the chiefs of all the clubs, and to which was accorded a tribune in the assembly. But they were so dictatorial and insolent that the Chamber at last mustered courage enough to silence them, and, I believe, to turn them out.

The Gallic Cock. An errand boy in France is *commissionaire;* a kitchen is *laboratoire;* applied to is *consacrée.* A taper is not a conflagration.

The negative superlative goes on increasing, and by and by, when all France is mad and every man takes the other by the throat, Blanqui will hang himself for joy.

An artist's ticket to society is not transferable, he has not an inch of margin to his own footing on this precipice to spare, so that, though he possessed the highest social privileges, he could not add to them, and (what is worse in his own eyes) could not impart them.

Give me a rich mind, which does not bring a set of stories to the new companions whom he joins, and, when they are spent, has no more to say, but warm bounteous discourse. What trial is so severe to men as a sea voyage? A college

examination is nothing to it. He who has not tired or restrained his shipmates in a month's voyage has won palms that Cambridge or the Academy or the Congress cannot give.

What games sleep plays with us! We wake indignant that we have been so played upon, and should have lent ourselves to such mountains of nonsense. All night I was scarifying with my wrath some conjuring miscreant, but unhappily I had an old age in my toothless gums, I was as old as Priam, could not articulate, and the edge of all my taunts and sarcasms, it is to be feared, was quite lost. Yet, spite of my dumb palsy, I defied and roared after him, and rattled in my throat, until wife waked me up. Then I bit my lips. So one day we shall wake up from this longer confusion, and be not less mortified that we had lent ourselves to such rigmarole.

Torchlight processions have a seek-and-slay look, dripping burning oil-drops, and the bearers now and then smiting the torch on the ground, and then lifting it into the air as W. described them.

I find in French pictures a coloring of human flesh, analogous to dead gold in jewelry.

Mr. Doherty thought this a revolution against humbugs; that the English were not so reasonable as they appear; and the French were more reasonable than they appear. All the clubs are armed, — that is, have depots of arms.

PARIS, RUE DES PETITS AUGUSTINS, No. 15; *May* 13.

The one thing odious to me now is joking. What can the brave and strong genius of C.[1] himself avail? What can his praise, what can his blame avail me, when I know that if I fall or if I rise, there still awaits me the inevitable joke? The day's Englishman must have his joke, as duly as his bread. God grant me the noble companions whom I have left at home who value merriment less, and virtues and powers more. If the English people have owed to their House of Commons this damnable derision, I think they have paid an over-price for their liberties and empire. But when I balance the attractions of good and evil, when I consider what facilities, what talents a little vice would furnish, then rise before me not these laughers, but the dear and comely forms of honour and genius and piety in my distant home, and they touch me with chaste

1 Carlyle or Clough?

palms moist and cold, and say to me, You are ours.

"Remember to be sober and to be disposed to believe, for these are the nerves of wisdom."

And Mahomet's retribution of the jokers.[1]

One of the principal discoveries, or, say confirmations, obtained in Europe, was that bigger incomes do not help anybody.

The scholar was glad to leave his manuscript and go to the window.

[The above sentence, unexplained, in one of the journals of these weeks, may be well accounted for in a letter written by Mr. Emerson to his wife, May 17, from which it seems best to introduce here the following extract:—]

"On Monday (day before yesterday), as you will read in the papers, there was a revolution defeated, which came within an ace of succeeding. We were all assured for an hour or two that the new government was proclaimed and the old routed, and Paris, in terror, seemed to acquiesce; but the National Guards, who are all

1 "On the day of resurrection those who have indulged in ridicule will be called to the door of Paradise and have it shut in their faces when they reach it."

but the entire male population of Paris, at last found somebody to rally and lead them, and they swept away the conspirators in a moment. Blanqui and Barbès, the two principal leaders, I knew well,[1] as I had attended Blanqui's club on the evenings of Saturday and Sunday, and heard his instructions to his Montagnards, and Barbès' club I had visited last week and I am heartily glad of the shopkeepers' victory.

"I saw the sudden and immense display of arms when the *rappel* was beaten on Monday afternoon; the streets full of bayonets, and the furious driving of the horses dragging cannon towards the National Assembly; the rapid succession of proclamations proceeding from the Government and pasted on the walls at the corners of the streets, eagerly read by crowds of people; and, not waiting for this, the rapid passage of messengers with proclamations in their hands which they read to knots of people and then ran on to another knot, and so on down a street. The moon shone as the sun went down; the river rolled under the crowded bridges along the swarming quays; the tricolor waved on the great mass of the Tuileries, which seemed too noble a palace to doubt of the owner; but be-

1 Of course, only as having seen and heard them.

fore night all was safe, and our new government, who had held the seats for a quarter of an hour, were safe in jail." [1]

Fête du 21 Mai. "*Ballon tricolore; 500 jolies filles, les vivandières et les cantinières, et les petits enfants de chaque sexe, vêtus en soldat ou avec des rubans de fête, marchant dans le cortège*"; drum-majors, vast men with baton and huge caps of fur; *sapeurs* and *pompiers;* children on stilts; merry-go-rounds —

[The following two sentences were evidently written twenty years later, after Clough's death:]

Citizen Blanqui, a lame man with the face and air of a conspirator, and Barbès (head of the *Club de la Révolution*) were the leaders of the *émeute* on the 15 of May, I think, which I saw.

For details of May, 1848, in Paris, see *Remains of A. H. Clough*, pp. 100–130.

The question of history is, what each generation has done with its surplus produce? One bought crusades, one churches, one villas, one horses, and one railroads.

"*Le règne des épées a passé, le jour où celle de*

1 More of this letter may be found in Mr. Cabot's *Memoir* (pp. 571–573).

Napoléon a été impuissante pour sa défense et pour la nôtre!

"*La force brutale des sabres, de la conquête, est brisée: brisez celle des fusils populaires. Que les fusils, comme les épées, s'abaissent aujourdhui devant les idées. Faites vous général des idées du siècle. . . . Ce qui reste aujourdhui des canons de Bonaparte, c'est la mitraille d'idées qu'ils contenaient aussi. . . . Ses codes étaient à la suite de ses armées, comme les cotons suivent les armées de l'Angleterre.*" — Assemblée Nationale, *May* 23.

Paris. In Paris, 117 new newspapers have been set on foot since the revolution.

This revolution distinguished from the old by the social problem agitated in every club. Arithmeticians get up and cipher very shrewdly before the masses to show them what is each man's share. The good God, they say, is full of good sense, and the extreme inequality of property had got so far as to drive to revolution, and now it will not finish until God's justice is established, nor until the laborer gets his wages, nor until there is no idler left in the land. The idler is a diseased person and is to be treated by the state as a diseased person.

In coming to the city, and seeing in it no

men of information, you remain on the outside.

But all this Paris seems to me a continuation of the theatre, when I come out of the theatre, or of a *limonade gazeuse*, when I come out of the restaurant. This is the famous lotus which the mariners ate and forgot their homes. I pinch myself to remember mine.

I went to hear Michelet lecture on philosophy, but the sublime creed of the Indian Buddhists was not meant for a Frenchman to analyze and crack his joke and make his grimace upon. But I came out hither to see my contemporaries, and I have seen Leverrier to-day working out algebraic formulas on his blackboard to his class, quite heedless of politics and revolutions. I have seen Rachel in *Phèdre* and heard her chant the *Marseillaise*. I have seen Barbès rule in his *Club de la Révolution*, and Blanqui in his *Club des droits de l'homme*, and to-day they are both in the dungeon of Vincennes.

Old Revolution said, *Qu'est ce que le tiers état? Rien. Que doit il être? Tout.* The New Revolution reads, *le producteur*, for *le tiers état.*

The French have greatly more influence in

Europe than the English. What influence the English have is by brute force of wealth; that of the French, by affinity and talent.

An eminent difference between Paris and London is the economy of water. In Paris, the stranger is struck with the beautiful fountains on the *Place de la Concorde* and gives Paris the preference to London. But this water is not drinkable, and the houses in Paris have no wells or pumps and buy all their water by the bucket from water-carriers who bring it from certain springs. In London every house has some kind of water-privilege; as that in which I lived received its water from Hertfordshire by an aqueduct which entered at the top of the house.

The New Religion. You need only your own verdict. . . . Or what if they tax you with gambling, or drinking, or riot, when you have all your virtue, health, and serenity, safe about you unspent? Let them say it. For the good Laws know whether it be so or not, and they cannot be made false witnesses. Much of the time every man must have himself to his friend.

Nothing seems to me so excellent as a belief

in the laws: it communicates dignity and an asylum in temples thenceforward to the character.

The gods themselves could not help us.

Ah! if a man could explain his own facts, the little system of laws and companions and assessors or witnesses with which he walks surrounded, from which he cannot escape, the planet each of a choir of satellites. . . . Had I not reason to say the secret of the present hour is as hard to tell as that of the future hour?

Steep and craggy, said Porphyry, is the path of the gods.

That unhappy man, called of genius, pays dear for his paltry distinction. His head runs up into a spire, and, instead of being a healthy, merry, round and ruddy man, he is some mad dominie. Nature is regardless of the individual.[1] . . .

The writers are bold and democratic. The moment revolution comes, are they Chartists and Montagnards? No, but they talk and sit with the rich, and sympathize with them.

1 The remainder of the passage is in the first paragraph of "Culture" (*Conduct of Life*).

Should they go with the Chartist? Alas, they cannot.[1]

Mr. Doherty said, the *dogmes* were *malfaisants*. It needed not to inquire whether men made them or God made them. In either case they had every right to take them away. In the natural world, they had tigers, snakes, wolves, and other *dogmes malfaisants*, which they did not hesitate to put away and kill; and so, in the moral world, they had the like, which, like these beasts, had answered their use for a time, but were now out of time, unfit, noxious.

It is doubtful whether London, whether Paris, can answer the questions which now rise in the minds.

Life is cheap in this ant-hill of Paris. One can see that multitudes sell their future for one day. What prodigality to turn a little beautiful French Edie[2] into the procession to be consumed in the sun and crowd.

1 The long passage with a similar beginning is printed in "Aristocracy" (*Lectures and Biographical Sketches*, pp. 63, 64). Mr. Emerson used it in his lecture on Aristocracy given before his select London audience. At such a time this required moral courage.

2 Some little girl figuring in the street parade of the revo-

I have been exaggerating the English merits all winter, and disparaging the French. Now I am correcting my judgment of both, and the French have risen very fast.

But I see that both nations promise more than they perform. They do not culminate.

'T is easy to see that France is much nearer to socialism than England. In the gay and admirable illumination of the Champs-Elysées, one could see that it was but a few steps to the Phalanstery.

Do not mind trifles — was the lesson so strenuously inculcated on my childhood. I did not learn it, and now I see England has not.

I went to the Pantheon and learned that the tomb of Napoleon was at the Invalides. Rousseau and Voltaire sleep under the Pantheon.

I have seen Rachel in *Phèdre*, in *Mithridate*, and now last night in *Lucrèce* (of Ponsard), in which play she took two parts, that of Lucréce and that of Tullia. The best part of her performance is the terror and energy she can throw into passages of defiance or denunciation. Her manners and carriage are throughout pleasing by their highly intellectual cast. And her expres-

lutionists, of the age of Mr. Emerson's younger daughter Edith.

sion of the character is not lost by your losing some word or look, but is continuous and is sure to be conveyed. She is extremely youthful and innocent in her appearance, and when she appeared after the curtain fell to acknowledge the acclamations of the house and the heaps of flowers that were flung to her, her smile had a perfect good nature and a kind of universal intelligence.

At the Chamber of the National Assembly, by the kindness of Mr. Rush, who lent me his diplomatic ticket. Lamartine made his speech on the question of Poland. He was quite the best and indeed the only good speaker I heard in the house. He has a fine head, and a free and superior style of delivery, manly and cultivated. But he was quite at his ease, no sword or pikes over his head this time, and really little energy in his discourse. He read many extracts from letters sent him from Italy, and when he was tired, the members cried out, *Reposez vous!* and the President gave an intermission for half an hour.

The whole house of nine hundred members obviously listened with great respect and gladly to Lamartine, for they want information, and it

has been rather parsimoniously given by any whom they could trust. His speech is reckoned wise and moderate. To me it looks as if a wise Frenchman should say to his country, Leave Poland and China and Oregon to themselves. You have more than enough to do, at present, in constructing your own government and dealing with disorder, hunger, and faction in France. — But Lamartine praised the new republic because it had not a moment of Egoism, but had adopted Poland and Italy.

We[1] now dine daily at a *table d'hôte* at No. 16 *Rue de Notre Dame des Victoires*, where five hundred French *habitués* usually dine at one franc sixty centimes. Of course it is an excellent place for French grammar. Nouns, verbs, adverbs, and interjections furnished gratuitously.

I am told that there are twelve thousand students connected with the University, including all the faculties. 'T is a noble hospitality, and well calculated also, as it brings so great a population of foreigners to spend their money in France.

Paris has great merits as a city. Its river is

1 Mr. Emerson and A. H. Clough.

made the greatest pleasure to the eye by the quays and bridges; its fountains are noble and copious; its gardens or parks far more available to the pleasure of the people than those of London. What a convenience to the senses of men is the *Palais Royal;* the swarming Boulevards, what an animating promenade; the furnished lodgings have a seductive independence; the living is cheap and good; then what a luxury is it to have a cheap wine for the national beverage as uniformly supplied as beer in England. The manners of the people, and probably their inferiority as individuals, make it as easy to live with them as with so many shopkeepers whose feelings and convenience are nowise to be consulted. Meantime they are very civil and good-tempered, polite and joyous, and will talk in knots and multitudes in the streets all day for the entertainment of the passenger. Then they open their treasures of art and science so freely to the mere passport of the traveller and to all the world on Sunday. The University, the Louvre, the Hôtel de Cluny, the Institute, the Gallery of the Luxembourg, Versailles. Then the churches are always open: *Notre Dame; La Sainte Chapelle*, built by St. Louis and gorgeous within; *Saint Sulpice;* the *Madeleine.*

Then there is the Pantheon; and there is the *Jardin des Plantes*, worthy of admiration. Everything odd and rare and rich can be bought in Paris; and by no means the least attractive of its shows is the immense book-stalls in the streets,—maps, pictures, models, busts, sculptures, and libraries of old books spread abroad on tables or shelves at the side of the road. The manners of the people are full of entertainment, so spirited, chatty, and coquettish, as lively as monkeys. And now the whole nation is bearded and in military uniform. I have no doubt also that extremes of vice are found here, and that there is a liberty and means of animal indulgence hardly known by name, or even by rumor, in other towns. But any extremes are here also exceptional, and are visited here by the fatal Nemesis who climbs all walls, dives into all cellars; but also the social decorum seems to have here the same rigors as in England, with a little variety in the application.

A special advantage which Paris has is in the freedom from aristocratic pride manifest in the tone of society. It is quite easy for any young man of liberal tastes to enter on a good footing the best houses. It is not easy in England. Then the customs are cheap and inexpensive;

whilst it is a proverb, almost, that, to live in England at all, you must have a great fortune; which sounds to me as certain a prediction of revolution as musket-shots in the streets.

So that on the whole I am thankful for Paris, as I am for the discovery of ether and chloroform; I like to know that, if I should need an amputation, there is this balm; and if hard should come to hard, and I should be driven to seek some refuge of solitude and independency, why, here is Paris.

The cafés are not to be forgotten, filled with newspapers, blazing with light, sauntering places, *oubliettes* or remember-nothings. One in Paris who would keep himself up with events must read every day about twelve newspapers of the two hundred that are printed there. Then in the street the *affiches* on every spot of dead wall attract all eyes and make the text of all talk for the gazing group. The Government reserve to their own the exclusive use of white paper. All others are in colours.

After twenty-five days spent in Paris, I took the railroad for Boulogne, stopped at Amiens half an hour and saw the cathedral, which has nothing equal to it in Paris in the elaboration

of the details of its moulding and sculpture on the exterior; saw the weeping angel also. At Boulogne (where six thousand English reside for cheapness) I took the night steamboat for Folkestone.

The twenty-seven miles of roughest sea between Boulogne and Folkestone made a piteous scene, of course, in the saloon of the boat, but as that wild strip of sea is from age to age the cheap standing army of England and worth a million of troops, no Englishman should grudge his qualms.

[After this short sojourn in France, Mr. Emerson's lecturing engagements in London called him back to England. At the Portman Square Literary and Scientific Institution he gave, between the 5th and 17th of June, six lectures, as follows: I, "Powers and Laws of Thought"; II, "Relation of Intellect to Natural Science"; III, "Tendencies and Duties of Men of Thought" (these were newly written or put together from his notes, for he had found, much to his annoyance, that his lectures given in the manufacturing towns had been so fully reported in London papers that he was unwilling to read them there); IV, "Politics

and Socialism"; V, "Poetry and Eloquence"; VI, "Natural Aristocracy" (this also was written in England and first delivered in Edinburgh). The price that his friends had arranged for this course was high, and the audience, though including many persons of rank and of literary distinction, was not large, though it grew after the first lecture. Of it Mr. Emerson wrote, "It is truly a dignified company in which several notable men and women are patiently found." (For some account of the company, see the letters in Cabot's Memoir, vol. ii, pp. 546–549.) During the delivery of this course a letter appeared in the *London Examiner* urging a repetition of it at a price sufficiently low to allow of poor literary men hearing Emerson. The writer, on behalf of "poets, critics, philosophers, historians, scholars, and the other divine paupers of that class," urged this "because Emerson is a phenomenon whose like is not in the world, and to miss him is to lose an important part out of the Nineteenth Century." Mr. Emerson could not refuse this plea of "all my public," as he called them, so postponed his departure and read in Exeter Hall three lectures; I, "Napoleon"; II, "Shakspeare"; III, "Domestic Life."]

Long ago, in Boston, Mr. George Bancroft invited me to his house and introduced me to Lord Morpeth. In England, Lord Morpeth, now changed to Lord Carlisle, invited me to dine with him, and introduced me to his sister, the Duchess of Sutherland.[1]

For a summary or verdict on the Universities, full of good sense, see Johnson's *England as it Is*, vol. ii, p. 122.

June 8 (?).

I write "Mind and Manners in the Nineteenth Century,"[2] and my rede is to make the student independent of the century, to show him that his class offer one immutable front in all times and countries, cannot hear the drums of Paris, cannot read the London journals; they are the Wandering Jew or the Eternal Angel that survives all, and stands on the same

1 For Mr. Emerson's account of this distinguished and attractive lady and his visit to Stafford House, "the best house in the kingdom, the Queen's not excepted," see Mr. Cabot's *Memoir* (pp. 548–551).

2 Possibly the third of the three lectures on Natural History of Intellect in the course of six given in June in London, though that is elsewhere mentioned as "Tendencies and Duties of Men of Thought."

fraternal relation to all. The world is always childish, and with each gewgaw of a revolution or new constitution that it finds, thinks it shall never cry any more: but it is always becoming evident that the permanent good is for the soul only, and cannot be retained in any society or system. This is like naphtha which must be kept in a close vessel.

When I get into our first-class cars on the Fitchburg Road, and see sweltering men in their shirt-sleeves (?)[1] take their seats with some well-dressed men and women, and see really the very little difference of level that is between them all, and then imagine the astonishment that would strike the polished inmates of English first-class carriages if such masters should enter and sit beside them, I see that it is not fit to tell Englishmen that America is like England. No, this is the Paradise of the third class; here everything is cheap; here everything is for the poor. England is the Paradise of the first class; it is essentially aristo-

1 The question-mark is in the manuscript, Mr. Emerson not feeling quite sure whether he remembered shirt-sleeves in a first-class car at home, for at that time there were also second-class cars with a reduced fare.

cratic, and the humbler classes have made up their minds to this, and do contentedly enter into the system. In England every man you meet is some man's son; in America, he may be some man's father.

Miss Hennell said at Edward Street to Carlyle, "Do you think, if we should stand on our heads, we should understand better?"[1]

It is true that there are no men in England quite ideal, living in an ideal world, and working on politics and social life only from that. Carlyle is mixed up with the politics of the day, earth-son Antæus. Milton mixes with politics, but from the ideal side.

"Is not this of mine a tolerable gallery?" said Philip Hone. "Yes," said Leslie, "but who would think of valuing a tolerable egg?"

Works on art are like the museums themselves, each of which has a few gems and the rest is rubbish. I want a manual which has all the works of the first style engraved and described; and then of the second style.

All the gems are fossil wine.

1 At one of the philosophical lectures in the Portman Square course.

When Nature adds a little brain, she adds a little difficulty, or provides work for the brain to do. Were brains to be sinecures? A weevil, a mite, is born in the plum or the bark on which he is to feed; but she has not thought it necessary, when a man is born, to insert him in a mountain of bread and cheese.

June 25.

Dined at Mr. Field's at Hampstead with Rowland Hill,[1] Mr. Sharpe, and Stanfield, the painter.

June 26.

[Breakfasted] at Mr. Stanfield's, who showed me some of Turner's pictures and his own. Each of Turner's cost one hundred guineas.

I went with Edwin Field and Mr. Stanfield and his son to the house of Mr. Windus, Tottenham, to see his collection of Turner's pictures[2] and drawings of which altogether he may have a hundred. This gallery was that in which Ruskin had studied. It is quite necessary to see all these pictures to appreciate the genius of Turner through his extravagances.

1 Mr. Hill, originator of penny postage, and Mr. Sharpe, an Egyptologist.

2 In another account of this visit Mr. Emerson adds here, "which justify Ruskin's praise."

June 27.

Mr. Owen invited Hillard [1] and myself to inspect the Hunterian (John Hunter) Museum, of which he is the Curator. Afterwards, he would carry us to Turner, the artist, who is his friend. We met accordingly at his chambers and he showed us over the Museum, communicating a great deal of valuable information, of which I deeply regret that I omitted to make immediate record. He gave a sad history of the misuse and voluntary destruction of Hunter's manuscripts by Sir Everard Home, who had built his own scientific reputation on the private use he had made of these manuscripts, and then destroyed them to hide his debt. He was displaced, and Owen himself appointed to the care of the Museum, and he does not like to sleep one night away from it. One of these days when the Museum shall be confided to other and sufficient hands, he said, he shall feel at liberty to come to America, and read lectures to the Lowell Institute of Boston, as Mr. Lowell has pressed him to do. He thought Faraday would also come to Boston. Owen seemed to me an Englishman

1 Probably Mr. George S. Hillard, of Boston, at one time editor of the *Courier*, author of *Six Months in Italy*, and other works.

who had made a prodigious stride in scientific liberalism for an Englishman, and indemnified himself in the good opinion of his countrymen by fixing a certain fierce limitation to his progress, and abusing without mercy all such as ventured a little farther; these poor transmutationists, for example.

He carried us to Turner's studio, but Turner, though he had written him a note to announce his visit, was gone. So he showed us the pictures. In his earlier pictures, he said, Turner painted conventionally, painted what he knew was there, finished the coat and buttons; in the later, he paints only what the eye really sees and gives the genius of the city or landscape. He was engaged to paint a whaleship [Query, "The Slave Ship"? E. W. E.], and he came one day to see Mr. Owen and asked to see a mullet (?) (Agassiz said, a Clio), and begged him to explain to him, from the beginning, the natural history of the creature; which he did; and Turner followed him with great accuracy. In process of time the picture was painted, and Owen went there to see his mullet; "I could not find it," he said, "in the picture, but I doubt not it is all there." He told us that, one day, being present at the annual dinner of the

Royal Academy, which takes place in the Gallery itself, as the shades of evening darkened around, all the pictures became opake, — all but Turner's, and these still glittered like gems, as if having light in themselves. I was much struck with the elevated manner in which Mr. Owen spoke of the few men of science he named; of Agassiz and others, he said, "Each had a manner, and a certain strength, and his own foible too," and he thought he could well discern that in all they did, and I think he added, "I can see the same in myself, too."

Turner's face, I was told, resembles much the heads of *Punch*.

[Elsewhere in the Journal Mr. Emerson gives this anecdote: —] Turner told Stanfield he will not suffer any portrait to be taken of him, for nobody would ever believe that such an ugly fellow made such beautiful things.[1]

It was Miss —— of New Haven, who on reading Ruskin's book, said "Nature was Mrs. Turner."

By the kind offices of Mr. Milnes, Mr. Mil-

1 The editors are informed that Ruskin had in his house at Brantwood a beautiful portrait of Turner painted by himself, and inscribed by him, "*quarto lustro ætatis suæ*," i. e. in the fourth lustrum of the artist's life.

man, Lord Morpeth, and I know not what other gentlemen, I found myself elected into the "Athenæum" Club, "during my temporary residence in England"; a privilege one must prize, not because only ten foreigners are eligible, at any one time, but because it gives all the rights of a member in the library and reading-room, a home to sit in, and see the best company, and a coffee-room, if you like it, where you eat at cost. Milnes, Milman, Crabbe Robinson, and many good men are always to be found there. Milnes is the most good-natured man in England, made of sugar; he is everywhere, and knows everything; has the largest range of acquaintances, from the Chartist to the Lord Chancellor; fat, easy, affable, and obliging; a little careless and sloven in his dress. His speeches in Parliament are always unlucky, and a signal for emptying the House, — a topic of great mirth to himself and all his friends, who frankly twit him with it. He is so entirely at home everywhere, and takes life so quietly, that Sydney Smith called him "the cool of the evening," and I remember I was told some anecdotes of exploits of well-bred effrontery. They address him now as *Citoyen* Milnes, since *Punch's*, that is, Thackeray's late list of

the ministry; but with pure feeling between jest and earnest they speak of him as really one who might play, one day, the part of Lamartine in England.

Carlyle, at the first meeting of the London Library, proposed to sacrifice Milnes, as a sort of acceptable Iphigenia. When he breakfasted somewhere with the Archbishop of Canterbury, his friend said, "Now, Milnes, I beg you not to slap him on the back, and call him Canterbury, before breakfast is half over." His good humor is infinite; he makes bad speeches of exquisite infelicity, and joins in the laugh against himself. He is very liberal of his money, and sincerely kind and useful to young people of merit. Coventry Patmore told me that Milnes had procured him spontaneously the place he holds of sub-librarian in the British Museum; and that he had known many good deeds of his. Jane Carlyle testified to his generosity — rare, she said, among people of fashion — with his money.

For my part, I found him uniformly kind and useful to me both in London and in Paris. He procured me cards to Lady Palmerston's *soirée*, introduced me there, and took pains to show me all the remarkable persons there, the

Crown Prince of Prussia; the Prince of Syracuse; Rothschild, a round, young, comfortable-looking man; Mr. Hope, reputed the richest commoner in England; the Turkish Ambassador; Lord Lincoln, head of the "Young England" party; and princely foreigners, whose names I have forgotten.

Milnes took pains to make me acquainted with Chevalier Bunsen and Lady Bunsen, whom I had already met at Mr. Bancroft's; with young Mr. Cowper, son of Lady Palmerston; with Disraeli; and with Macaulay, whom I here met for the second time. I had a few words with both Lord and Lady Palmerston. He is frank (at least, in manner; — Bancroft says, far from frank in business), affable, of a strong but cheerful and ringing speech.

But I soon had enough of this fine spectacle and escaped. Milnes sent me again another card from Lady Palmerston, but I did not go.

Milnes again befriended me at Sir William Molesworth's, where Bancroft carried me, one night, and made me acquainted with Dr. Elliotson, and a very sensible young man, member of Parliament, whose name I have lost. At Paris, he carried me to De Tocqueville, and at last, at my Exeter Hall lectures in London, he took

the chair, and made a closing speech full of praises, perfectly well meant, if not felicitous. He is one of the most valuable companions in London, too, for the multitude of anecdotes he tells about good people, and at Paris I found him equally acquainted with everybody and a privileged man, with his pockets full of free cards, which admitted him everywhere.

Milnes said, in my presence, that he desired nothing so much as to make a good speech in Parliament. The distinguished Mrs. Norton (to whom I was carried one day by Carlyle) said that "Milnes and Disraeli were the two remarkable political failures which she had known."

Viscount Melbourne's letter in reply to Lord Brougham's sheets of objections, — "Dear B. I am sorry you don't like my appointment of N. Pray expedite the matter through all the forms as fast as possible. Yours, M."

Topics of conversation in England are Irish affairs; universal suffrage; pauperism; public education; right and duty of government to interfere with increase of population; taxes.

Paris and London have this difference, that Paris exists for the foreigner, serves him; —

whilst in London is the Londoner, who is much in the foreigner's way. England has built London for its own use. France has built Paris for the world.

The French have this wonderful street courage. The least dislike, the smallest unpopularity, is intolerable to them. But they will take your fire with indifference. And is this a world to ride virtues in? There must, then, be revolutions to bring them out.

In Blanqui's *Club des droits de l'homme*, an orator in blouse said, "Why should the rich fear that we shall not protect their property? We shall guard it with the utmost care, in the belief that it will soon be our own."

People eat the same dinner at every house in England. 1, soup; 2, fish; 3, beef, mutton, or hare; 4, birds; 5, pudding and pastry and jellies; 6, cheese; 7, grapes, nuts, and wine. During dinner, hock and champagne are offered you by the servant, and sherry stands at the corners of the table. Healths are not much drunk in fashionable houses. After the cloth is removed, three bottles, namely, port, sherry, and claret, invariably circulate. What rivers of wine are

drunk in all England daily! One would say, every guest drinks six glasses.

The English youth has a narrow road to travel. Besides his horse and gun, all he knows is the door to the House of Commons.

Landseer the only genius of the Academy exhibition. Leslie very sensible and pleasing. There are many English portraits, the true national type. The 'Hῶς of Gibson, like the admirably finished pictures of Scheffer, show want of all object with great powers of execution, so that we get noble vases empty.

I bring home from England — 1, the *Heimskringla*, or Sea Kings of Norway, translated by Laing; 2, Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses;* 3, Bede; 4, *The Meghaduta;* 5, Lowth's *Life of William of Wykeham;* 6, Wordsworth's *Scenery of the Lakes;* 7, Jacobson's *Translation of Æschylus;* 8, John Carlyle's *Translation of Dante;* 9, John Mill's *Political Economy.*

I thought how great men build substructures, and, like Cologne Cathedral, these are never finished. Lord Bacon begins, Behmen begins,

Goethe, Fourier, they all begin; we, credulous, believe, of course, they can finish as they begun. If you press them, they fly to a new topic, and here again open a magnificent promise which serves the turn of interesting you, and silencing your reproaches.

I stayed in London till I had become acquainted with all the styles of face in the street, and till I had found the suburbs and then straggling houses on each end of the city. Then I took a cab, left my farewell cards, and came home.

I saw Alison, Thackeray, Cobden, Tennyson, Bailey, Marston, Macaulay, Hallam, Disraeli, Milnes, Wilson, Jeffrey, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Dickens, Lockhart, Procter, Montgomery, Collyer, Kenyon, Stephenson, Buckland, Sedgwick, Lyell, Edward Forbes, Richard Owen, Robert Owen, Cruikshank, Jenny Lind, Grisi, William Allingham, David Scott, William B. Scott, Kinglake, De Tocqueville, Lamartine, Leverrier, Rachel, Barbès, Eastlake, Spence, Wilkinson, Duke of Wellington, Brougham, Joanna Baillie, De Quincey, Sir C. Fellows, Sir Henry De la Bèche, John Forster.

[Just before his final departure from London, Mr. Emerson visited Cambridge, and the

next day went with Carlyle to Salisbury, and thence by carriage to Amesbury on July 7, whence they walked to Stonehenge. Next day they visited the sacred circle again with the local antiquary, then saw Wilton House, and passed Sunday with Arthur Helps at Bishop's Waltham. Monday they spent at Winchester. Of this excursion Mr. Emerson gives a full account in *English Traits*.]

At Stonehenge, it was impossible to forget Turner's pictures. In the English landscape the combed fields have the softest look, and seemed touched with a pencil and not with a plough.

July 12.

With Mr. Kenyon and Hillard, I joined the Jays in a visit to Stoke Poges, where is Gray's churchyard; then to Eton, where we found six or seven hundred boys, the flower of English youth, some of them at cricket, on the green; others strolling in groups and pairs; some rowing in the river; and recalled Lamb's remark, "What a pity that these fine boys should be changed into frivolous members of Parliament!"

Kenyon recalled verses of his own, of which I only remember, —

"O give us back our lusty youth!"

and the whole place remembered Gray. Kenyon asked if ever a dirty request was couched in more beautiful verse than in the hints touching livings and preferments, addressed to the Duke of Grafton, in the Cambridge Installation Ode.

> "Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
> The flower unheeded shall descry,
> And bid it round heaven's altars shed
> The fragrance of its blushing head;
> Shall raise from earth the latent gem
> To glitter on the diadem."

After seeing the chapel, we went to Windsor, where the tickets of the Jays procured admittance for the whole party to the private apartments of Her Majesty. We traversed the long corridors which form the gallery of sculpture and paintings, then the chambers, dining-room, and reception rooms of this palace. The green expanse of trim counties which these windows command, beginning with a mile of garden in front, is excellent. Then to the Royal Mews, where a hundred horses are kept; listened reverentially to all that the grooms told us of the favorite horses; looked at the carriages, etc.

If hard came to hard, the camel has a good deal of hump left to spend from.

In St. George's Chapel, Mr. Kenyon pointed out the true character of stained-glass windows, which is not in large figures or good drawings, but in gem-like splendor and condensation. In like manner he quoted Lady Morgan's notion on carpets, that they should be spread, not nailed; and there should not be great elaborate figures, but such a disposition of forms and colors that they should seem like jewels trodden in.

From Windsor we went to Virginia Water, the toy lake and toy fishing-house of George IV. (But the expense squandered on these grounds does not save them from the ridicule of a tawdry counterfeit, and the spectator grudges his time. Here is a made waterfall; or a made ruin, the "Persepolis of the woods," constructed of stones brought from the ruins of Carthage.) Two red flags hanging from the little frigates afloat were quite too important in the raree-show. We suspected the two or three people in the boat were hired to sit there by the day; and the eye mistrusted the houses might be pasteboard and the rocks barley candy.

[Mr. Emerson sailed from Liverpool July 15.]

At Sea, *July* 19 (?).

The road from Liverpool to New York is long, crooked, rough, rainy, and windy. Even good company will hardly make it agreeable. Four meals a day is the usual expedient, four and five (and the extreme remedy shows the exasperation of the case), and much wine and porter are the amusements of wise men in this sad place. Never was a well-appointed dinner with all scientific belongings so philosophic a thing as at sea. Even the restless American finds himself, at last, at leisure. The letter-bag is Captain Hoxie's best passenger. It neither eats nor drinks, and yet pays in Liverpool a passenger's fare. Captain H. tells me that he usually carries between four and five thousand letters each way. At the New York Post-Office, they count his letters and pay him two cents for every one; at Liverpool, twopence. He received in Liverpool £39 the last time.

I was accustomed to characterize Alcott, in England, by saying that he was the one man I had met who could read Plato without surprise.

Questions:
What is the Latin Grace at Oxford?

Benedictus, benedicat; benedicitur, benedicatur.[1]

Is Carlyle a voter? Was Coleridge?

The Six Points of Chartism? 1, Universal suffrage; 2, vote by ballot; 3, paid legislation; 4, annual Parliament; 5, equality of electoral districts; 6, no property qualification.

At Sea, *July* 23.

Dragged day and night continually through the water by this steam engine, at the rate of near twelve knots, or fourteen statute miles, the hour; in the nearing America my inviting port, England loses its recent overweight, America resumes its commanding claims.

One long disgust is the sea. No personal bribe would hire one who loves the present moment. Who am I to be treated in this ignominious manner, tipped up, shoved against the side of the house, rolled over, suffocated with bilge mephitis and stewing-oil? These lack-lustre days go whistling over us and are those intercalaries I have often asked for, and am cursed now with, — the worthless granting of my prayer.

1 The editors are informed that a usual form of asking the blessing before a meal is, *Benedictus benedicat;* May the Blessed (Lord) bless (our food): and of grace afterwards, *Benedictus benedicatur;* (For this) may the Blessed (Lord) be blessed.

Thomas G. Appleton[1] makes now his fourteenth passage. "Shakspeare will do," he said.

The English habit of betting makes them much more accurate than we are in their knowledge of particulars. — "Which is the longest river, the Mississippi or the Missouri?" — They are about the same length. — "About! that won't do, — I've a bet upon it." Captain Lott says that 't is difficult to know in America the precise speed of a boat because the distances are not settled between the cities, and we overrate them. In England, the distance from Boston to New York would be measured to half a foot. He says that the boat is yet to be built that will go through the water nineteen miles per hour.

In the cabin conversations about England and America, Tom Appleton amused us all by tracing all English performance home to the dear Puritans, and affirming that the Pope also was once in South America, and there met a Yankee, who gave him notions on politics and religion.

M. Lehmann, in Paris, who made a crayon sketch of my head for Madame d'Agout, remarked that in American heads was an approach

1 Thomas Gold Appleton, the genial Boston wit.

to the Indian type; and in England, or perhaps from David Scott at Edinburgh, I heard a similar observation.

Gilpin's "Forest Scenery" is a good example of the sincerity of English culture.

(From LM)

August.

Dr. Kraitsir and all Harro Harrings, Mazzinis, Rufinis, Major Tochmans, and Chopins, should be made to translate, spell, construe, parse, and render into all languages, the old lines, —

> "How small, of all that human hearts endure,
> The part that laws or kings can cause or cure."

Preach not. "*Prends garde à l'emphase, qui n'est que le langage de la vanité satisfaite,*" says Cardonnet, in George Sand.

Dear Doctor, is there any resurrection? What do you think?[1] . . .

The gods deal very strictly with us, make out quarter-bills, and exact specie payment,

1 This passage in substance is found in "Immortality" (*Letters and Social Aims*, pp. 346, 347).

allow no partnerships, no stock companies, no arrangements, but hold us personally liable to the last cent. Ah, say I, I cannot do this and that, my cranberry field, my burned woodlot, the rubbish lumber about the summer house, my grass, my crop, my trees; — can I not have some partner; can't we organize our new Society of poets and lovers, and have somebody with talent for business to look after these things, some deacons of trees and grass and cranberries, and leave me to letters and philosophy?

But the nettled gods say, No, go to the devil with your arrangements. You, you, you personally, you alone, are to answer body and soul for your things. Leases and covenants are to be punctually signed and sealed. Arithmetic and the practical study of cause and effect in the laws of Indian corn and rye meal is as useful as betting is in England to teach accuracy of statement, or duelling in France or Ireland to make men speak the truth.

It is a sort of proverb with us that an Englishman who comes into America must first be ruined before he can rise.

It is a curious working of the English state that Carlyle should in all his lifetime have never had an opportunity to cast a vote.

Henry Thoreau is like the wood-god who solicits the wandering poet and draws him into antres vast and desarts idle, and bereaves him of his memory, and leaves him naked, plaiting vines and with twigs in his hand. . . .

I spoke of friendship, but my friends and I are fishes in our habit. As for taking Thoreau's arm, I should as soon take the arm of an elm tree.

I observe among the best women the same putting of life into their deed that we admire in the Seton (was it?) who put her arm into the bolt-staples to defend Queen Mary,[1] or in the women in the old sieges who cut off their hair to make ropes and ladders for the men.

Ellery Channing remarks in Alcott the obstruction of his egoism. Cultivated men always

1 The heroic deed remained in Mr. Emerson's mind, yet it was not done by Mary Seton to save her Queen, but by Katherine Douglas on the night when James I of Scotland was murdered.

must be had; everybody sends for them as for peaches. But what to do with this man, when you have first to kick away the man in order to get at what he knows.

> That each should in his house abide
> Therefore was the world so wide;

that every man might live in his own house, and not in a hotel, O Fourier!

Henry Thoreau, working with Alcott on the summer house, said, he was nowhere, doing nothing.[1]

Alcott declares that a teacher is one who can assist the child in obeying his own mind, and who can remove all unfavorable circumstances. He believes that from a circle of twenty well-selected children he could draw in their conversation everything that is in Plato, and as much better in form than it is in Plato, as the passages I read him from the *Heimskringla* are than Bancroft.

1 A very amusing account by Thoreau of his conversation with Mr. Alcott while working as his assistant on the summer-house is given in his letter to Mr. Emerson. (See *Familiar Letters of Thoreau*, edited by Mr. F. B. Sanborn.)

He measures ages by teachers, and reckons history by Pythagoras, Plato, Jesus, and Pestalozzi. In his own school in Boston, when he had made the schoolroom beautiful, he looked on the work as half-done.

He said that every great man of antiquity had an eminent philosopher as his teacher. And this is true for Pericles, Alexander, Alcibiades.

The soul is older than the body.

We are very careful of young pear trees and defend them from their enemies, from fire, blight, suckers, grass, slugs, pear-worm, but we let our young men, in whose youth and flower all inferior kinds have their flowering and completion, grow up in heaps and by chance, take the rough and tumble, as we say (which is the skepticism of Education), exposed to their borers, caterpillars, canker-worms, bugs, moping, sloth, seduction, wine, fear, hatred.

Lucrezia Floriani of George Sand is a great step from the novels of one termination.[1] . . . Elizabeth Hoar complains of this romance that tendency is not life. I say, there are always two things to be done by the novelist; first,

1 The omitted passage, thus beginning, is printed in "Books" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 214).

the aspirations of the mind are to be revered, that is, Faith; and, secondly, the way things actually fall out, that is, Fate. Fate and Faith, these two; and it seems as if justice were done, if the Faith is vindicated in the sentiments of the heroes of the tale, and Fate in the course and issue of the events. George Sand is quite conversant with all the ideas which occupy us here in America.

Why did not the last generation of farmers plant the pears and plums and apples and grapes of whose growth time is the chief element and not leave it all to be done by us? Ask in the market: a good pear will sell for a shilling. . . . There are great and all but insuperable difficulties in raising these fine fruits in this climate; borer, mouse, curculio, and bug and caterpillar have settled a democratic majority against these whig fruits, and they have become a party of despair and only maintain a local existence in some few protected Bostons and Vermonts. That reply of the shilling is a quite impersonal, parliamentary reply; it is a voice of things, of fates, of the general order of the world.

It is as a practical answer, however, subject to this question. Was it not a reply for the last gen-

eration, and are there no new elements now which will make a new reply? A broad, slattern farming, it has been said, was the true policy of our New England men, and not the trim garden farming of the English. Neither were there many buyers of fruit. Now there are more people, the land is more easily manured and rich fruits can be raised, fed, protected, and ripened. Now there are fences, also.

To me one good pear tree bearing Bartletts is a verdict. Why should not my trees know the way towards the sky as well as yours?

When I go into a good garden and nursery, I think if it were mine, I should never go out of it.

I observe that all the bookish men have a tendency to believe that they are unpopular. Parker gravely informs me by word and by letter that he is precisely the most unpopular of all men in New England. Alcott believes the same thing of himself, and I, no doubt, if they had not anticipated me in claiming this distinction, should have claimed it for myself.

The old writers, such as Montaigne, Milton, Browne, when they had put down their thoughts,

jumped into their book bodily themselves, so that we have all that is left of them in our shelves; there is not a pinch of dust beside. The Norsemen wrote with a crowbar, and we with Gillott pens.

September 10.

Disraeli, the chiffonier, wastes all his talent in the House of Commons, for the want of character. He makes a smart cutting speech, really introduces new and important distinctions, as what he says in this new speech concerning "the sentimental principle of nationality," which the Government have adopted; and what he says of "using forced occasions and invented opportunities," instead of availing of events. But he makes at last no impression, because the hearer asks, Who are you? What is dear to you? What do you stand for? And the speech and the speaker are silent, and silence is confession. A man who has been a man has foreground and background. His speech, be it never so good, is subordinate and the least part of him, and as this man has no planet under him, but only his shoes, the hearer infers that the ground of the present argument may be no wider.

George Sand is a great genius, and yet owes

to her birth in France her entire freedom from the cant and snuffle of our dead Christianity.

The Railroads is the only sure topic for conversation in these days. That is the only one which interests farmers, merchants, boys, women, saints, philosophers, and fools.

And now we have one more rival topic, California gold.

The Railroad is that work of art which agitates and drives mad the whole people; as music, sculpture, and picture have done on their great days respectively.

September.

James Baker does not imagine that he is a rich man, yet he keeps from year to year that lordly park of his by Fairhaven Pond,[1] lying idly open to all comers, without crop or rent, like some Duke of Sutherland or Lord Breadalbane, with its hedges of Arcady, its sumptuous lawns and slopes, the apple on its trees, the

1 "Fairhaven Bay," as it is usually called, is a widening of the South Branch of the Concord River, partly in Lincoln, partly in Concord. "Baker Farm," here alluded to, to which Mr. Channing wrote a pleasing poem, is now the property of Charles Francis Adams. To the old Holloway farm opposite, because long owned by the Conant family, the name "Conantum" was given, probably by Mr. Thoreau.

mirror at its foot, and the terraces of Holloway Farm on the opposite bank.

As we walked thither, Ellery proposed that we should have a Water-color Exhibition in Boston. I say, Yes, but I should like better to have water-color tried in the art of writing. Let our troubadours have one of these Spanish slopes of the dry ponds or basins which run from Walden to the river at Fairhaven, in this September dress of color, under this glowering sky, — the Walden Sierras in September, given as a theme, and they required to daguerreotype that in good words.

A Mr. Randall, M.C., who appeared before the Committee of House of Commons on the subject of the American mode of closing a debate, said, that "the *one-hour* rule worked well, made the debate short and graphic." Nothing worse can be said of a debate than that it is *graphic*. The only place in which I know *graphic* to be well used is Ben Jonson's "Minerva's graphic tread."

God is a reality and his method is illusion. Who is to save the present moment? The Intellect is the head of the Understanding, but is the feet of the Moral Power.

I know what I shall find if Alcott brings me manuscripts. I shall have a Salisbury Plain full of bases of pyramids, to each of which I am to build an apex.

[Last days of September.]

I go twice a week over Concord with Ellery, and, as we sit on the steep park at Conantum, we still have the same regret as oft before. Is all this beauty to perish? Shall none remake this sun and wind, the sky-blue river, the river-blue sky; the yellow meadow spotted with sacks and sheets of cranberry-pickers; the red bushes; the iron-gray house with just the color of the granite rock; the paths of the thicket, in which the only engineers are the cattle grazing on yonder hill; the wide, straggling wild orchard in which Nature has deposited every possible flavor in the apples of different trees? Whole zones and climates she has concentrated into apples. We think of the old benefactors who have conquered these fields; of the old man Moore, who is just dying in these days, who has absorbed such volumes of sunshine like a huge melon or pumpkin in the sun,—who has owned in every part of Concord a woodlot, until he could not find the boundaries of these, and never saw their interiors. But we say, where

is he who is to save the present moment, and cause that this beauty be not lost? Shakspeare saw no better heaven or earth, but had the power and need to sing, and seized the dull ugly England, ugly to this, and made it amicable and enviable to all reading men, and now we are fooled into likening this to that; whilst, if one of us had the chanting constitution, that land would no more be heard of.

The journal of one of our walks would be literature enough for a cockney, — or for us, if we should be shut up in our houses, — and we make no record of them. The cranberry meadow yonder is that where Darius Hubbard picked one hundred bushels in one season, worth two hundred dollars, and no labor whatever is bestowed on the crop, not so much as to mow the grass or cut down the bushes. Much more interesting is the woodlot, which yields its gentle rent of six per cent without any care or thought where the owner sleeps or travels, and fears no enemy but fire. But Ellery declares that the Railroad has proved too strong for all our farmers and has corrupted them like a war, or the incursion of another race; — has made them all amateurs, given the young men an air their fathers never had; they look as if they might

be railroad agents any day. We shall never see Cyrus Hubbard, or Ephraim Wheeler, or Grass-and-Oats, or Oats-and-Grass, or Barrett or Hosmer, in the next generation. These old Saxons have the look of pine trees and apple trees, and might be the sons got between the two; conscientious laborers with a science born with them from out the sap vessels of these savage sires.

This savagery is natural to man, and polished England cannot do without it. That makes the charm of grouse-hunting and deer-stalking to these Lord Breadalbanes walking out of their doors one hundred miles on their property, or Dukes of Sutherland getting off at last their town coat and donning their hunting-gear, exasperated by saloons and dress-boots.

But let us have space enough, let us have wild grapes and rock-maple with tubs of sugar, let us have huge straggling orchards, let us have the Ebba Hubbard Pear, hemlock, savin, spruce, walnut, and oak, cider mills with tons of pomace, peat, cows, horses, Paddies, carts, and sleds.

I had much discourse concerning the birth, death, and fate of men. Ellery thought he should make a prayer to the Chance that brought him into the world; I, that when the child had

escaped out of the womb, he cries, I thank the bridge that brought me safe over. I would not for ten worlds take the next man's chance.

Will they, one of these days, at Fourierville, make boys and girls to order and pattern? I want, Mr. Christmas Officer, a boy, between No. 17 and No. 134, half and half of both; or you might add a trace of 113. I want another girl like the one I took yesterday, only you can put in a leetle more of the devil.

Intellect detaches, yet the way men of talent make fools of themselves is, by too much detachment. A man knocks at my door and says, "I am, now for six years, devoted to the sun. I study the sun that I may thence deduce the laws of the universe." I say I will not dispute against the sun, but beware of taking any one thing out of its connections, for that way folly lies.

A little too much in the French novel about this *superbe chevelure*. The less said of that meteor the better. It is of quite unspeakable character, seat of illusion, and comes as near to witchcraft and humbugging as anything in Nature.

October 1.

Yesterday, the last day of September, Ellery and I went to Carlisle by the old road passing Daniel Clark's house into the region of the lime-kiln and the Estabrook farm, and a country made up of vast orchards where the apple grows with a profusion that mocks the pains taken by careful cockneys who come into the country and plant young trees and watch them dwindle. Here no hedges were wanted; the wide distance from any population is fence enough. Here were varieties of apple not found in Downing, the Tartaric, and the Cow-apple, as Ellery said. The ground was strewn with them in red and yellow heaps. They grew for their own pleasure; they almost lost price. Barberries flourished at the roadside, and grapes along the walls. The apples were of a kind which I remember in boyhood, each containing a barrel of wine and half a barrel of cider, — the Touch-me-if-you-dare.

Books are like rainbows, to be thankfully received in their first impression, and not examined and surveyed by theodolite and chain, as if they were part of the railroad. Perhaps it would be good in the tuition of an emperor

that he should never read the same book twice. I owed — my friend and I owed — a magnificent day to the *Bhagavat Geeta.* — It was the first of books; it was as if an empire spake to us, nothing small or unworthy, but large, serene, consistent, the voice of an old intelligence which in another age and climate had pondered and thus disposed of the same questions which exercise us. Let us not now go back and apply a minute criticism to it, but cherish the venerable oracle.

I still feel a little uneasiness about these novels. Why should these sorceries have a monopoly of our delicious emotions? — The novel still weakly uses the cheap resource of property married away instead of earned, and that is the chief conjuring-stick it has; for the instincts of man always attach to property, as he knows what accumulations of spiritual force go to the creation of that, and sobs and heart-beats and sudden self-sacrifice very easily result from the dealing with it. But the novel will find the way to our interiors, one day, and will not always be novel of costume merely. These stories are to stories of real life what the figures which represent the fashions of the month on the front page of the magazine are to portraits and inspired pictures.

Are you fond of drama? say the Gods. Said you so my fine fellow? Verily? Speak the truth a little, and truth on truth, to every man and woman; try that a few hours, and you shall have dramatic situations, assaults and batteries, and heroic alternatives to your heart's content.

(From RS)

To Intellect, the Guardian.

"God's having tasted the sweet of Eternity occasions him to demean himself enviously in it," says the old translator of Plutarch, quoting Herodotus, *Thalia*.

"Enlarge not thou thy Destiny," says the Chaldaic oracle. And yet the exhilarations and expansions of spirit which come to us, and the entertainment in happy hours of dreams of a superior life are needed to balance the weight of earth.

"More are made good by exercitation than by nature." — Democritus.

Oh, if a model person would remain a model person for a day! but, no, his virtues only serve to give a currency to his foolish acts and speeches.

It is plain that some men may be spared from politics. The salvation of America and of the human race depends on the next election, if we believe the newspapers. But so it was last year, and so it was the year before, and our fathers believed the same thing forty years ago. And these elections depend on the general bias and system of the people, — on their religion, interest, appetite, and culture, — and not on the particular information that is circulated in one or another set of handbills. The whole action of the scholar is mediate and to remote ends, and voting is not for him. His poem is good because it is not written to any person or moment, but to life generalized and perspectived. He does not live by the same calendar as the banker, but by the sidereal time of cause and consequence.

All my knowledge of mathematics is the story of Thales, who measured the Pyramid by its shadow; and of Pythagoras,

> "When the famed lines Pythagoras devised
> For which a hecatomb he sacrificed";

and of the Decimal Notation, the invention of zero, which seems to me one of the triumphs of human wit; and of the Multiplication Table

which ranks with astronomy; and lastly, of the Science of Fractions as taught by Warren Colburn, for which I even him with Stephenson and Leverrier among our modern benefactors: and I add the beautiful command of the Delphian oracle to the Athenians that they should double his altar.[1]

A child is better unborn than untaught! Certainly he is.

Great cities, enormous populations,[2] are disgusting, like the population of cheese, like hills of ants, or swarms of fleas, — the more the worse. But if they contain Merlins and Corneliuses, Friar Bacons, and Crichtons, if road-makers, mathematicians, astronomers, chemists; good kings like Alfred; poets like Chaucer; inventors, farmers, and sailors, who know the elements, and can make them work; memories, imaginations, combinings, perseverances, arts, music, architecture, nations of Spartans, of Athenians, of English, aristocratic men, and not maggots; — then

1 The story of doubling the Cube at Delos is in Plutarch's *Demon of Socrates;* and in Valerius Maximus, vii, 13; and in Webster's *Orations*, p. 443; and in Tennemann's *Life of Plato*, p. 339 (note by Mr. Emerson).

2 The substance of the first sentence is found in "The Uses of Great Men" (*Representative Men*, p. 4).

the more the merrier. Open the gates, let the miracle of generation go on.

A successful man is a good hit, a lucky adjustment to the men about him, and their aims, as Goodrich, as Weld, as Brown, Belknap, and all that company are. In another age and temper of the majority, each of these would be an odd one, an imbecile. Well, what is a great man, but the like felicity of adjustment on a higher platform? And when society is advanced, the ruder strengths will be no more organizable than are now the first Saurians whose bones lie in the coal-beds.

The world is a glass dictionary.

Behmen and Swedenborg and Fox and Luther do with the old, nearly effete Christianity what good housewives do with their pies and bread when they are a little old, — put them into the oven, and check the fermentation which is turning them sour and putrid.

A book very much wanted is a *Beauties of Swedenborg*, or a judicious collection of sentences and symbols and pictures from his diffuse and wearisomely repetitious pages.

N—— came with his fine perceptions, his excellent instincts, his beautiful learning, his catholic mind, but I grudged him the time I gave him. He has become the spoiled child of culture; the *roué* of Art and Letters; *blasé* with too much Plato, Dante, Calderon, and Goethe; tickled with music; pampered by his narrow society; amused by ballets; reading novels "like my Bible"; and so jealous of partialism, so fearful of losing the level of life, that he has not written for three years, and now communicates nothing, but lies like a bit of bibulous paper. . . . Farewell, my once beautiful genius! I have learned a sordid respect for uses and values: I must have them. I must send him a peat-knife. Are we to say, a man shall not go out to the shed to bring an armful of wood, lest this violence of action hurt the balance of his mind?

Cicero interprets Aristotle's ἐντελέχεια, *a continued and perpetual motion.* (Tuscul. Quæst. 1.) *Entelecheia*, form; the form which the soul gives the body; perfection of the body; causative form. All knowledge is assimilation to the object of knowledge.

"Intellect is a god through a light which is more ancient than intellectual light and intel-

lect itself." — PROCLUS, *Theology of Plato*, vol. i, p. 115.

"All conquests that history tells of will be found to resolve themselves into the superior mental powers of the conquerors." — LAING, vol. i, p. 14.

The powers that make a capitalist are metaphysical.

Writing selects only the eminent experiences; Poetry, the supereminent.

Inaction disgusts: activity is contagious. The inaction is treated with a bow like a rich man, but it is a farewell bow. He who bows makes his quittance so. That one he henceforth avoids, and will never pay him again the highest compliment of summoning him to help in manly work.

Inspiration and Talent. "*Je n'étais pas en peine de votre succès; je savais que les hommes comme vous imposent tout ce qu'ils veulent, et, que, quand l'inspiration leur échappe, la science y supplée.*"

She proceeds, "*Mais pour les poètes, pour ces êtres incomplets et maladifs qui ne savent rien, qui étudient bien peu de choses, mais qui pres-*

sentent et divinent presque tout, il est difficile de les tromper, et de l'autel où le feu sacré n'est pas descendu, nulle chaleur n'émane." — *Lettres d'un Voyageur.*

Detachment. I value men as they can complete their creation. One man can hurl from him a sentence which is spheral, and at once and forever disengaged from the author. Another can say excellent things, if the sayer and the circumstances are known and considered; but the sentences need a running commentary, and are not yet independent individuals that can go alone.

Thales called the soul *κινήτικον*, *apt to move.*

If I wrote a novel, my hero should begin a soldier and rise out of that to such degrees of wisdom and virtue as we could paint; for that is the order of Nature.

(From RS)

Nature uniformly does one thing at a time: if she will have a perfect hand, she makes head and feet pay for it. So now, as she is making railroad and telegraph ages, she starves the *spirituel*, to stuff the *matériel* and *industriel.*

Χρὼς δηλόει, the skin showeth, said the rotting Pherecydes.

Everything comes to the face also.

Who are you that speak of these men? Have you a title to sit in judgment on industrious, effective, producing men who have not indulged themselves by sitting in a corner and year by year surrounding themselves with new screens from dust, and light, and noise, and vulgarity, but have exposed themselves by labor in the open air to your inspection and criticism? How dare you mention their names to me? Once these were your mates. Now you are a gentleman. Away with you! These are no gentlemen, but servants, — earnest, muscular, toilsome, reliable servants, whom God and man must serve and honor.

A bears wine better than B bears water.

Accommodation. Did you give Athens the best laws?

Solon. No, but the best it would receive.

The Transfer. I am struck with joy whenever genius makes the transfer from one part of Nature to a remote part, and betrays the rhymes and echoes that pole makes with pole.

On Kicking up our heels. We have a ridiculous wisdom, like that which a man has of his corns, or of his gouty foot, and has become by experience cunning in setting it down so as not to hurt him, so we of our limitations. We have learned not to strut or talk of our wings, or affect angelic moods, but to keep the known ways, knowing that at the end of these fine struts is the Lunatic Asylum.

The Spirit of Knowledge is serious, honest, and trustworthy.

We say nothing against astronomy and vegetation, because we are roaring here in our bed with rheumatism. We doubt not there are bounding fawns, and lilies with graceful, springing stem ; so neither do we doubt or fail to love the eternal law of which we are such shabby practicers. A cripple was our father and an Ethiop was our mother, and we worship the Liberty which we shall not see with our eyes, nor help but with our prayer.

Our philosophy is to *wait*. We have retreated on Patience, transferring our oft-shattered hope now to larger and eternal good. We meant well, but our uncle was crazy and must be restrained from waking the house. The roof leaked, we were out of wood, our sisters were unmarried

and must be maintained; there were taxes to pay, and notes, and, alas, a tomb to build: we were obliged continually to postpone our best action, and that which was life to do could only be smuggled in to odd moments of the month and year. Then we say, Dear God, but the life of man is not by man, it is consentaneous and far-related, it came with the sun and Nature, it is crescive and vegetative, and it is with it as with the sun and the grass. I obey the beautiful Necessity. The powers that I want will be supplied as *I* am supplied, and the philosophy of waiting is sustained by all the oracles of the Universe.

God never made such a bungler as I am at any practical work, therefore I keep clear of the garden and the phalanstery.

Henry Thoreau sports the doctrines of activity: but I say, What do *we?* We want a sally into the regions of wisdom, and do we go out and lay stone wall or dig a well or turnips? No, we leave the children, sit down by a fire, compose our bodies to corpses, shut our hands, shut our eyes, that we may be entranced and see truly. Sir David Brewster gives exact directions for microscopic observation. Thus; "Lie

down on your back and hold the single lens and object over your eye," etc.

Do you think ecstasy is ever communicable?

The most powerful means are the cheapest, fire, water, fresh air, the stroke of the hand, a kind eye, a serene face, these are the drugs of Æsculapius and Galen and these leave the whole apothecary's shop to inferior and busier doctors.

"*Peu de moyens, beaucoup d'effet.*"

"Wherein do philosophers excel other men?" — "Though all laws were abolished, we should lead the same lives," answered Aristippus.

"For we should dare to affirm the truth especially when speaking concerning the truth." — *Phædrus*, Taylor, vol. iii.

Immortality. "*Le besoin de spécifier, la persistance tenace de tout ce qui est une fois arrivé à la réalité, force centripète, à laquelle aucune condition extérieure ne saurait rien changer : le genre* Erica *en est la preuve.*" — Goethe, *apud* Martins, p. 334.

"Is individuality the preached immortality?"

That death takes us away from ill things, not from good.

'T is an intellectual quality. He has it who gives life to all names, persons, things, so that Greek mythology dies not for him, nor any art is lost.

Raffaelle had no need of more originality than to watch the clouds and the men.

Doctrine of Leasts.

The principle of all things, entrails made
Of smallest entrails; bone of smallest bone;
Blood of small sanguine drops reduced to one;
Gold of small grains; earth of small sands compacted;
Small drops to water; sparks to fire contracted.
LUCRETIUS *apud* STANLEY.

Every director is also a bank.

Every poem must be made up of lines that are poems.

Every hose in nature fits every hydrant; every atom screws to every atom; so only is crystallization, chemistry, vegetable, and animal, possible.

Lectures: 1, The Superlative; 2, Reading; 3, Natural Aristocracy; 4, Natural History of Intellect, I; 5, Natural History of Intellect, II;

6, Natural History of Intellect, III; 7, Spirit of the Age.

England. Not to see a knife made, but to see the country of success, I, who delighted in success, departed.

I went out by invitation of some societies to read lectures in Lancashire and Yorkshire; yet I could not have contrived so ingenious a scheme for seeing towns and cities, men and things with thoroughness, as that I blundered into.

Alcott. Alcott is a certain fluid in which men of a certain spirit can easily expand themselves and swim at large, they who elsewhere found themselves confined. He gives them nothing but themselves. Of course, he seems to them the only wise and great man. But when they meet people of another sort, critics and practical, and are asked concerning Alcott's wisdom, they have no books to open, no doctrines to impart, no sentences or sayings to repeat, and they find it quite impossible to communicate to these their good opinion.

Me he has served now these twelve years in that way; he was the reasonable creature to speak to that I wanted.

There is in California a gold ore in great abundance in which the gold is in combination with such elements that no chemistry has yet been able to separate it without great loss. Alcott is a man of unquestionable genius, yet no doctrine or sentence or word or action of his which is excellent can be detached and quoted.

He is like Channing, who possesses a painter's eye, an appreciation of form and especially of color, that is admirable, but who, when he bought pigments and brushes and painted a landscape on a barrel head could not draw a tree so that his wife could know it was a tree. So Alcott the philosopher has not an opinion or an apothegm to produce.

I shall write on his tomb, *Here lies Plato's reader*. Read he can with joy and *naïveté* inimitable, and the more the style rises, the more natural and current it seems to him. And yet his appetite is so various that the last book always seems to him the best. *Here lies the Amateur*.

The Age. Among the marks of the Age of Cities must be reckoned conspicuously the universal adoption of cash payment. Once it was one of many methods. People bought, but they

also borrowed, and received much on various claims of good will, on hospitality, in the name of God, in the interest of party, of letters, of charity. Young men made essay of their talents for proof, for glory, for enthusiasm, on any reasonable call, nothing doubting that in one or another way their hazarded bread would return to them after many days. But now, in the universal expansion of the city by the railroads, the stock exchange infects our country fairs, and no service is thought reasonable which does not see a requital in money. Yet where is the service which can by any dodge escape its remuneration? For grandeur, at least, let us once in a while serve God.

Let us sacrifice to the immortal gods. The killers of oxen and sheep did not, in old or later times, but they do who in their action respect a sentiment, and not cash payment.

City. Gardner Brewer said to me, "To be a salesman you must have splendid talents."

American Literature. We have not had since ten years a pamphlet which I have saved to bind! and here at last is Bushnell's; and now, Henry Thoreau's *Ascent of Katahdin.*

Wisdom is like electricity.[1] . . .

I think it is indispensable that we should converse both with our superiors and our inferiors in intellect. With the first, for new aim and correction; and, with the last, for self-possession and talent.

C. said, "'T is so many years since we met, and you have passed over such stages!" — Ah, my friend, I must think so often of Captain Franklin's company in the Arctic regions travelling laboriously for six weeks to the north, and then discovering by observation that they were south of their starting-point. The ice had floated; and so with us.

Conceit. I notice that people who wash much have a high mind about it, and talk down to those who wash little. Carlyle washes, and he has come to believe that the only religion left us is ablution, and that Chadwick, the man who is to bring water for the million, is the Priest of these times. So at home I find the morning bathers are proud and haughty scorners, and I

1 The rest of the passage is printed in the last paragraph of "Clubs" (*Society and Solitude*).

begin to believe that the composition of water must be one part hydrogen and three parts conceit.

When Nature removes a great man, people explore the horizon for a successor.[1] . . .

Merchant. In the distribution of lots, the merchant seems to me often enviable, his social position is so good. He mixes with people on a ground so free from all hypocrisy. He has no part to play, but stands on the strength of things. He acquires facility, knowledge of things, knowledge of modes, knowledge of men, knows that which all men gladly hear.

Memory. "It is best knocking in the nail over night, and clinching it the next morning."[2] — FULLER.

See Saint Augustine's *Analysis of Memory* (pp. 172–187 of the Boston Edition). "How they entered into me, let them say if they can;

1 The rest of the passage is found in substance in "Uses of Great Men" (*Representative Men*, pp. 19, 20).

2 Mr. Emerson quoted this saying to his children when they had to learn poetry to recite at school, telling them to go over the piece several times while they were undressing. They were astonished to find how well they knew it next morning.

for I have gone over all the avenues of my flesh, and cannot find by which they entered" (p. 175).

"The memory is, as it were, the belly of the mind; and joy and sadness, like sweet and bitter food, which, when committed to the memory, are, as it were, passed into the belly, where they may be stowed, but cannot taste. Ridiculous is it to imagine these to be alike; and yet they are not utterly unlike" (p. 177).

We remember that we forget.

One of the chief faculties which Plato,[1] like other ancient philosophers, proposed to exercise and develop was memory,

μνημονικὴν ἀυτὴν ἀν ζητῶμεν δεῖν εἶναι —

See *Clouds* passim, and v. 465, and *Republic*, lib. vi. (Sewell, p. 215).

The Beatitude of Conversation. I am afraid books do stand in our way; for the best heads are writers, and when they meet and fall into profound conversation, they never quite lose all respects of their own economy and pour

1 Plato says of the Philosopher in the *Republic* (Book VII), "There a soul which forgets cannot be ranked among genuine philosophic natures; *we must insist that the philosopher should have a good memory.*" (Jowett.)

out the divinest wine, but each is a little wary, a little checked, by the thought of the rare helps this hour might afford him to some page which he has written. Each is apt to become abstracted and lose the remark of the other through too much attention to his own. Yet I have no book and no pleasure in life comparable to this.

Here I come down to the shore of the Sea and dip my hands in its miraculous waves. Here I am assured of the eternity, and can spare all omens, all prophecies, all religions, for I see and know that which they obscurely announce. I seem rich with earth and air and heaven; but the next morning I have lost my keys.

To escape this economy of writers, women would be better friends; but they have the drawback of the perplexities of sex.

Forty per cent of the English people cannot write their names. One half of one per cent of the Massachusetts people cannot, and these are probably Britons born.

American Education tends, I am told, to arithmetic: at least, I hear it complained that all the public schools teach arithmetic chiefly.

October (last week).

Another walk this Saturday afternoon with Ellery through the woods to the shore of Flint's Pond.[1] The witch-hazel was in full bloom and from the highland we saw one of the best pictures of the New Hampshire Mountains. But Ellery said that when you come among them they are low, and nothing but cow pastures. I say, let us value the woods; they are full of solicitation. My wood lot has no price. I could not think of selling it for the money I gave for it. It is full of unknown mysterious values. What forms, what colours, what powers, null, it is true, to our ignorance, but opening inestimably to human wit.[2] The crows filled the landscape with a savage sound; the ground was covered with new fallen leaves which rustled so loud as we trampled through them that we could hear nothing else.

One thing our Concord wants, a Berkshire brook which falls, and now beside the road, and

1 In Lincoln; now called Sandy Pond.

2 In dreamy woods what forms abound
That elsewhere never poet found.
Here voices ring, and pictures burn,
And grace on grace where'er I turn.
Verse Book.

now under it, cheers the traveller for miles with its loud voice. Channing asks whether the mullein is in England? I do not remember it. It is so conspicuous in our pastures with its architectural spire (especially where it grows with the poke-weed in the ruined shanties of the Irish in my woods) that it must not be forgotten. Channing celebrates Herrick as the best of English poets, a true Greek in England, a great deal better poet than Milton, who, he says, is too much like Dr. Channing. I think that the landscape before us would give Herrick all he needed; he who sung a cherry, Julia's hair, Netherby's pimple, his own hen Partlet, and Ben Jonson; we have a wider variety here among the maples. But the prose and the poetry of that age was more solid and cordial than ours. I find myself always admiring single twigs and leaves of that tree, and, for a chance example, found in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses* (vol. i, p. 225) a quotation from Edmund Campion's *History of Ireland*, that was a proof of the wit of that age.

Germany. How impossible to find Germany! Our young men went to the Rhine to find the genius which had charmed them, and it was not

there. They hunted it in Heidelberg, in Göttingen, in Halle, in Berlin; no one knew where it was; from Vienna to the frontier, it was not found, and they very slowly and mournfully learned, that in the speaking it had escaped, and as it had charmed them in Boston, they must return and look for it there.

History. Community. Better that races should perish, if thereby a new principle be taught.

All the world may well be bankrupt if they are driven so into a right socialism.

It is necessary that you should know the people's facts. If you have no place for them, the people absolutely have no place for you. You may prove your theory by all syllogisms and all symbols, but heaven and earth, the constitution of things is on the people's side, and that is a reason not liable to a fallacy.

In politics, all are *dilettanti*. No man makes a duty there, but he votes on a magnified whim. Our politics are an affectation.

'Tis plain that our people will vote for him who gives them rum. Polk and Cass stand nearer to the barrel than Webster, Clay, or Taylor possibly can.

Love is necessary to the righting the estate of woman in this world. Otherwise nature itself seems to be in conspiracy against her dignity and welfare; for the cultivated, high-thoughted, beauty-loving, saintly woman finds herself unconsciously desired for her sex, and even enhancing the appetite of her savage pursuers by these fine ornaments she has piously laid on herself. She finds with indignation that she is herself a snare, and was made such. I do not wonder at her occasional protest, violent protest against nature, in fleeing to nunneries, and taking black veils. Love rights all this deep wrong.

I find out in an instant if my companion does not want me; I cannot comprehend how my visitor does not perceive that I do not want him. It is his business to find out that I, of course, must be civil. It is for him to offer to go. I certainly shall not long resist. I must pardon much to English exclusiveness when I see how life is lost by the swainishness of our fellows.

Athenæ Oxonienses. In the article "George Peele," Wood writes, "This person was living in his middle age in the latter end of Queen

Elizabeth; but when or where he died, I cannot tell; for so it is, and always hath been, that most poets die poor, and consequently obscurely, and a hard matter it is to trace them to their graves."

Books are worth reading that sketch a principle, as lectures are. All others are tickings of a clock. And we have so much less time to live, — the Robbers!

Alcott learned to write on the sand and on the snow, when paper and pens were dear. His journal must be stablished. He sits here and plots an invasion of Cambridge Library, which, he says, has never been reported. He proposes to Thoreau to go down and spend a fortnight there, and lay it open to the day.

Education. It was a right course which Brisbane indicated when he told me of his visit to Paris. "I went," he said, "to the first men in name and credit in science. I said, is there any man here who, for any price, will teach me the principles of Music? I found the learnedest in the science and put myself diligently down to learn."

I believe in the admirableness of art. I expect it to be miraculous, and find it so. The

combinations of the Gothic building are not now attainable, and the Phidian friezes with reason affect us as the forest does.

Universities. The university clings to us. They give a certain mechanical integrity and make it impossible to make a mistake. These men are paid to read, who is benefited by their reading? I wonder the melioration is not more. The one is wise; but he has a great many foolish faces. The men remain ridiculous under the beautiful cap of the sky. Why not Platonised? Why do they not assimilate the arts and natural beauties on which they have fed?

October 29.

Yesterday, another walk with Ellery well worth commemoration, if that were possible; but no pen could write what we saw: it needs the pencils of all the painters that ever existed to aid the description. We went to White Pond; a pretty little Indian basin, lovely now as Walden once was; we could almost see the sachem in his canoe in a shadowy cove. But making the circuit of the lake on the shore, we came at last to see some marvellous reflections of the colored woods in the water, which held us fast to the ef-

fect, almost to the going down of the sun. The water was very slightly rippled, which took the proper character from the pines, and the birches, and a few oaks, which composed the grove; and the submarine wood seemed all made of Lombardy poplar, with such delicious green, stained by gleams of mahogany from the oaks, and streaks of white from the birches, every moment growing more excellent. It was the world seen through a prism, and set Ellery on wonderful Lucretian theories of "law" and "design."

Ellery, as usual, found the place with excellent judgment "where your house should be set," leaving the wood paths as they were, which no art could make over; and, after leaving the pond, and a certain dismal dell, whither a man might go to shoot owls, or to do self-murder in, we struck across an orchard to a steep hill of the right New Hampshire slope, newly cleared of woods, and came presently into rudest woodland landscapes, unknown, undescribed, and hitherto *unwalked* by us Saturday afternoon professors.

The sun was setting behind terraces of pines, disposed in groups unimaginable by Downings, or Loudons, or Capability Browns; but we kept our way and fell into the Duganne trail,

as we had already seen the glimpse of his cabin in the edge of the barbarous district we had traversed. Through a clump of apple trees, over a long ridge — (query, what does Dr. Jackson call such ridges?) — *OSARS;* with fair outsight of the river, and across the Nut Meadow Brook, we came out upon the banks of the river just below James Brown's.

Ellery proposed that we should send the Horticultural Society our notes, "Took an apple near the White Pond fork of the Duganne trail, — an apple of the *Beware-of-this* variety, a true *Touch-me-if-you-dare*, or *Seek-no-further-of-this*."

We had much talk of books and lands and arts and farmers. We saw the original *tumulus* or first barrow, which the fallen pine tree makes with its upturned roots, and which, after a few years, precisely resembles a man's grave. We talked of the great advantage which he has who can turn a verse, over all the human race. I read in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses* a score of pages of learned nobodies, of whose once odoriferous reputations not a trace remains in the air, and then I came to the name of some Carew, Herrick, Suckling, Chapman, whose name is as fresh and modern as those of our friends in Boston

and London, and all because they could turn a verse. Only write a dozen lines, and rest on your oars forever, you are dear and necessary to the human race and worth all the old trumpery Plutarchs and Platos and Bacons of the world. I quoted Suckling's line, "A bee had stung it newly" to praise it, and Ellery said, "Yes, everybody's poetry is good, but your own." He declares that the modern books, Tennyson, Carlyle, Landor, gave him no standard, no measure of thought and life, and he fancies that the only writing open for us is the Essay. He arrived at three rules, 1, that no mercy is to be shown to poetry; 2, none to artists; 3, lost. I defended Boston people from his charges of bottomless stupidity, by the wit they have shown in these two things I have read today, Fitchburg Road Report, and Hale's and Quincy's speeches at the Water Celebration. What a use is their arithmetic turned to! For four millions of dollars (and in any street you can pick up forty men worth a hundred thousand each), they have in two years finished this splendid and durable toy, a strong aqueduct to last forever, running down Snake-Brook bed, placed under navigable salt water, and arriving in Boston, feeding every chamber and closet as well as the

Frog Pond fountain. And then, by their judicious ciphering, the sale of city lands, new made (and rendered available by the water), in the next few years will pay all these four millions, and give the water free as it is pure to all.

Ellery said, he had once fancied that there were some amateur trades, as politics, but he found there were none; these too were fenced by Whig barricades. Even walking could not be done by amateurs, but by professors only.

In walking with Ellery you shall always see what was never before shown to the eye of man. And yet for how many ages of lonely days has that pretty wilderness of White Pond received the sun and clouds into its transparency, and woven each day new webs of birch and pine, shooting into wilder angles and more fantastic crossing of these coarse threads, which, in the water, have such momentary elegance.

Socrates. "Like those who make a hungry animal follow them by holding up to him a green bough or some fruit, so you, whilst you hold in your hand that roll of paper, could draw me without difficulty to the end of Attica, and farther, if you would." — *Phædrus*, Cousin, p. 11, vol. vi.

Every man is entitled to be measured or characterized by his best influence.

Every loafer knows the way to the rum shop, but every angel does not know the way to his nectar. Why can we never learn our proper economy? Every youth and maid should know the road to prophecy as surely as the cook-maid to the baker's shop.

October 31.

A good deal of thought and reading is no better than smoking, yet we give ourselves airs thereon, and not on our cigars. The difference between labor and indolence in the world of thought certainly points at a code and scale of reward as emphatic as the Christian heaven and hell. Yet with this difference, that Inspiration is very coy.[1] . . .

It is a finer thing to hold a man by his ears than by his eyes, as the Beauty does; by his belly, as the rich man does; by his fears, as the State does.

The man whom we have not seen is the rapt lover in whom no regards of self degraded the

1 The rest of the passage is in "Instinct and Inspiration" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 75).

adorer of the Laws. There is a pretension about our gasping *dilettanti*, and we tax them with imbecility; but if I discovered in an obscure country boy, half-witted perhaps, that his sole pleasure was in finding certain spots of beautiful wilderness, that he had the truest taste in this selection, and it was all his passion and employ, a new Narcissus, seeing the reflection of man in Nature, and dying of its beauty, — must I not respect him?

I think the true solace of the philosopher is in the perfections of the law which ruins him. Proud is he that he is a Spartan, and that Sparta can easily spare him.

The scholar posts his books. The world is arithmetical. In this numbered system the scholar is a numberer, and so adds nature's soul to nature. The Tree Ygdrasil grows, but it grows geometrically. It is not Plato but the world that writes, "Let none enter but a geometer."

Passion is logical as wine is geometrical.

What is indispensable to inspiration? Sleep. There are two things, both indispensable: sound sleep; and the provocation of a good book or a companion.

The rules of the game are paramount, and daunt the genius of the best players. Webster does not lead, but always plays a reverential second part to some ancestors, or Whig party, or Constitution, or other primary, who is much his inferior, if he had but courage and a calling.

Plymouth. Lidian says, that when she was a child, her mother never bought any *crash*, but that kitchen-towels and coarse cloths were made from old sails brought home from her father's vessels, and were called *sail towels*.

Wit in Trade. There is no good story in the books to show how much better is wit, liberal wit, in trade, than penny wisdom; and yet, one would think, we should have many. The school text is Thales, who, foreseeing the plenty of olives that would be that year, before the winter was gone, bought up all the oil casks at Miletus and Chios, which he did with little money, and when the time came that many were sought for in haste, he, getting what rates on them he pleased, by this means got together much money. It might be as the orchardist who cuts open the fruit-bud of the peach in winter and

observes the black germ. . . . The famous coffee speculation is a good instance, and I should like better to know the true history of that, and the reasons of its failure, than to have many volumes of political economy. The wit that elects the site of a new city, finds the mills and a path and true terminus of a new railroad, perceives well where to buy wild land in the Western country, judging well where the confluence of streams, the change of soil, climate, or race, will make thoroughfares and markets.

How Nature, to keep her balance true, invented a Cat. What phantasmagoria in these animals! Why is the snake so frightful, which is the line of beauty, and every resemblance to it pleases? See what disgust and horror of a rat, loathsome in its food, loathsome in its form, and a tail which is villanous, formidable by its ferocity; yet interposed between this horror and the gentler kinds is the cat, a beautiful horror, or a form of many bad qualities, but tempered and thus strangely inserted as an offset, check, and temperament, to that ugly horror. See then the squirrel strangely adorned with his tail, which is his saving grace in human eyes.

In the hotels the air is buttered and the whole air is a volatilized beefsteak.

Our poetry is an affectation, but read Chaucer, and the old lays in which Merlin and Arthur are celebrated, and you will find it as simple as the speech of children.

What awe would not the smallest exaltation of the intellectual processes awaken, as we see in Safford or Colburn's case, and the unproved pretensions of somnambulists. The boy Merlin laughs three times, and, in each instance, because he foresees or second-sees what is future or distant. We are always on the edge of this, but cannot quite fetch it.

X and Y and so many honest *bourgeois* in our population vote on the expectation and assurance of a specific reward. It is as honest and natural in them to expect the *place*, as in an ox to expect his hay and stalks; and they are as legitimately angry and implacable, if they are baulked of it. This is the true *wild*, the Hengist and Horsa, unchristianized still, in so many ages. The same brutish *naïveté* appears in all their story, in their family quarrels on wills, etc.

Nature trains us on to see illusions and prodigies.[1] . . .

Channing thinks it the woe of life that natural effects are continually crowded out, and artificial arrangements substituted. He remembers when an evening, any evening, grim and wintry like this, was enough for him, the houses were in the air; now it takes a very cold winter night to overcome the common and mean.

And this, no doubt, as we agreed, is the poet-state. As long as the evening is sufficient, as long as the youth is in the capability of being imparadised by the sights and sounds of common day, he is poet; but as soon as he begins to use them well, knows how to parse and spell, turns artist, he ceases to be poet.

I used to value Newton's theory of transparency, that transparent bodies were homogeneous, and the ray entering, being attracted equally in every direction, was as if it were not attracted at all, and passed directly through; but opaque were heterogeneous, and the ray, being drawn this way and that way, was diverted and

1 The rest is printed in "Memory" (*Natural History of Intellect*, p. 100).

did not traverse. I think it is so with books. Cram people with your books, furnish them with a constant river of books and journals, and you may be sure they will remember as little as if they read none.

The laws (the statute book) are only the wishes of the majority of the people: there will be great deduction to be made for the performance. Just so much private volition as there is makes the reliable force of the law.

Laws. I see no security in laws, but only in the nature of men; and in that reactive force which develops all kinds of energy at the same time; energy of good with energy of evil; the ecstasies of devotion with the exasperations of debauchery. The sons of Democrats will be Whigs, and the fury of republicanism in the father is only the immense effort of Nature to engender an intolerable tyrant in the next age.

November 9.

The Whig party are what people would call *first-rate* in opposition, but not so good in government. Perhaps they have not sufficient fortitude. The same thing happens often in England.

Here has passed an election, I think, the most dismal ever known in this country. Three great parties voting for three candidates whom they disliked. Next Monday there will be more heart. Van Buren? Taylor?

"Sister Lucy," said the lady, "how do you enjoy your mind lately? I have put up a great many petitions for you."

"Why, I don't expect much enjoyment," said the other, who was quilling skeins, "I have such a bad heart."

In Plato's *Republic*, Book III, see a sentence which might be an introduction to a friendly biography of Alcott:—

"We must seek for those who are to supply us with the forms of art, men who by instinct can trace out the springs of grace and beauty, that, dwelling as in a sanctuary of health, the young may imbibe good from all around them, from every work and sight and sound whence aught may strike their sense, like airs that are wafting health from purest climes, and, step by step, from childhood, and changing them into the image of goodness, and into likeness and love and harmony with the beauty of truth."

"It was the peculiar genius of the Athenian to anticipate. Before the orator had finished his first clause they could tell the end." — THUCYDIDES.

Novels. Heliodorus, Christian bishop, in his *Æthiopica*, containing *Theagenes and Chariclea*, is the founder of novels. From this source comes the Romance of the Middle Ages, and the modern novel. See Sewell's *Plato*, p. 154.

Dr. Johnson said he always went into stately shops,[1] . . .

In the best circles is the best information, as I thought when I found what I wanted in Wykeham's *Life*. You can get phosphate from cow-dung; but better from bones. Oxygen best from *conferva rivularis*.

It is one convenience of culture that it has no enemies. The finished man of the world holds his hatred also at arm's length, so that he can, whenever is fit occasion, receive his foe with all the world at his house, and associate with him in public or in private affairs, unencumbered by old quarrel. But country people

1 Much of what follows is omitted, as being printed in "Books" (*Society and Solitude*, p. 196).

are like dogs and cows that quarrel, and remember their spite. William of Wykeham quarrelled with the Duke of Lancaster. All Wykeham's temporalities were sequestered, and he excluded from Parliament. William managed to get all back, and the Duke was for the time worsted. It does not hinder that the Duke should be solemnly received at William's College at Oxford on the Visitation.

This fast and loose belongs to the Intellect, belongs to that power of detachment which the Intellect introduces.

The other lesson I learned in Wykeham's *Life* was certainly a confirmation of my respect for the solidity of English national genius. What men that isle yields! What gravity; what liberality, and nobleness; what tenacity of purpose; what lofty religion! Here is a man so allied to the material world, that he is sure to become rich and great under any government and times, and whose aims are so public and disinterested that he can easily be prudent and not too much mixed with bad politics, though by greatness of nature he must necessarily be mixed with great men and affairs. He is a man of the Washington type, and it is by many such men as Wykeham that England is great and

free. Ah! these fine solitudes around me in Massachusetts could easily become dear and enviable to the human race if once they were the homes of grave, religious, forcible men.

Englishmen. I went to England to know who were the excellent men of that country. Some of them I know personally, some only by name. Wordsworth, Landor, Carlyle, Tennyson, Wilkinson, Stephenson, Hallam, Faraday, Owen, Edward Forbes, Samuel Brown, De Quincey, David Scott, P. J. Bailey, J. S. Mill, Arthur H. Clough, W. Sewell, James Moseley, Henry Taylor, Edwin Chadwick, Duke of Wellington, Robert Peel, Richard Cobden, Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold, John Bright. All these I have seen except Chadwick, Browning, Taylor, and Sewell, and Moseley.

What difference in the hospitality of minds! Some are actually hostile, and imprison me as in a hole. A blockhead makes a blockhead of me; whilst for my Oriental friend here, I have always claimed for him, that nothing could be so expansive as his element is.

My friends begin to value each other, now that Alcott is to go; and Ellery declares, "that

he never saw that man without being cheered," and Henry says, "He is the best natured man I ever met. The rats and mice make their nests in him."

Apples. The apple is our national fruit, and I like to see that the soil yields it; I judge of the country so. The American sun paints himself in these glowing balls amid the green leaves. Man would be more solitary, less friended, less supported, if the land yielded only the useful maize and potato, withheld this ornamental and social fruit.

I have planted a Pumpkin Sweeting near my summer house, — I believe out of agreeable recollection of that fruit in my childhood at Newton. It grew in Mr. Greenough's pasture, and I thought it solid sunshine.

> "Ere boyhood with quick glance had ceased to spy
> The doubtful apple 'mid the yellow leaves."

There are always a few heads, and out of these come the mythology and the machinery of the world. Whence came all these books, laws, inventions, parties, kingdoms? Out of the invisible world, through a few brains: and if we should pierce to the origin of knowledge,

explore the meaning of memory, we might find it some strange mutilated roll of papyrus, on which only a strange, disjointed jumble of universal traditions, of heavenly scriptures, of angelic biographies, were long ago written, relics of a foreworld.

Midsummer. 'T is very certain that this almanack of the Soul may be written as well as that of Greenwich. We have had our heights of sun and depths of shade, and it would be easy in the Soul's year to recall and fix its 21st of June. Moses had his Ten Commandments; but we have ours. In the first age they wrote on stone, and what was fit to be written on stone; Lycurgus, his laws; Moses, his Decalogue; but we write novels and newspapers. You would not have Bulwer and Disraeli publish their novel on stone?

There is a sort of climate in every man's speech running from hot noon, when words flow like steam and perfume, — to cold night, when they are frozen.

We must accept a great deal as Fate. We accept it with protest, merely adjourning our experiment, and not squander our strength in

upheaving mountains. Mountain is conquerable also, to be sure, but whilst you cannot quarry it, let it be a mountain.

Action and idea are man and woman, both indispensable: why should they rail at and exclude each other? Yes, we must call the anatomist and physiologist to counsel. The human body is undoubtedly the true symbol, true and highest and most instructive; human body and not sun or galaxy.

Teutonic. I still return, or did last night, to the eulogy of those natural priests who, in every condition of life, have yielded us some token of having read the laws of heaven,—beginning as usual with my poor churl Tarbox[1] at Newton. These are the small Behmens, or, the Teutonic School; and one farmer or labourer of that sort is worth whole towns full of plausible farmers, traders, and selectmen. It is the outcropping of the granite which is the core of the

1 The Methodist working beside him in his uncle's hayfield who said *Men are always praying, and their prayers are answered.* The young minister thought this over, and adding, *Therefore we must be careful what we pray for,* made this the theme of his first sermon.

world. I seem to meet no more such. Very and Rebecca Black[1] were the last; and yet perhaps Hermann knows something. In England, how few! and yet there was Sylvester, and Fletcher, and Sutton, and David Scott.

In every family a system settles itself.[2] . . .

November 14.

'T is the coldest November I have ever known. This morning the mercury is at 26. Yesterday afternoon cold, fine ride with Ellery to Sudbury Inn,[3] and mounted the side of Nobscot. Finest picture through wintry air of the russet Massachusetts. The landscape is democratic, not gathered into one city or baronial castle, but equally scattered into these white steeples, round which a town clusters in every place where six roads meet, or where a river branches or falls, or where the pan of soil is a little deeper. The horizon line marched by hills tossing like waves in a storm: firm indigo line. 'T is a pretty revolution which is effected in

1 A high-minded seamstress in New York.

2 The rest of this passage occurs in "Wealth" (*Conduct of Life*, pp. 123, 124).

3 The Wayside Inn, which Longfellow celebrated, then called Howe's Tavern.

the landscape by simply turning your head upside down, or, looking through your legs: an infinite softness and loveliness is added to the picture. It changes the landscape at once from November to June, or, as Ellery declared, makes *Campagna* of it at once; so, he said, Massachusetts is Italy upside down.

November 26.

Yesterday walked over Lincoln hills with Ellery, and saw golden willows, savins with two foliages, old chestnuts, apples as ever.

I understand Dr. Charles T. Jackson that a piece of ordnance may usually be fired one thousand times before it will burst, and only so many times; that it is the rule in the United States service that one piece of each new kind of firearm should be burst; and that Jenks's rifle was fired by a sergeant and man appointed to that service sixty-six thousand times, when last heard from, and was not yet burst.

The Doctor described the wonderful mirage of Lake Superior; and the *aurora borealis* and the analyzed sounds. The air in the woods at 100, the water at 38.[1] The osars or horsebacks,

1 Dr. Jackson made in 1844–45 the first geological survey of the now rich mineral lands around Lake Superior. For

so familiar in our woods, are made, he says, by the combing of waves?

A robin, says Agassiz (embryonic), is a gull; a gull is a duck; a duck is a fish; add now what I suppose is omitted, *pro causa conciliandi gratiam*, that a man is a robin, — and the chain is perfect, a man is a fish.

It is not for nothing, that very few heads are sent into the world busy with abstractions, and very many heads busy with making money. Accept the order of the world, though it make you a shopkeeper.

That is one thing; the second thing which comes often to mind, lately, is, the conviction that our security is in the reactive force which develops all kinds of energy out of the same time.

December 10.

Henry Thoreau is still falling on some bold volunteer like his Dr. Heaton who discredits the

Mr. Emerson's use of what his brother-in-law told him of the phenomenon of analyzed sound, see the stanza in the poem "May Day," beginning —

So by remote Superior Lake.

(*Poems*, p. 179.)

regulars; but Henry like all the rest of sensible men, when he is sick, will go to Jackson and Warren.

T. W. Higginson at Newburyport urged the establishment of such a journal as the *Dial* for the comfort and encouragement of young men, who, but for that paper, had felt themselves lonely and unsupported in the world.

Punch notices that in the late hard times, Saturn has lately appeared without his rings, and that the other planets openly accuse him of having pawned them.

Nature.[1] The earth takes the part of her children so quickly and adopts our thoughts, affections, and quarrels. The school boy finds every step of the ground on his way to school acquainted with his quarrel, and smartly expressing it. The ground knows so well his top and ball, the air itself is full of hoop-time, ball-time, swimming, sled, and skates. So ductile is the world. The rapt prophet finds it not less facile and intelligent. 'T is Pentecost all; the rose speaks all languages, the sense of all affections, — Parthians, Jews, Mesopotamians, Greeks, French, English.

1 This passage, versified, is found in the poem "May Day."

The girl finds her chamber enchanted, and all her walks, with the dear dream —

Courage of Archimedes. If he had courage of heart he would be a gone Archimedes. It is by pounding on his problem, by being pure brain, that he suffers the soldier to kill him without a pang.

Fate in the mixture of the children, one having life in, the other life outside herself: the best antidote to fortune is the religious determination.

Fate, fate. Well, settle this then; the nobility of the sentiments is in resisting that or in accepting it.

Here is a blessed piece of realism from George Sand's joiner Pierre: —

"*Content d'avoir acquis les talents qu'il avait ambitionnés, il attendait que l'occasion de les faire apprecier vînt d'ellemême, et il savait bien qu'elle ne tarderait pas.*" — *Le Compagnon du tour de France.*

December 22.

Directly on the dreadful calamity of young George Emerson's[1] death, comes to me one of

1 The only son of his valued and lifelong friend George Barrell Emerson.

my highest prosperities. I received Clough's poem [1] at the bookstore, whilst pondering the dare or dare not of a visit to Pemberton Square.

'Tis, I think, the most real benefit I have had from my English visit, this genius of Clough. How excellent, yet how slow to show itself! He gave no hint of all this to me, and I learned to esteem him for reticent sense, for solidity, and tenacity, after he had given proof of his apprehensiveness and of his thorough Oxford culture, which was manifest enough. An Oxonian is a kind of nobleman, of course. Then he had that interest in life and realities, in the state of woman, and the questions so rife in Paris through Communism, and through the old loose and easy conventions of that city for travellers; he talked so considerately of the grisette estate, that I found him the best *pièce de resistance*, and tough adherence, that one could desire. But I never surmised that this flowing, all-applicable expression belonged to him. Where had he concealed it? And now Tennyson must look to his laurels. And now I have a new friend, and the world has a new poet.

1 *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich.*

Tests. Have you given any words to be the current coin of the country? Carlyle has.

What all men think, he thinks better.

Carlyle is thought a bad writer. Is he? Whereever you find good writing in Dorian or Rabelaisian, or Norse Sagas, or English Bible, or Cromwell himself, 'tis odd, you find resemblance to his style.

The Edda. Where there is a common language between the authors and the mob, "the intellectuality of the educated class works down," to use Laing's word.

He says, "No sentiment, phrase, popular idea, or expression from the works of Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, Richter, or any other German writer is ever heard among the lower classes in Germany," because of the wide difference between their Plat Deutsch and the written language.

I should say, that, in English, only those sentences stand, which are good both for the scholar and the cabman, Latin and Saxon; half and half; perfectly Latin and perfectly English.

Iceland was civilized and learned. Thence came the Scalds. What New England is to South,

that was Iceland to Norway. The Christian Iceland fitted out no viking expeditions. But young Icelanders sometimes joined the Northmen's. So Massachusetts and Rhode Island fit out no slave trade, yet the De Wolfs go. Rise of Hanseatic League and wealth of West of Europe extinguished these pests of Vikings, "and Scald fell before clerk with his pen and ink," as Viking before English trade, and as stage-coach before railroad.

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